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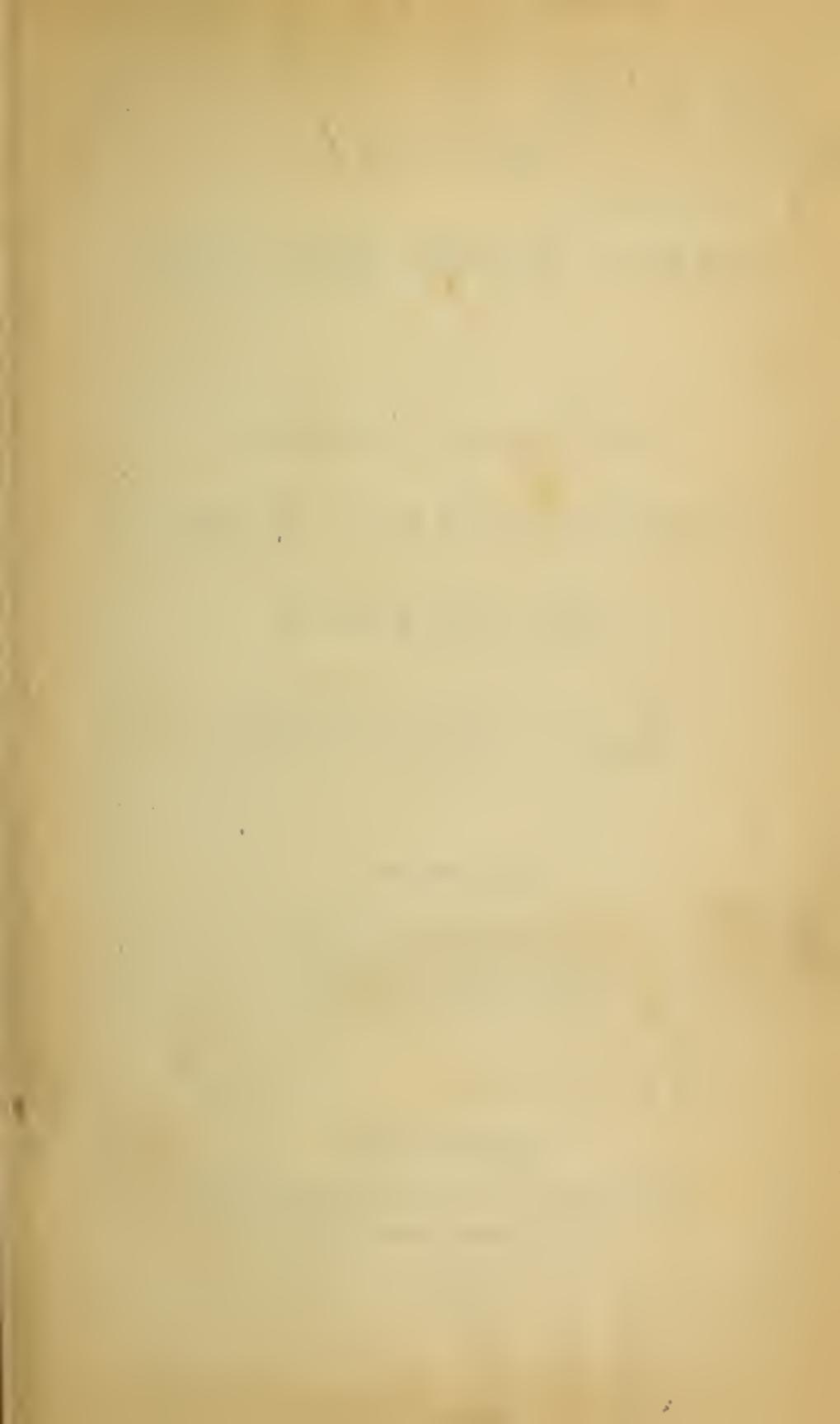
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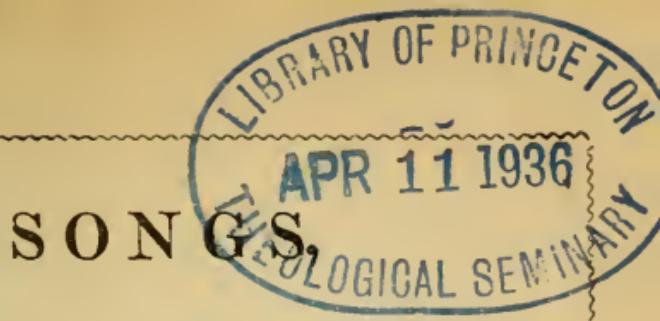
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Section

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SONGS,

ODES, AND OTHER POEMS,

ON

NATIONAL SUBJECTS;

COMPILED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

BY WM. McCARTY.

PART SECOND—NAVAL.

"Don't give up the ship."

"Remote from realms of rival fame,
Thy bulwark is thy mound of waves;
The sea, thy birth-right, thou must claim,
Or, subject, yield the soil it laves."

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY WM. McCARTY,
NO. 27 NORTH FIFTH STREET.

1842.

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W.M. McCARTY,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District
of Pennsylvania.

Stereotyped by L. Johnson, Philadelphia.

This Volume is Dedicated

To the memory of Captain NICHOLAS BIDDLE, who was blown up in the Randolph frigate, of 32 guns, near Barbadoes, in 1776, bravely fighting the British ship Yarmouth, of 64 guns.

It is also Dedicated

To the memory of Captain JAMES LAWRENCE, who fell in the engagement between the frigate Chesapeake, of 36 guns, and the British frigate Shannon, of 44 guns, in 1813.
"Don't give up the ship!"

It is also Dedicated

To the memory of the OFFICERS, SEAMEN, and MARINES, who bravely fell in defence of the rights, liberties, and independence of their country, in the wars of 1776, 1804, and 1812.

It is likewise Dedicated

To the OFFICERS, SEAMEN, and MARINES of the United States Navy, and to the APPRENTICES of the Navy, who will yet, should there be occasion, stand as a wall of fire between their beloved country and her enemies.

BY THE COMPILER.

THE
AMERICAN NATIONAL
SONG-BOOK.

NAVAL SONGS.

I THE GASpé.

The following prose account of the capture and destruction of the Gaspé tender, is from Cooper's Naval History, and is given to explain the succeeding ballad, which is, as near as may be, a *fac-simile* of the handbill published in 1772.

"One of the first overt acts of resistance that took place in this celebrated struggle, occurred in 1772, in the waters of Rhode Island. A vessel of war had been stationed on the coast to enforce the laws, and a small schooner, called the Gaspé, with a light armament, and twenty-seven men, was employed as a tender to run into the shallow waters of that coast. On the 17th of June, 1772, a Providence packet that plied between New York and Rhode Island, named the Hannah, and commanded by a Captain Linzee, hove in sight of the man-of-war in her passage up the bay. The Hannah was ordered to bring to, in order to be examined; but her master refused to comply; and being favoured by a fresh southerly breeze, that was fast sweeping him out of gunshot, the Gaspé was signalled to follow. The chase continued for five-and-twenty miles, under a press of sail, when the Hannah, coming up with a bar with which her master was familiar, and drawing less water than the schooner, Captain Linzee led the latter on a shoal, where she stuck. The tide falling, the Gaspé slewed, and was not in a condition to be removed for several hours.

The news of the chase was circulated on the arrival of the Hannah at Providence. A strong feeling was excited among the population, and towards evening the town-drummer appeared in the streets assembling the people. A crowd

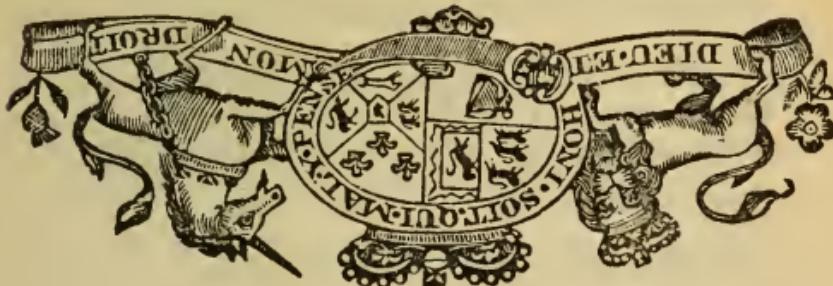
being collected, the drummer led his followers in front of a shed, when a man, disguised as an Indian, suddenly appeared on the roof, and proclaimed a secret expedition for that night, inviting all of "stout hearts" to assemble on the wharf, precisely at nine, disguised like himself. At the appointed hour, most of the men in the place collected in the place designated, when sixty-four were selected for the undertaking that was in view.

This party embarked in eight of the launches of the different vessels lying at the wharves, and taking with them a quantity of round paving-stones, they pulled down the river in a body.—The commander is supposed to have been a Captain Whipple, who afterwards held a commission in the service of Congress, but none of the names were publicly mentioned at the time. On nearing the Gaspé, about two in the morning, the boats were hailed by a sentinel on deck. This man was driven below by a volley of stones. The commander of the Gaspé now appeared, and ordering the boats off, he fired a pistol at them. The discharge was returned from a musket, and the officer was shot through the thigh. By this time the crew of the Gaspé had assembled, and the party from Providence boarded. The conflict was short, the schooner's people being knocked down and secured. All on board were put into the boats, and the Gaspé was set on fire. Towards morning she blew up.

This bold step naturally excited great indignation in the British officers, and all possible means were taken to discover the offenders. The government at home offered a reward of £1000 sterling for the leader, and £500 to any person who would discover the other parties, with the promise of a pardon, should the informer be an accomplice. But the feeling of the times was too high for the ordinary means of detection, no evidence having ever been obtained sufficient even to arraign a solitary individual, notwithstanding a commission of inquiry, under the great seal of England, sat with that object from January to June, during the year 1773.

Although this affair led to no immediate results, it doubtless had its influence in widening the breach between the opposing parties; and it is worthy of remark, that in it was shed the first blood that flowed in the struggle for American independence; the whole transaction being as direct a resistance to oppression as the subsequent and better-known fight at Lexington.

King George's Crown—turned upside down!



"TWAS in the reign of George the Third
Our public peace was much disturb'd
By ships of war, that come and laid
Within our ports to stop our trade.

In seventeen hundred seventy-two,
In Newport harbour lay a crew
That play'd the parts of pirates there,
The sons of Freedom could not bear.

Sometimes they'd weigh and give them chase—
Such actions, sure, were very base;
No honest coasters could pass by
But what they would let some shot fly.

And did provoke to high degree
Those true-born sons of Liberty,
So that they could no longer bear
Those sons of Belial staying there.

But 'twas not long 'fore it fell out,
That William Doddington so stout,
Commander of the Gaspé tender,
Which he has reason to remember.

Because, as people do assert,
He almost had his 'ust desert

Here, on the tenth day of last June,
Between the hours of twelve and one—

Did chase the sloop call'd the Hannah,
Of whom one Linsey was commander;
They dogg'd her up to Providence sound,
And there the rascal got aground.

The news of it flew, that very day,
That they on Nanquit point did lay,
That night, about half after ten,
Some Naragansett Indian men—

Being sixty-four, if I remember,
Which made this stout coxcomb surrender:
And what was best of all their tricks,
They in his breech a ball did fix.

They set the men upon the land,
And burn'd her up, we understand;
Which thing provoked the king so high,
He said, "those men should surely die."

So, if he could find them out,
The hangman he'll employ, no doubt:
For he has declared, in his passion,
"He'll have them tried a new fashion."

Now for to find those people out,
King George has offered, very stout,
One thousand pounds to find out one
That wounded William Doddington.

One thousand more he says he'll spare,
For those who say they sheriffs were:
One thousand more there doth remain
For to find out the leader's name.

Likewise, five hundred pounds per man,
Of any one of all the clan.
But, let him try his utmost skill,
I am apt to think, he never will
Find out any of those hearts of gold,
Though he should offer fifty fold.

From the London Evening Post, March 14th—republished in the Pennsylvania Evening Post, June 8, 1775.

2 THE SAILOR'S ADDRESS.

COME listen, my cocks, to a brother and friend,
One and all, to my song, gallant sailors, attend ;
Sons of freedom ourselves, let's be just as we're brave,
Nor America's freedom attempt to enslave.
Firm as oak are our hearts where true glory depends :
 Steady, boys, steady,
 We'll always be ready
To fight all our foes, not to murder our friends.

True glory can ne'er in this quarrel be won ;
If New England we conquer, Old England's undone ;
On our brethren we then will refuse to fix chains,
For the blood of Great Britain flows warm in their
veins.

Firm as oak, &c.

Shall courtiers' fine speeches prevail to divide
Our affection from those who have fought by our side ?
And who often have join'd us to sink, in the main,
The proud, boasting navies of France and of Spain ?
Firm as oak, &c.

Near relations of some who at court now do thrive,
The Pretender did join in the year forty-five;
And many in favour, disguised with foul arts,
While they roar out for George, are for James in their
hearts.

Firm as oak, &c.

Of such men as these let us scorn to be tools
Dirty work to perform—Do they take us for fools?
Brave sailors are wiser than thus to be bam'm'd:
Let them turn out themselves, lads, and fight and be
damn'd.

Firm as oaks, &c.

To the ground may disputes with our colonies fall,
And George long, in splendour, reign king of us all:
And may those who would set the two lands by the
ears,
Be put in the bilboes, and brought to the jears.

Firm as oak, &c.



From the New York Gazette and Weekly Mercury,
November 25, 1776.

3 A FAVOURITE SONG OF THE REBELS.

Tune—“The Watery God.”

THE watery god, great Neptune, lay
In dalliance soft, and amorous play,
 On Amphitrite's breast,
When up he rear'd his hoary head,
The Tritons sunk, the Nereids fled,
 And all their fear confess'd.

Loud thunder shook the vast domain ;
The liquid world was wrapp'd in flame—
 The god, amazed, spoke—
“ Go forth, ye winds, and make it known
Who dares usurp my coral throne,
 And fill my realms with smoke.”

The winds, obsequious to his word,
Sprung strongly up t' obey their lord,
 And saw two fleets away :
Hopkins commanded one brave line ;
The other navy, Howe, was thine,
 In terror and dismay.

Appall'd, they view America's sons
Deal death and slaughter from their guns,
 And strike the dreadful blow,
Which made ill-fated British slaves
Seek life by flying o'er the waves,
 Or sink to shades below.

Amazed, they fly and tell their chief,
That Howe is ruin'd past relief—
 That Hopkins conquering rode :
“ Hopkins,” cries Amphy, “ who is he ?
Who dares usurp this power at sea,
 And thus insult a god ?

The winds reply ; “ In distant land
A Congress sits, whose martial band
 Defies all Britain's force ;
And when their floating castles roll
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
 Hopkins directs their course.

“ And when their winged bullets fly
To reinstate fair Liberty,
And crush oppressive bands,
Then, valiant Hopkins, calmly great,
Though death and carnage round him wait,
Performs their dread commands.

Neptune, with vast amazement, hears
How great this infant state appears—

What feats these heroes do :
Washington’s deeds and Putnam’s fame,
Join’d to great Lee’s immortal name,
And cries, “ Can this be true ? ”

“ A Congress, sure ! —they’re brother gods ;
Who have such heroes at their nods,
To govern earth and sea :
I yield my trident and my crown,
A tribute due to such renown :
These gods shall rule for me.”

4 THE DEATH OF CAPT. N. BIDDLE, Commander of the Randolph frigate, which was blown up near Barbadoes.—1776.

WHAT distant thunders rend the skies ?
What clouds of smoke in columns rise,
What means this dreadful roar ?
Is from his base Vesuvius thrown,
Is sky-topp’d Atlas tumbled down,
Or Etna’s self no more ?

Shock after shock torments my ear,
And, lo ! two hostile ships appear—
Red lightnings round them glow :

The Yarmouth boasts of sixty-four,
The Randolph thirty-two—no more—
And will she fight this foe !

The Randolph soon, on Stygian streams,
Shall coast along the land of dreams,
The islands of the dead :
But Fate, that parts them on the deep,
May save the Briton, yet, to weep
His days of victory fled.

Say, who commands that dismal blaze,
Where yonder starry streamer plays ?
Does Mars with Jove engage ?
'Tis Biddle wings those angry fires,
Biddle, whose bosom Jove inspires
With more than mortal rage.

Tremendous flash !—and hark, the ball
Drives through old Yarmouth—flames and all :
Her bravest sons expire :
Did Mars himself approach so nigh,
Even Mars, without disgrace, might fly
The Randolph's fiercer fire.

The Briton views his mangled crew—
“And shall we strike to ‘thirty-two ?’ ”
Said Hector, stain'd with gore :
“ Shall Britain’s flag to these descend ?
Rise, and the glorious conflict end :
Britons ! I ask no more !”

He spoke—they charged their cannon round ;
Again the vaulted heavens resound ;
The Randolph bore it all,

Then fixed her pointed cannons true :
Away the unwieldy vengeance flew—
 Britain, thy warriors fall.

The Yarmouth saw, with dire dismay,
Her wounded hull—shrouds shot away—
 Her boldest heroes dead :
She saw, amidst her floating slain,
The conquering Randolph stem the main—
 She saw, she turn'd, and fled !

That hour, bless'd chief, had she been thine,
Dear Biddle, had the powers divine
 Been kind as thou wert brave :
But Fate, who doom'd thee to expire,
Prepared an arrow, tipp'd with fire,
 And mark'd a watery grave ;

And in that hour, when conquest came,
Wing'd at his ship a pointed flame,
 That not even he could shun.

The battle ceased, the Yarmouth fled,
The bursting Randolph ruin spread,
 And left her task undone !

First published in Mr. Francis Bailey's Freeman's Journal,
Philadelphia, August, 1781.

5 ON THE MEMORABLE VICTORY

Obtained by the gallant Captain John Paul Jones, of Le Bonne Homme Richard, (or Father Richard,) over the British ship of war Serapis, of forty-four guns, under the command of Captain Pearson.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

O'ER the rough main, with flowing sheet,
The guardian of a numerous fleet,
 Serapis from the Baltic came ;

A ship of less tremendous force
Sail'd by her side the selfsame course—
Countess of Scarborough was her name.

And now their native coasts appear
Britannia's hills their summits rear
Above the German main :
Fond to suppose their dangers o'er,
They southward coast along the shore,
Thy waters, gentle Thames, to gain.

Full forty guns Serapis bore,
And Scarborough's Countess twenty-four,
Mann'd with Old England's boldest tars :
What flag that rides the Gallic seas
Shall dare attack such piles as these,
Design'd for tumults and for wars ?

Now, from the topmast's giddy height,
A seaman cried, "Four sail, in sight,
Approach with favouring gales."
Pearson, resolved to save the fleet,
Stood off to sea, these ships to meet,
And closely braced his shivering sails.

With him advanced the Countess bold,
Like a black tar in wars grown old ;
And now these floating piles drew nigh:
But, muse, unfold, what chief of fame
In the other warlike squadron came;
Whose standards at his mast-heads fly.

'Twas Jones, brave Jones, to battle led
As bold a crew as ever bled
Upon the sky-surrounded main ;

The standards of the western world
Were to the willing winds unfurl'd,
Denying Britain's tyrant reign.

The Good Man Richard led the line ;
The Alliance next : with these combine
 The Gallic ship they Pallas call ;
The Vengeance, armed with sword and flame !
These to attack the Britons, came ;
 But two accomplish'd all.

Now Phœbus sought his pearly bed :
But who can tell the scenes of dread,
 The horrors of that fatal night !
Close up these floating castles came :
The Good Man Richard bursts in flame :
 Serapis trembled at the sight.

She felt the fury of her ball :
Down, prostrate, down the Britons fall ;
 The decks were strew'd with slain :
Jones to the foe his vessel lash'd,
And, while the black artillery flash'd,
 Loud thunders shook the main.

Alas ! that mortals should employ
Such murdering engines, to destroy
 That frame by heaven so nicely join'd ;
Alas ! that e'er the god decreed
That brother should by brother bleed,
 And pour'd such madness in the mind.

But thou, brave Jones, no blame shalt bear ;
The rights of men demand your care ;
 For these you dare the greedy waves.

No tyrant, on destruction bent,
Has plann'd thy conquests : thou art sent
To humble tyrants and their slaves.

See ! dread Serapis flames again !
And art thou, Jones, among the slain,
And sunk to Neptune's caves below ?
He lives : though crowds around him fall,
Still he, unhurt, survives them all ;
Almost alone he fights the foe.

And can your ship these strokes sustain ?
Behold your brave companions slain,
All clasp'd in ocean's cold embrace !
“ Strike or be sunk,” the Briton cries :
“ Sink if you can,” the chief replies,
Fierce lightnings blazing in his face.

Then to the side three guns he drew,
(Almost deserted by his crew,)
And charged them deep with wo ;
By Pearson's flash he aimed hot balls ;
His mainmast totters—down it falls,
O'erwhelming half below.

Pearson had yet disdain'd to yield,
But scarce his secret fears conceal'd,
And thus was heard to cry :—
“ With hell, not mortals, I contend :
What art thou—human, or a fiend,
That dost my force defy ?

“ Return, my lads, the fight renew ! ”
So call'd bold Pearson to his crew,
But call'd, alas ! in vain :

Some on the decks lay maim'd and dead ;
Some to their deep recesses fled,
And hosts were shrouded in the main.

Distress'd, forsaken, and alone,
He haul'd his tattered standard down,
And yielded to his gallant foe ;
Bold Pallas soon the Countess took—
Thus both their haughty colours struck,
Confessing what the brave can do.

But, Jones, too dearly didst thou buy
These ships, possess'd so gloriously ;
Too many deaths disgraced the fray :
Your bark that bore the conquering flame,
That the proud Briton overcame,
Even she forsook thee on thy way :

For when the morn began to shine,
Fatal to her—the ocean brine
Pour'd through each spacious wound :
Quick in the deep she disappear'd ;
But Jones to friendly Belgia steer'd,
With conquest and with glory crown'd.

Go on, great man, to scourge the foe,
And bid these haughty Britons know
They to our “ Thirteen stars ” shall bend :
The Stars that, clad in dark attire,
Long glimmered with a feeble fire,
But radiant now ascend.

Bend to the Stars that, flaming, rise
On western worlds, more brilliant skies,
Fair Freedom's reign restored :

So, when the Magi, come from far,
Beheld the god-attending star,
They trembled and adored.



6

AN ODE.

BY THE LATE MR. BLAUVELT,

Commemorative of the deaths of Lieutenants Somers of the American navy, and his brave companions, before Tripoli, in the summer of 1805.

Commodore Preble, with a view as much as possible to harass the enemy, ordered the ketch Intrepid to be filled with materials for a destructive explosion, and gave the conduct of her to Lieutenants Somers, Wadsworth, Israel, and a few others. Their orders were, to approach, under cover of the night, as near as they could to the town and batteries, and, after firing a train provided for that purpose, to make their escape to the fleet in boats. A premature discovery of them by the enemy, rendered it impossible for them either to reach the station which they contemplated, or to make their escape ; and these brave men, with an intrepidity almost beyond parallel, preferring death to an ignominious servitude, set fire to the train, and were blown, with their enemies, into the air. This catastrophe is made the subject of the following ode.

— Evenit ad deos —
Aget Penna metuente solvi
Fama superste —
— ibi tu calentem
Debita sparges, Lachryma favilam.— *Horace.*

Recitative.

DARK is the night, and deep and lowering
Hang its shadows o'er the main ;
On the billow awful towering,
Yonder glide the warrior train.
Not a star betrays their motions,
Hush'd, unseen, they hold their way

Sullen as the calm of ocean,
 At the lurid close of day.
 Lo ! the fleet with valour teeming,
 Dimly skirts the westward sky ;
 Hope and doubt alternate beaming
 From the war-instructed eye.
 Preble there, serene, presiding,
 Distant marks the floating death,
 Toward the castle darkly gliding,
 Aided by the breeze's breath.

Air.

Chief of daring ! thine is glory
 Far beyond the reach of Fate :
 Slain—immortalized in story,
 Living—valorous and great.
 Thine the calm, heroic spirit,
 Firm to act, and bold to dare,
 Or to grasp the meed of merit,
 Or the hero's grave to share !

Recitative.

Now the bark, in distance fading,
 Glooms beneath the turret-steep,
 Not a sound the ear invading,
 Save the murmur of the deep.
 Surely she has gain'd her station,
 Lost in distance and in gloom :
 'Tis the pause of expectation—
 'Tis the silence of the tomb.

Air.

Warriors ! rue the gale that bore them :
 Rue the gloom that wrapp'd the skies :

Never shall the sun restore them
 To your valour-weeping eyes !
 Shield them, Heaven, amid the explosion :
 Quickly waft them from the shore.
 Who can bear the swift concussion ?
 Who can list the sudden roar ?

Recitative.

See, the flash ! one moment shining,
 Ocean, earth, and heaven illume !
 Now, again, 'tis lost—resigning
 Heaven, and earth, and sea to gloom.
 Horror all, and wild commotion—
 Shrieks of millions from the shore—
 Gleaming on the sulphurous ocean,
 Cannons burst with rapid roar :
 Atlas, trembling, hears the thunder
 Bellow through his shores below ;
 Sees his tawny sons of plunder,
 Frighted, fly without a foe.

Air, (by the Turks.)

Allah ! whence this dire undoing
 Rushing through the troubled air ?
 Save, O save thy race from ruin !
 Shield the faithful from despair !

Recitative.

O'er the scene, at length, reposing,
 Wrapp'd in desolation's reign,
 Morn, reluctantly disclosing,
 Faintly gilds the eastward plain.

Chorus, (by the Crew.)

Rise in haste, O God of splendour !
 Valour bids thee swiftly rise :

Triumph to the deeds we'll render
 Veil'd by midnight from our eyes.
 Hail, the wave that, to our wishes,
 Proudly wafts the daring few !
 Hail, the dawn that bears, propitious,
 Fame and Somers to his crew !

Recitative.

Morning breaks—but, ah, to languish !
 Lurid was the light it shed
 O'er the inquiring eye of anguish ;
 For the warrior train are fled.

Air, First.

Gallant warriors ! well attended
 Rush'd your valour to its grave ;
 Many a foe, convulsive rended,
 Grimly sank beneath the wave.
 Well aveng'd, ere long, you'll number
 Victims, weltering pale and low :
 Many a Turk, in icy slumbers,
 Soon shall knit the savage brow.
 Generous youths your story telling,
 Though a sigh suspend the breath ;
 Every nerve to frenzy swelling,
 Claims a victory from death.

Air, Second.

Heralds of your country's glory,
 Dawning on the path of time,
 Age shall kindle at your story,
 Cherish'd oft in future rhyme.
 For, the bard on Fame attending,
 Shall, enraptured by the tale,

O'er his harp of legends bending,
 Give your glories to the gale.
 Beauty too, a wreath bestowing,
 Bids it flourish round your bier—
 Ever in remembrance glowing,
 Ever water'd by her tear.

Air, Third.

Often shall the Arab wander
 From his hills of sunny sand,
 On your deeds of fame to ponder,
 Circled by his listening band—
 “Perish'd here,” he'll say, “the stranger,
 When the star of night was high :
 Like thee, Christian, braving danger,
 Be it mine like thee to die !”



7

SONG

On Captain Barney's victory over the ship General Monk,
 April 26, 1782.

O'ER the waste of waters cruising,
 Long the General Monk had reign'd ;
 All subduing, all reducing,
 None her lawless rage restrain'd.
 Many a brave and hearty fellow,
 Yielding to this warlike foe,
 When her guns began to bellow,
 Struck his humbled colours low.

But, grown bold with long successes,
 Leaving the wide watery way,

She, a stranger to distresses,
Came to cruise within Cape May.
“Now we soon,” said Captain Rogers,
“Shall their men of commerce meet;
In our hold we’ll have them lodgers;
We shall capture half their fleet.

“Lo! I see their van appearing—
Back our topsails to the mast:
They toward us full are steering
With a gentle western blast.
I’ve a list of all their cargoes,
All their guns, and all their men:
I am sure these modern Argos
Can’t escape us, one in ten.

“Yonder comes the charming Sally,
Sailing with the General Greene:
First we’ll fight the Hyder Ali:
Taking her is taking them.
She intends to give us battle,
Bearing down with all her sail:
Now, boys, let our cannon rattle;
To take her we cannot fail.

“Our eighteen guns, each a nine-pounder,
Soon shall terrify this foe;
We shall maul her, we shall wound her,
Bringing rebel colours low.”
While he thus anticipated
Conquests that he could not gain,
He in the Cape May channel waited
For the ship that caused his pain.

Captain Barney then preparing,
Thus address'd his gallant crew :—
“ Now, brave lads, be bold and daring,
Let your hearts be firm and true ;
This is a proud English cruiser,
Roving up and down the main :
We must fight her—must reduce her,
Though our decks be strew'd with slain.

“ Let who will be the survivor,
We must conquer or must die :
We must take her up the river,
Whate'er comes of you or I :
Though she shows most formidable,
With her eighteen pointed nines,
And her quarters, clad in sable,
Let us balk her proud designs.

“ With four nine-pounders and twelve sixes
We will face that daring band ;
Let no dangers damp your courage,
Nothing can the brave withstand ;
Fighting for your country's honour,
Now to gallant deeds aspire ;
Helmsman, bear us down upon her :
Gunner, give the word to fire.”

Then, yard-arm and yard-arm meeting,
Straight began the dismal fray,
Cannon mouths, each other greeting,
Belch'd their smoky flames away.
Soon the langrage, grape, and chain-shot,
That from Barney's cannons flew,
Swept the Monk, and cleared each round-top,
Killed and wounded half her crew.

Captain Rogers strove to rally :
But they from their quarters fled,
While the roaring Hyder Ali
Covered o'er his decks with dead.
When from their tops their dead men tumbled,
And the streams of blood did flow,
Then their proudest hopes were humbled
By their brave inferior foe.
All aghast, and all confounded,
They beheld their champions fall ;
And their captain, sorely wounded,
Bade them quick for quarter call.
Then the Monk's proud flag descended,
And her cannon ceased to roar ;
By her crew no more defended,
She confess'd the contest o'er.
Come, brave boys, and fill your glasses,
You have humbled one proud foe :
No brave action this surpasses ;
Fame shall tell the nations so.
Thus be Britain's woes completed,
Thus abridged her cruel reign,
Till she, ever thus defeated,
Yields the sceptre of the main.



8

TRUXTUN'S VICTORY.

Constellation and L'Insurgent.—1799.

COME, all you Yankee sailors, with swords and pikes
advance,
'Tis time to try your courage, boys, and humble
haughty France.

The sons of France our seas invade,
Destroy our commerce and our trade:
'Tis time the reckoning should be paid
To brave Yankee boys.

On board the Constellation, from Baltimore we came,
We had a bold commander, and Truxtun was his
name:

Our ship she mounted forty guns,
And on the main so swiftly runs,
To prove to France Columbia's sons
Are brave Yankee boys.

We sail'd to the West Indies, in order to annoy
The invaders of our commerce, to burn, sink, and
destroy.

Our Constellation shone so bright
The Frenchmen could not bear the sight:
Away they scamper'd, in a fright,
From brave Yankee boys.

'Twas on the ninth of February, at Monserrat we lay,
And there we spied the Insurgent, just at the break of
day.

We raised the orange and the blue,
To see if they the signal knew,
The Constellation and her crew
Of brave Yankee boys.

All hands were call'd to quarters, and we pursued the
chase,
With well primed-guns, our tompions out, and well
spliced the main brace.

Then soon to France we did draw nigh,
Compell'd to fight they were, or fly :
These words were pass'd, "Conquer or die,"
 My brave Yankee boys.

Loud our cannons thundered, with peals tremendous
 roar,
And death upon our bullet's wings, that drench'd their
 decks in gore ;
The blood did from their scuppers run,
Their chief exclaimed, " We are undone !"
Their flag was struck, the battle won
 By brave Yankee boys.

Then to St. Kitts we steered, we brought her safe in
 port;
The grand salute was fired, and answered from the
 fort :
Now sitting round the flowing bowl,
With hearty glee, each jovial soul,
Drink, as you fought, without control,
 My brave Yankee boys.

Now here's a health to Truxtun, who did not fear the
 sight,
And those brave Yankee sailors, who for their country
 fight:
John Adams in full bumpers toast,
George Washington, Columbia's boast,
And now to the girls that we love most,
 My brave Yankee boys.

9 CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.—1812.

I OFTEN have been told,
That the British seamen bold
Could beat the tars of France, neat and handy, O ;
But they never found their match,
Till the Yankees did them catch—
For the Yankee tars for fighting are the dandy, O !

O, the Guerriere so bold,
On the foaming ocean roll'd,
Commanded by Dacres the grandee, O !
With as choice a British crew
As a rammer ever drew,
They could beat the Frenchmen two to one, so handy, O !

When this frigate hove in view,
“O,” said Dacres to his crew,
“Prepare ye for action and be handy, O :
On the weather-gauge we'll get her,
And to make the men fight better
We will give to them gunpowder and good brandy, O.”

Now this boasting Briton cries,
“Make that Yankee ship your prize,
You can in thirty minutes do it handy, O :
Or in twenty-five I'm sure ;
If you'll do it in a score,
I'll give you a double share of good brandy, O.

When prisoners we've made them,
With switchel we will treat them ;
We'll welcome them with Yankee Doodle Dandy, O :

O, the British balls flew hot,
But the Yankees answered not,
Until they got a distance that was handy, O.

“O,” cries Hull unto his crew,
“We will try what we can do :
If we beat those boasting Britons we’re the dandy, O.”
The first broadside we pour’d
Brought the mizen by the board,
Which doused the royal ensign quite handy, O.

O, Dacres he did sigh,
And to his officers did cry,
O ! I didn’t think the Yankees were so handy, O.
The second told so well,
That the fore and main-mast fell,
That made this lofty frigate look quite dandy, O.

O ! says Dacres, we’re undone :
So he fires a lee gun,
And the drummers struck up Yankee Doodle Dandy, O .
When Dacres came on board,
To deliver up his sword,
He was loth to part with it, it look’d so handy, O.

“ You may keep it,” says brave Hull ;
“ What makes you look so dull ?
Cheer up and take a glass of good brandy, O.”
O, Britons now be still,
Since we’ve hook’d you in the gill :
Don’t boast upon your Dacres, the grandee, O.
Come, fill your glasses full,
And we’ll drink to Captain Hull,
And so merrily we’ll push about the brandy, O.

John Bull may toast his fill,
Let the world say what it will,
But the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy, O.

— ♦ —

10 OLD IRONSIDES ; OR, THE U. S. FRIGATE CONSTITUTION.

BY WILLIAM HENRY KING.

HAIL ! Lion-tamer of the seas,
Thrice victorious in the fight !
Long float thy starr'd flag in the breeze,
Conqueror of England's might.
Thou art our navy's brightest star,
Our country's boast besides ;
What name's so dear to each brave tar,
As thine, "old Ironsides ?"

For when our country's cause seem'd dark,
And clouds portentous hung,
"Broadsides of glory" from thy bark
A halo round it flung.
The Guerriere's and Java's red-cross'd flags
Submissively came down :
Dacres and Lambert—boasting brags—
Thy prowess had to own.

A trinal triumph has been thine,
Old cruiser of the seas :
Fame brightest wreaths for thee will twine,
Proud victor of victories ;
For sons of freedom serve thy guns,
And valorous chiefs command ;

Columbia's flag floats o'er her sons—
A bold, chivalrous band.

Cyanne and Levant's scuppers ran
With Britain's bravest blood,
When, battling 'gainst the "rights of man,"
Her sons so reckless stood.
But, tired at last, fired their lee gun,
Resistance was in vain.
Brave Stewart laurel-wreaths had won,
Amid a heap of slain !

O, may thy course be "onward" still,
Thy fate be glorious yet !
The past assures us that it will :
The dazzling sun's not set !
And future days again see Hull
Enveloped in victory's smoke ;
Thy Bainbridge conquer'd "old John Bull,"
And spurn'd his slavish yoke.

Thou bearest the image of a chief,
Whose name, and fame, like thine,
Midst others stands in bold relief,
And brilliantly doth shine.
Brave Jackson is his country's boast,
A victor in war, like thee :
He vanquish'd Britain's choicest host—
Great champion of Liberty !

God speed thy dashing prow among
The wild surf's laving foam !
Our harps to sound thy praise are strung,
When thou returnest home.

For where's the ship can boast a name
So glorious on the wave ?
Thy crew's adopted sons of Fame,
The bravest of the brave.

11 HALIFAX STATION.—1812

FROM Halifax station a bully there came,
To take or be taken, call'd Dacres by name :
But 'twas who but a Yankee he met on his way—
Says the Yankee to him, “ Will you stop and take
tea ? ”

Then Dacres steps up, thus addressing his crew :—
“ Don't you see that d—d flag that is red, white, and
blue ? ”

Let us drum all to quarters, prepare for to fight,
For in taking that ship, boys, it will make me a knight.”

Then up to each mast-head he straight sent a flag,
Which shows, on the ocean, a proud British brag ;
But Hull, being pleasant, he sent up but one,
And told every seaman to stand true to his gun.

Then Hull, like a hero, before them appears,
And with a short speech his sailors he cheers,
Saying, “ We'll batter their sides, and we'll do the
neat thing :
We'll conquer their bully, and laugh at their king.”

Then we off with our hats and gave him a cheer,
Swore we'd stick by brave Hull, while a seaman could
steer ;

And at it we went with mutual delight,
For to fight and to conquer's a sailor's free right.
Then we crowded all sail, and we ran alongside,
And we wellfed our bull-dogs with true Yankee pride.
'Twas broadside for broadside we on them did pour,
While cannon's loud mouths at each other did roar.

Says Dacres, "Fight on, and we'll have her in tow,
We will drink to Great Britain, and the cans they
shall flow;
So strike, you d—d Yankee, I'll make you with ease;"
But the man they call Hull, says, "O no, if you
please."

Then Dacres wore ship, expecting to rake;
But quite in a hurry, found out his mistake;
For we luff'd round his bow, boys, and caught his
jib-boom,
And, in raking them aft, we soon gave him his doom.

Then Dacres look'd wild, and then sheath'd his sword,
When he found that his masts were all gone by the
board,
And dropping astern cries out to the steward,
"Come up and be d—d, fire a gun to the leeward."

Then we off with our hats, and we gave them three
cheers,
Which bitterly stung all those Englishmen's ears;
Saying, "We'll fight for our country, do all things
that's right,
And let the world know, that green Yankees can fight."

12 CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.

Tune—“Derry down.”

“By the trident of Neptune,” brave Hull cried, “let’s
steer,

It points out the track of the bullying Guerriere :
Should we meet her, brave boys, ‘Seamen’s rights’ be
the cry :

We fight to defend them, to live free or die.”

The famed Constitution through the billows now flew,
While the spray to the tars was refreshing as dew,
To quicken the sense of the insult they felt,
In the boast of the Guerriere’s not being the ‘Belt.’

Each patriot bosom now throb’d with delight,
When, joyful, the cry was, “A sail is in sight!”

“Three cheers!” cried the captain : “my lads, ’tis the
foe ;

British pride shall be this day by Yankees laid low.”

Behold now the Guerriere, of Britain the boast,
Her topsails aback, and each tar to his post:
While Dacres a flag did display from each mast,
To show that, as Britons, they’d fight to the last.

The American stars now aloft were unfurl’d,
With her stripes to the mizen-peak; a proof to the
world,

That howe’er British pride might bluster or fret,
The sun of her glory should that day be set.

Now, primed with ambition, her guns loaded full,
The Guerriere’s broadsides roar’d tremendous at Hull;
Not only the hero, ship, and crew to annoy,
But the *Hull* of our freedom, our rights to destroy.

As the brave Constitution her seamen drew nigh,
Each heart beat with valour, joy glisten'd each eye ;
While Hull, whose brave bosom with glory did swell,
Cried, "Free trade—Seamen's rights ! now let every
shot tell."

Quick as lightning, and fatal as its dreaded power,
Destruction and death on the Guerriere did shower,
While the groans of the dying were heard in the blast,
The word was, "Take aim, boys, away with her
mast."

The genius of Britain will long rue this day.
The Guerriere's a wreck in the trough of the sea :
Her laurels are wither'd, her boasting is done ;
Submissive—to leeward she fires her last gun.

Now brilliant the stars of America shine,
Fame, honour, and glory, brave Hull, they are thine ;
You have Neptune amazed, caused Britain to weep,
While Yankees triumphantly sail o'er the deep.

The sea, like the air, by great Nature's decree,
Was given in common, and shall ever be free :
But if Ocean's a turnpike, where Britain keeps toll,
Hull, Jones, and Decatur will pay for the whole.

13 ON THE CAPTURE OF THE GUERRIERE,

Captain Dacres, August 19, 1812, by the American frigate
Constitution, Captain Hull.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

LONG, the tyrant of our coast,
Reign'd the famous Guerriere ;
Our little navy she defied,
Public ship and privateer :

On her sails, in letters red,
To our captains were display'd
Words of warning, words of dread,
"All who meet me, have a care!
I am England's Guerriere."*

On the wide Atlantic deep
(Not her equal for the fight)
The Constitution, on her way,
Chanced to meet these men of might :
On her sails was nothing said :
But her waist the teeth display'd
That a deal of blood could shed ;
Which, if she would venture near,
Would stain the decks of the Guerriere.

Now our gallant ship they met—
And, to struggle with John Bull—
Who had come, they little thought,
Strangers, yet, to Isaac Hull ;
Better, soon, to be acquainted,
Isaac hail'd the Lord's anointed—
While the crew the cannon pointed,
And the balls were so directed
With a blaze so unexpected ;

Isaac did so maul and rake her,
That the decks of Captain Dacre
Were in such a woful pickle,
As if death, with scythe and sickle,
With his sling or with his shaft
Had cut his harvest fore and aft.

* Female Warrior, or Amazon.

Thus, in thirty minutes, ended
 Mischiefs that could not be mended :
 Masts, and yards, and ship descended,
 All to David Jones's locker—
 Such a ship in such a pucker !

Drink about to the Constitution !
 She perform'd some execution,
 Did some share of retribution
 For the insults of the year
 When she took the Guerriere.

May success again await her,
 Let who will again command her,
 Bainbridge, Rodgers, or Decatur :
 Nothing like her can withstand her
 With a crew like that on board her
 Who so boldly call'd "to order"
 One bold crew of English sailors,
 Long, too long, our seamen's jailors—
 Dacres and the Guerriere !

14 CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.

A naval victory, obtained by the American frigate Constitution, Captain Hull, over his Britannic majesty's frigate Guerriere, of forty-nine guns, Captain Dacres.

Tune—"Tally Ho."

Ye tars of Columbia ! who seek on the main
 Redress for the wrongs which your brothers sustain ;
 Cheer up and be merry, for Mr. John Bull
 Has got a sound drubbing from brave Captain Hull.

Sing, smithero, didero, smithero whack,
 Let an enemy come, and we'll trundle him back ;

While the lads of the ocean shall tell the proud elf,
He may "Go to the devil and shake himself."

The bold Constitution, a ship of some fame—
Sure each jolly sailor remembers her name—
On the nineteenth of August o'ertook the Guerriere,
A frigate once captured by John from Monsieur.

Sing, smithero, &c.

At five, post meridian, the action begun,
For she found 'twas in vain any longer to run,
So back'd her maintopsail, prepared for the fray,
As a stag, when he's hunted, will oft stand at bay.

Sing, smithero, &c.

Our drum beat to quarters, each jolly tar hears,
And hail'd the glad signal with three hearty cheers :
All eager for glory, to quarters we fly,
Resolved for to conquer, or bravely to die.

Sing, smithero, &c.

Proud Dacres commanded the enemy's ship,
Who often has sworn every Yankee to whip ;
Who has always boasted, "'twould be his delight,
To meet an American frigate in fight."

Sing, smithero, &c.

This boasting commander his crew now address'd,
(Which was partly composed of Americans "press'd,")
Says he, " My brave lads, now our wish is fulfill'd,
For 'tis better to capture a ship than to build.

Sing, smithero, &c.

" And you who are tired of our boatswain's mate's
whip,
And wish to return to some d——d Yankee ship,

Twenty minutes, or less, of our fierce British fire
Will gain me their ship, and you your desire."

Sing, smithero, &c.

Then at it they went, in a deluge of fire,
Each party too stubborn an inch to retire:
Balls, grape-shot, and langrage promiscuously fly,
While the thunder of cannon shakes ocean and sky.

Sing, smithero, &c.

At a quarter past six, Yankee shot told so well,
The enemy's mizenmast totter'd and fell:
While, eager to board him, the order we wait,
His foremast and mainmast both shared the same fate.

Sing, smithero, &c.

Our cabin had now from his guns taken fire,
Yet danger but kindled our courage the higher:
'Twas quickly extinguish'd, while Dacres' lee gun
Proclaimed his ship ours, and the bloody fight done.

Sing, smithero, &c.

Our prize we then boarded, all arm'd, in a boat,
But found her so riddled she'd scarce keep afloat:
Fifteen of her seamen lay dead in their gore,
Where, wounded and groaning, lay sixty-four more.

Sing, smithero, &c.

Our loss was but seven, who died in the cause
Of liberty, glory, religion, and laws;
While the like little number will bear to their grave
Indisputable marks that the Yankees are brave.

Sing, smithero, &c.

Now finding our prize lay along on the main,
A wreck that ne'er could be refitted again,

We took out the prisoners, then set her on fire,
And soon put an end to the famous Guerriere.

Sing, smithero, &c.

Now fill up your glasses, my lads, to the brim,
And toast noble Hull till in toddy you swim :
Here's a health to that hero, and all his ship's crew,
For a braver commander no navy e'er knew.

Sing, smithero, &c.



15 THE CONSTITUTION.

It is said that the following Song was written by an American gentleman at St. Bartholomews.

Tune—"The Arethusa."

COLUMBIA's sons, prepare, unite,
Now for your country's freedom fight,
And with your sword maintain her right,
'Gainst pride and persecution ;
And while you scourge our haughty foes,
I'll sing the martial deeds of those,
Whose metal tried,
Soon lower'd the pride
Of Dacres, who brave Hull defied,
On board the Constitution.

Nineteenth of August, half past two,
And past meridian, came in view
The Guerriere frigate, with her crew,
All fired with resolution :
The boasting chieftain bent his course,
Resolved to put his threats in force,

And with his guns,
Subdue the sons
Of Yankees, who no danger shuns,
On board the Constitution.

Our gallant ship now swiftly flies,
And every man his gun supplies,
While our commander cheerly cries,
“Evince your resolution.”
With ardour each to action springs,
Whilst with three cheers the welkin rings ;
Our foes, amazed,
With wonder gazed,
To see Columbia’s standard raised
On board the Constitution.

The Guerriere’s balls flew thick and hot
Around us, which we answer’d not,
But steer’d till within pistol shot,
Resolved on execution.
Our first broadside like thunder roar’d
And brought her mizzen by the board ;
Her mainmast too,
And foremast flew
In pieces, while our jovial crew
Huzza’d the Constitution.

When Dacres first received this check,
And saw the Guerriere a wreck,
Himself a prisoner on the deck,
His ship’s crew in confusion—
Perceived the Yankee boys on board,
With grief beheld the union lower’d :

All hope now fled,
He, sighing, said,
The god of war to victory led
The frigate Constitution.

This Briton oft had made his boast,
He'd with his crew, a chosen host,
Pour fell destruction round our coast,
And work a revolution;
Urged by his pride, a challenge sent,
Bold Rodgers, in the President,
Wishing to meet
Him tete-a-tete,
Or one his equal from our fleet—
Such was the Constitution.

Columbia's sons ! each jovial soul
Whose glowing breast contemns control,
Rejoice around the sparkling bowl,
While wine flows in profusion :
First Washington—our country's boast ;
The Congress next, shall be our toast,
One third is due
Brave Hull and crew ;
Then all who hold our rights in view,
And guard the Constitution.



16 THE CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.

A SAIL ! all hands ! the boatswain pipes,
And, instant, at the signal sound,
Beneath the waving stars and stripes
Each sailor at his post is found.

Due south, close haul'd, in trim array,
A gallant frigate's on our lee—
She hoists her flag—my hearts, huzza!
Huzza! the English ensign see.

O'er all the crew, with heart elate,
Our captain glanced his eagle eye,
And saw each tar impatient wait,
To meet the veteran enemy.

And see! with topsail to the mast,
The foe destructive fires prepare,
As ship to ship, approaching fast,
All calm and silent, down we bear.

But when yard-arm and yard-arm met,
Our cannon swept his decks amain,
In vain that boasted flag he set,
Which long had awed the subject main.

In vain to every mast he nails
That flag; for, carried by the deck,
Like shatter'd oaks in wintry gales,
Each, crashing, falls—a lumbering wreck.

No Frenchmen now the conflict wage—
The Briton finds another foe;
And learns, amidst the battle's rage,
Columbia's hearts and hands to know.

What shall the desperate chieftain do?
Around, his bravest men expire!
No hope is left! he speaks—his crew
A leeward gun, reluctant, fire.

Columbia ! from your fatal sleep
Arise, your tars, your rights to save !
Thus guard their freedom on the deep :
Thus claim your empire on the wave.

17

HULL'S VICTORY.

O'ER the trident of Neptune, Britannia had boasted,
Her flag long triumphantly flew,
Her fleet, undisturb'd, round America coasted,
Till Hull taught the foe what our seamen could do.
Let the trumpet of fame tell the story,
And our tars give to honour and glory.
Hark ! hark ! how the cannon like thunder does rattle !
Our hero's quite cool in the uproar of battle.

See the bold Constitution the Guerriere o'ertaking,
While seas from her fury divide,
The all-conquering foe, boys, our thunder is raking—
See ! her mizenmast falls in the deep o'er her side.
See ! her hull now our bullets are boring,
The blood from her scuppers is pouring !
See ! see ! she's aboard—shall we yield, boys ?—no
never:
We'll fight for our rights on the ocean forever.

Brave Hull gave the order for boarding, but, wonder,
By the board main and foremast both go ;
A lee-gun proclaims she submits to our thunder,
Which drowns the vain boast of our now humble foe ;
Huzza now the conquest proclaiming,
Our tars see the Guerriere flaming.

See ! see ! as she burns sinks the battle's commotion,
She blows up and scatters her hull on the ocean.

With equal force let Britannia send out her whole
navy,

Our seamen in bondage to drag,
Our heroes will send them express to old Davy,
And conquer or die in defence of their flag.

Let the trumpet of Fame tell the story,
And our tars give to honour and glory :

Death ! death ! they'll prefer, e'er from danger they
sever :

Then glory to Hull and our navy forever.



18 THE FRIGATE CONSTITUTION

A new song, sung before the Corporation of the city of New
York, the Fourth of July, 1815.

BY FRANCIS ARDEN, ESQ.

Tune—“Maggy Lauder.”

ARGO of Greece, that brought the fleece
To the Thessalian city,
As we are told, by bards of old,
Was sung in many a ditty.

But Yankees claim a prouder name
To spur their resolution,
Than Greece could boast, and do her most—
The frigate Constitution.

When first she press'd the stream's cool breast,
Hope hail'd her pride of story;
Now she o'erpays Hope's flattering praise,
By matchless deeds of glory.

Of all that roam the salt sea's foam,
None floats to Neptune dearer,
Or fairer shines in Fame's bright lines,
Or more makes Britain fear her.

'Neath Hull's command, with a tough band,
And naught beside to back her,
Upon a day, as log-books say,
A fleet bore down to thwack her.
A fleet, you know, is odds, or so,
Against a single ship, sirs :
So, cross the tide, her legs she tried,
And gave the rogues the slip, sirs.

But time flies round, and soon she found,
While ploughing ocean's acres,
An even chance to join the dance,
And turn, keel up, poor Dacres.
Dacres, 'tis clear, despises fear—
Quite full of fun and prank is—
Hoists his ship's name in playful game,
Aloft, to scare the Yankees.

On Brazil's coast she ruled the roast,
When Bainbridge was her captain :
Neat hammocks gave, made of the wave,
Dead Britons to be wrapp'd in :
For there, in ire, midst smoke and fire,
Her boys the Java met, sirs ;
And in the fray, her Yankee play
Tipp'd Bull a somerset, sirs.

Next, on her deck, at Fortune's beck,
The dauntless Stewart landed :

A better tar ne'er shone in war,
Or daring souls commanded.
Old Ironsides, now once more rides,
In search of English cruisers ;
And Neptune grins to see her twins,
Got in an hour or two, sirs.

Then raise amain, the joyful strain,
For well she has deserved it,
Who brought the foe so often low,
Cheer'd freedom's heart, and nerved it ;
Long may she ride, our navy's pride,
And spur to resolution ;
And seamen boast, and landsmen toast,
The "Frigate Constitution."



19 CONSTITUTION AND JAVA.

A new song, upon the victory obtained by the American frigate Constitution, over the British frigate Java.

Tune—"Vive la!"

YANKEE tars, come join the chorus,
Shout aloud the patriot strain ;
Freedom's flag, again victorious,
Floats triumphant o'er the main.

Hail the gallant Constitution :
Hull immortalized her name,
Bainbridge, round it, in profusion,
Pours the golden blaze of fame.

Scarce had Fame her Hull rewarded,
Ere intrepid Bainbridge rose,

Eager, while the world applauded,
To subdue his country's foes.
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.

Hull, on board the Constitution,
Sunk his foe beneath the flood ;
Fired with equal resolution,
Bainbridge sought the scene of blood.
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.

Lambert met him in the Java,
Fierce the hot contention rose :
Like the streams of Etna's lava,
Fell our vengeance on the foes.
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.

Neptune shunn'd the fierce commotion,
Saw his realm with carnage spread—
Saw our fire consume the ocean,
Cover'd with the floating dead.
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.

Twice had Time his glass inverted,
While the strife deform'd the flood ;
Ere the fiend of death, diverted,
Ceased to glut on human blood.
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.

See, our foe, upon the billow,
Floats, a wreck, without a spar !
Lowly lies, on ocean's pillow,
Many a brave and gallant tar.
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.

Hark ! his lee-gun speaks submission ;
Bid our vengeful tars forbear :

Mercy views the foe's condition,
Sees a bleeding brother there.
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.

Man the boats! the foe, confounded,
Yields to our superior fire;
Board the prize! relieve the wounded!
Ere in anguish they expire.
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.

Ah! the fight was hard contested,
Groaning there, a hundred bleed:
Sixty-nine has death arrested,
From their floating prisons freed.
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.

Clear the wreck! she cannot swim, boys;
See! she follows the Guerriere!
Now your cans fill to the brim, boys:
Sing our navy's bright career.
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.

Toast the heroes famed in story—
Hull, Decatur, Rodgers, Jones:
Bainbridge, chief in naval glory,
Smiling Freedom joyful owns.
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.

20**THE BATTLE OF VALPARAISO.**

Præliis audax, neque te silebo.—Hor.

FROM the laurcl's fairest bough,
Let the muse her garland twine,
To adorn our Porter's brow,
Who, beyond the burning line,

Led his caravan of tars o'er the tide.

To the pilgrims fill the bowl,
Who, around the southern pole,
Saw new constellations roll,
For their guide.

“ Heave the topmast from the board,
And our ship for action clear,
By the cannon and the sword,
We will die or conquer here.

The foe, of twice our force, nears us fast:
To your posts, my faithful tars !
Mind your rigging, guns, and spars,
And defend your stripes and stars
To the last.”

At the captain’s bold command,
Flew each sailor to his gun,
And resolved he there would stand,
Though the odds was two to one,
To defend his flag and ship with his life :
High on every mast display’d,
“ God, Our Country, and Free Trade.”
E’en the bravest braver made
For the strife.

Fierce the storm of battle pours :
But, unmoved as ocean’s rock,
When the tempest round it roars,
Every seaman breasts the shock,
Boldly stepping where his brave messmates fall.
O’er his head, full oft and loud,
Like the vulture in a cloud,
As it cuts the twanging shroud,
Screams the ball.

Before the siroc blast
From its iron caverns driven,
Drops the sear'd and shiver'd mast,
By the bolt of battle riven,
And higher heaps the ruin of the deck--
As the sailor, bleeding, dies,
To his comrades lifts his eyes,
“Let our flag still wave,” he cries,
O'er the wreck.

In echo to the sponge,
Hark! along the silent lee,
Oft is heard the solemn plunge,
In the bosom of the sea.
'Tis not the sullen plunge of the dead,
But the self-devoted tar,
Who, to grace the victor's car,
Scorns from home and friends afar
To be led.

Long live the gallant crew
Who survived that day of blood:
And may fortune soon renew
Equal battle on the flood.
Long live the glorious names of the brave
O'er these martyrs of the deep,
Oft the roving tar shall weep,
Crying, “Sweetly may they sleep
'Neath the wave.”

21**THE OCEAN-FIGHT.**

The nocturnal engagement between the Wasp and Avon
gave rise to this poem.

THE sun had sunk beneath the west,
When two proud barks to battle press'd,
With swelling sail and streamers dress'd,
So gallantly.

Proud Britain's pennon flouts the skies :
Columbia's flag more proudly flies,
Her emblem stars of victories,
Beam gloriously.

Sol's lingering rays, through vapours shed,
Have streak'd the sky of bloody red,
And now the ensanguined lustre spread
Heaven's canopy.

Dread prelude to that awful night
When Britain's and Columbia's might
Join'd in the fierce and bloody fight
Hard rivalry.

Now, lowering o'er the stormy deep,
Dank, sable clouds more threatening sweep :
Yet still the barks their courses keep
Unerringly.

The northern gales more fiercely blow,
The white foam dashing o'er the prow ;
The starry crescent round each bow
Beams vividly.

Near and more near the war-ships ride,
Till, ranged for battle, side by side,
Each warrior's heart beats high with pride
Of chivalry.

'Twas awful, ere the fight begun
To see brave warriors round each gun,
While thoughts on home and carnage run,
Stand silently.

As death-like stillness reigns around,
Nature seems wrapp'd in peace profound,
Ere fires, volcanic, mountain bound,
Burst furiously.

So, bursting from Columbia's prow,
Her thunder on the red-cross foe,
The lurid cloud's sulphuric glow
Glares awfully.

Re-echoing peals more fiercely roar,
Britannia's shatter'd sides run gore,
The foaming waves that raged before,
Sink, tremulous.

Columbia's last sulphuric blaze,
That lights her stripes and starry rays,
The vanquish'd red-cross flag betrays,
Struck fearfully.

And, hark ! their piercing shrieks of wo !
Haste, haste and save the sinking foe :
Haste, e'er their wreck to bottom go,
Brave conquerors.

Now, honour to the warriors brave,
Whose field of fame, the mountain wave,
Their corses bear to ocean's cave,
 Their sepulchre.

Their country's pæans swell their praise ;
And whilst the warm tear, gushing, strays,
Full many a bard shall chant his lays,
 Their requiem.

22 BATTLE—A NAVAL ODE.—1815.

OF Columbia in her might,
 Sing again of naval war,
When, in fierce and bloody fight,
 Our gallant, favour'd tar,
Brave Biddle, met the foe on the wave :
 Then thrice Brazilian shore
 Heard her guns triumphant roar,
 And its waves drank deep of gore
 Of the brave.

'Twas March the twenty-third
 When the Hornet's eager crew
The cheering signal heard,
 And the word as lightning flew,
When the seaman, from aloft, cried, "a sail !"
 Then glanced each stripe and star
As, on board, each dauntless tar
Gave three cheers, that floated far
 On the gale.

Now steady gales from west
Proudly swell'd the crowded sails,

And glow'd each warrior's breast,
While through the ship prevails
Deep silence, like the sleep of the dead—
Save, at intervals, is heard,
The captain's mandate word,
“Keep her steady, thus aboard,
Mind her head !”

Ranged broadside to broadside,
For the close decisive fight,
Waved the St. George in its pride :
But our victor stars, more bright,
Beam'd defiance to the might of the foe :
Soon their shouts that swell the gale,
Shall be changed to sounds of wail,
And their “meteor-flag” wane pale
In their wo.

Then fore and aft each gun
O'er and o'er its thunders peal'd,
Till the war-clouds veil'd the sun,
And each gallant ship conceal'd.
Yet o'er the deep the battle loudly roar'd :
Now another broadside given
As by lightning-blast of heaven,
The Briton's mast is riven
By the board.

Now yard and yard engaged,
O'er the Penguin havoc spread ;
Yet the battle fiercely raged
Till her deck was strew'd with dead :
And as the swelling ocean made her heel,
By sulphureous blaze reveal'd,

As each thundering broadside peal'd,
The shatter'd Red-cross reel'd
On her keel.

Then sunk Britannia's pride ;
Waved her haughty flag no more ;
But, o'er the troubled tide,
The proud Britons aid implore,
And quarters from the valiant victors crave.
Ceased the fierce and bloody fray,
And the dun clouds roll'd away,
When, a wreck, the Briton lay
On the wave.

Now laud we that good Power
Who our gallant hero saved,
When danger's darkest hour
On the deck of fame he braved,
And the victor's eagle perch'd upon his crest—
And the fame shall spread afar
Of each true patriot tar
Who has triumph'd 'neath the star
Of the west !



23 ENTERPRISE AND BOXER.—1813.

AGAIN Columbia's stripes, unfurl'd,
Have testified before the world,
How brave are those who wear 'em ;
The foe has now been taught again
His streamers cannot shade the main
While Yankees live to share 'em.

Huzza ! once more for Yankee skill !
The brave are very generous still,
 But teach the foes submission :
Now twice three times his flag we've gain'd,
And more, much more, can be obtain'd
 Upon the same condition.

The gallant Enterprise her name,
A vessel erst of little fame,
 Had sail'd and caught the foe, sirs ;
'Twas hers the glory and the gain,
To meet the Boxer on the main,
 And bring her home in tow, sirs.
Huzza ! once more for Yankee skill, &c

Fierce lightnings gleam and thunders roar,
While round and grape in torrents pour,
 And echo through the skies, sirs ;
When minutes forty-five had flown,
Behold the Briton's colours down !—
 She's yielded up a prize, sirs.
Huzza ! once more for Yankee skill, &c.

The victory gain'd, we count the cost,
We mourn, indeed, a hero lost !
 Who nobly fell, we know, sirs ;
But Burrows, we with Lawrence find,
Has left a living name behind,
 Much honour'd by the foe, sirs.
Huzza ! once more for Yankee skill, &c.

And while we notice deeds of fame,
In which the gallant honours claim ;
 As heroes of our story,

The name of Blyth a meed demands,
Whose tomb is deck'd by freemen's hands,
Who well deserve the glory.

Huzza! once more for Yankee skill, &c.

Then, while we fill the sparkling glass,
And cause it cheerly round to pass,
In social hours assembled ;
Be Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge, Jones,
Lawrence and Burrows—Victory's sons,
With gratitude remember'd.

Huzza! once more for Yankee skill, &c.



24 HORNET AND PEACOCK.—1813.

YE Demo's, attend, and ye Federals, too ;
I'll sing you a song that you all know is true,
Concerning the Hornet, true stuff, I'll be bail ;
That humbled the Peacock, and lower'd her tail.

Sing hubber, O, hubber, cries old Granny Weal,
The Hornet can tickle the British bird's tail ;
Her stings are all sharp, and they'll pierce without
fail,

Success to our navy, cries old Granny Weal.

This bird it was bred in the land of King George,
Her feathers were fine, her tail very large ;
She spread forth her wings, like a ship in full sail,
And prided herself in the size of her tail.

Sing hubber, &c.

King George then says, “ To America go,
The Hornet—the Wasp is the British king's foe ;

Pick them up, my dear bird, spread your wings to the gale,

But beware of those insects," cries old Granny Weal.
Sing hubber, &c.

Away flew this bird at the word of command,
Her flight was directed to Freedom's own land ;
The Hornet discover'd her wings on the sail,
And quickly determined to tickle her tail.

Sing hubber, &c.

So at it they went, it was both pick and sting,
The Hornet still working keen under her wing ;
"American insects," quoth she, "I'll be bail,
Will humble the king-bird, and tickle her tail."

Sing hubber, &c.

The Peacock now mortally under her wing,
Did feel the full force of the Hornet's sharp sting ;
She flatten'd her crest like a shoal on the wail,
Sunk down by her side, and lower'd her tail.

Sing hubber, &c.

Here's success to brave Lawrence, who well knew the nest,

Where the Hornet and Wasp with honour still rest,
We'll send them with force, and with skill, I'll be bail,
Will humble King George, and tickle his tail.

Sing hubber, &c.



25 THE GENERAL ARMSTRONG.—1814.

COME, all you sons of Liberty, that to the seas belong,
It's worth your whole attention to listen to my song;

The history of a privateer I will detail in full,
That fought a "six-and-thirty" belonging to John Bull.
The General Armstrong she is called, and sailed from
New York,
With all our hearts undaunted, once more to try our
luck ;
She was a noble vessel, a privateer of fame :
She had a brave commander, George Champlin was
his name.

We stood unto the eastward, all with a favouring gale,
In longitude of fifty we spied a lofty sail :
Our mainsail being lower'd and foresail to repair,
Our squaresail being set, my boys, the wind it proved
fair.

We very soon perceived the lofty ship to be
Bearing down upon us while we lay under her lee ;
All hands we call'd, and sail did make, then spliced
the main-brace,
Night coming on, we sail'd so fast, she soon gave up
the chase.

Then to Barbadoes we were bound, our course so well
did steer ;
We cruised there for several days, and nothing did
appear :
'Twas on the 11th of March, to windward of Surinam,
We spied a lofty ship, my boys, at anchor near the
land ;
All hands we call'd to quarters, and down upon her
bore,
Thinking 'twas some merchant-ship then lying near
the shore.

She quickly weighed anchor and from us did steer,
And setting her top-gallant sail as if she did us fear,
But soon we were alongside of her, and gave her a gun,
Determined to fight, my boys, and not from her to run.

We hoisted up the bloody flag and down upon her bore,
If she did not strike, my boys, no quarters we would
show her;

Each man a brace of pistols, a boarding-pike and
sword,

We'll give her a broadside, my boys, before we do her
board.

All hands at their quarters lay, until we came along-
side,

And gave them three hearty cheers, their British cou-
rage tried.

The lower ports she had shut in, the Armstrong to
decoy,

But quickly she her ports did show, to daunt each
Yankee boy.

The first broadside we gave them true, their colours shot
away,

Their topsail, halyards, mizen rigging, main and
mizen stay,

Two ports we did knock into one, his starboard quarter
tore,

They overboard their wounded flung, while cannons
loud did roar.

She wore directly round, my boys, and piped all hands
on deck,

For fear that we would board and serve a Yankee trick;

To board a six-and-thirty it was in vain to try,
While the grape, round, and langrage, like hailstones
they did fly.

Brave Champlin on the quarter-deck so nobly gave
command :

“ Fight on, my brave Americans, dismast her if you
can.”

The round, grape, and star-shot so well did play,
A musket-ball from the maintop brave Champlin low
did lay.

His wound was quickly dress'd, while he in his cabin
lay ;

The doctor, while attending, these words he heard him
say,

“ Our Yankee flag shall flourish,” our noble captain
cried,

“ Before that we do strike, my boys, we'll sink along-
side.”

She was a six-and-thirty, and mounted forty-two,
We fought her four glasses, what more then could we
do;

Till six brave seamen we had kill'd, which grieved us
full sore,

And thirteen more wounded lay bleeding in their gore.

Our foremast being wounded, and bowsprit likewise ;
Our lower rigging fore and aft, and headstay beside ;
Our halyards, braces, bowling, and foretop sheet also,
We found we could not fight her, boys, so from her
we did go.

Our foremast proving dangerous, we could not carry sail,
Although we had it fish'd and welded with a chain ;

It grieved us to the heart to put up with such abuse,
For this damn'd English frigate has surely spoil'd our
course.

Here's success attend brave Champlin, his officers and
men,
That fought with courage keen, my boys, our lives to
defend ;
We fought with much superior force, what could we
do more ?
Then haul'd our wind and stood again for Freedom's
happy shore.



26 THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.—1813.

“ To clear the lake of Perry’s fleet,
And make his flag his winding-sheet,
This is my object, I repeat,”

Said Barclay, flush’d with native pride,
To some who serve the British crown ;
But they, who dwell beyond the moon,
Heard this bold menace, with a frown,
Nor the rash sentence ratified.

Ambition so bewitch’d his mind,
And royal smiles had so combined
With skill, to act the part assign’d,

He for no contest cared a straw ;
The ocean was too narrow far
To be the seat of naval war ;
He wanted lakes, and room to spare,
And all to yield to Britain’s law.

And thus he made a sad mistake ;
Forsooth he must possess the lake,
As merely made for England's sake,
 To play her pranks and rule the roast ;
Where she might govern uncontroll'd,
An unmolested empire hold,
And keep a fleet to fish up gold,
 To pay the troops of George Prevost.

The ships approach'd, of either side,
And Erie, on his bosom wide,
Beheld two hostile navies ride,
 Each for the combat well prepared :
The lake was smooth, the sky was clear,
The martial drum had banish'd fear,
And death and danger hover'd near,
 Though both were held in disregard.

From lofty heights their colours flew,
And Britain's standard, all in view,
With frantic valour fired the crew
 That mann'd the guns of Queen Charlotte.
“And we must Perry's squadron take,
And England shall command the lake ;
And you must fight for Britain's sake,”
 Said Barclay : “sailors, will you not ?”

Assent they gave with heart and hand ;
For never yet a braver band
To fight a ship, forsook the land,
 Than Barclay had on board that day ;
The guns were loosed the game to win,
Their muzzles gaped a dismal grin,
And out they pull'd their tompion-pin,
 The bloody game of war to play.

But Perry soon with flowing sail
Advanced, determined to prevail
When from his bull-dogs flew the hail,
Directed full at Queen Charlotte.
His wadded guns were aim'd so true,
And such a weight of ball they threw,
As, Barclay said, he never knew
To come, before, so scalding hot !

But still, to animate his men,
From gun to gun the warrior ran,
And blazed away and blazed again,
Till Perry's ship was half a wreck :
They tore away both tack and sheet ;
Their victory might have been complete
Had Perry not, to shun defeat,
In lucky moment left his deck.

Repairing to another post,
From another ship he fought their host,
And soon regain'd the fortune lost,
And down his flag the Briton tore :
With loss of arm and loss of blood
Indignant, on his decks he stood
To witness Erie's crimson flood,
For miles around him, stain'd with gore !

Thus, for dominion of the lake,
These captains did each other rake,
And many a widow did they make ;
Whose is the fault, or who to blame ?
The Briton challenged with his sword,
The Yankee took him at his word,
With spirit laid him close on board,
They're ours—he said—and closed the game.

27 JOHNNY BULL'S BIG GUNS.

Tune—“Shamrock so green.”

SURE, have you not heard of that pesky John Bull,
Who eternally quarrels and acts like a fool,
With his big guns and rockets, and pumpkin-shell
bombs?

The prints they all tell us, you know they won't lie,
They 'press'd all our seamen, gave no reason why;
Took all the fine vessels our carpenters made,
And they scared us so deucedly that no one dare trade,
With their big guns and rockets and pumpkin-shell
bombs.

Our Jemmy he bore it, though grit to the bone,
Saying, “ You'd better be easy, and let us alone,
With your big guns and rockets and pumpkin-shell
bombs.

Why, what in the world do you mean by this fuss?
We don't trouble you, why put upon us?
You had better be easy, and mind what you're about,
Or a slap in your blubber-chops will make you look out,
With your big guns and rockets and pumpkin-shell
bombs.”

Then at it we went, as they gave us no peace,
And we flogg'd them a dozen times, sleek, sir, as
grease,
With our long guns and muskets and pumpkin-shell
bombs.
A twelvemonth ago you got nicely beat;
On some tarnal big pond, Perry took your whole fleet,

And then on another pond, not quite so big,
M'Donough has run you another such rig,

With his long guns and muskets and pumpkin-shell
bombs.

And now, as I said, 'twas a year and a day
Since Perry he show'd you such true Yankee play,

With his long guns and muskets and pumpkin-shell
bombs.

That famous M'Donough poked into your muns,
What you could not swallow, right out of our guns ;
Gave your whole fleet a whipping and caused them to
strike,

And I guess that's a joke that you did not much like,
With your big guns and rockets and pumpkin-shell
bombs.

Why can't you be easy and let us alone ?

We Yankees want nothing but what is our own,

With our long guns and muskets and pumpkin-shell
bombs.

We have rusty old muskets and bayonets enough,
And our dads had a chance of trying their stuff ;
They fought like Old Nick for our freedom and fame,
And d——n the mean coward that won't do the same,
With his long guns and muskets and pumpkin-shell
bombs.

At length Johnny Bull he got tired of such fun,
And concluded 'twas best to pack up and run

With his big guns and rockets and pumpkin-shell
bombs.

If he comes here again on another such game,
He'll find that the Yankees are still the same ;

They'll kick him, and cuff him, and knock him about,
That he'll scarcely be able to get out of port,
With his big guns and rockets and pumpkin-shell
bombs.



28 PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.—1813.

FROM hill-tops to valleys, where rush'd the rude fountain,

Reverb'rating echo descends to the plain ;
A messenger sent by the maid of the mountain,
To hail her brave children, her sons on the main.
She flies, and the caves utter forth their devotion,
The forest in silence reclines on the air,
She waits by the side of a hill-border'd ocean,
And greets thus those heroes, who won laurels there.

Rejoice, O, my heart, it is time to make merry ;
For each, in his turn, has had at Britain a blow :
The last, though not least, is the name of our Perry,
Who lately has swept from the ocean the foe.
By Malden protected, the union was soaring,
On Erie a visit she durst not to make,
Until a ground in Superior, the fleet slipp'd her mooring,
Thus Perry was posted, who watch'd on the lake.

Six boats trimm'd for battle, the red cross displaying,
Commanded by Barclay, with wings wide out-spread ;
Forsook her strong-hold, on broad Erie a straying,
To meet with the foe she so lately did dread.
But Perry in union Jack joyfully greeting,
Address'd thus his tars, who, impatient, stood by :

My boys, they have come ! let us welcome the meeting !
Remember we conquer—we conquer or die.

The stripes and the stars on our banners were waving ;
The eagle was perch'd in the noon-beaming sun :
The battle ten minutes at us had been raging,
E'er Perry thought proper to give them a gun ;
Then, like a strong lion disturb'd in his quarters,
Destruction and carnage from slumber arose ;
And death, in a flame, walk'd abroad on the waters,
In council deciding the fates of the foes.

Their dooms were promulg'd in the voice of the thunder :
The flash and the sword did enforce the decree ;
Astonishment stood, with his eyes stretch'd in wonder,
To witness the will of the almighty three.
Half-hid in the smoke the fleets were contending,
The jaws pour'd fire, whilst the wide waters shake :
“ My tars, we have conquer'd ! see the union descending,
The eagle, triumphant, shall soar on the lake.”

Here's success to the name that shall long live in story,
It is Perry who pleads with such force for our rights ;
His manners won art, whilst his valour won glory—
Now pledge him a brother, approved by the fight.
Whilst Perry, in conquest, so modestly glowing,
May Yankee tars ever receive their renown :
And now, whilst in bumpers we have honours that's flowing,
Remember, the union we conquer'd came down.

29 THE BATTLE OF ERIE.—1813

AVAST, honest Jack ! now, before you get mellow,
Come tip us that stave just, my hearty old fellow,
'Bout the young commodore, and his fresh-water crew,
Who keelhaul'd the Britons, and captured a few.

“ ‘Twas just at sunrise, and a glorious day,
Our squadron at anchor snug in Put-in-Bay,
When we saw the bold Britons, and clear for a bout,
Instead of put in, by the Lord we put out.

Up went union-jack, never up there before,
‘Don’t give up the ship’ was the motto it bore ;
And as soon as that motto our gallant men saw,
They thought of their Lawrence, and shouted huzza !

“ O ! then it would have raised your hat three inches
higher,
To see how we dash’d in among them like fire !
The Lawrence went first, and the rest as they could,
And a long time the brunt of the action she stood.

“ ‘Twas peppering work—fire, fury, and smoke,
And groans that from wounded lads, spite of ‘em,
broke.

The water grew red round our ship as she lay,
Though ’twas never before so till that bloody day.

“ They fell all around me like spars in a gale ;
The shot made a sieve of each rag of a sail ;
And out of our crew scarce a dozen remain’d ;
But these gallant tars still the battle maintain’d.

“ ‘Twas then our commander—God bless his young heart,

Thought it best from his well-pepper’d ship to depart,
And bring up the rest, who were tugging behind—
For why—they were sadly in want of a wind.

“ So to Yarnall he gave the command of his ship,
And set out, like a lark, on this desperate trip,
In a small open yawl, right through their whole fleet,
Who with many a broadside our cockboat did greet.

“ I steer’d her, and damme if every inch
Of these timbers of mine at each crack did’nt flinch :
But our tight little commodore, cool and serene,
To stir ne’er a muscle by any was seen.

“ Whole volleys of muskets were levell’d at him,
But the devil a one ever grazed e’en a limb,
Though he stood up aloft in the stern of the boat
Till the crew pull’d him down by the skirt of his coat.

“ At last, through Heaven’s mercy we reach’d t’other ship,
And the wind springing up, we gave her the whip,
And run down their line, boys, through thick and through thin,
And bother’d their crews with a horrible din.

“ Then starboard and larboard, and this way and that,
We bang’d them and raked them, and laid their masts flat,
Till, one after t’other, they haul’d down their flag,
And an end, for that time, put to Johnny Bull’s brag.

“The Detroit, and Queen Charlotte, and Lady Prevost,
Not able to fight or run, gave up the ghost:
And not one of them all from our grapplings got free,
Though we’d fifty-four guns, and they just sixty-three.

“Smite my limbs! but they all got their bellies full
then,
And found what it was, boys, to buckle with men,
Who fight, or, what’s just the same, think that they
fight
For their country’s free trade and their own native
right.

“Now give us a bumper to Elliott and those
Who came up, in good time, to belabour our foes:
To our fresh-water sailors we’ll toss off one more,
And a dozen, at least, to our young commodore.

“And though Britons may brag of their ruling the
ocean,
And that sort of thing, by the Lord, I’ve a notion,
I’ll bet all I’m worth—who takes it—who takes?
Though they’re lords of the sea, we’ll be lords of the
lakes.”



30

AMERICAN PERRY.—1813.

Tune—“Abraham Newland.”

BOLD Barclay, one day, to Proctor did say,
“I’m tired of Jamaica and Sherry;
So let us go down to that new floating town,
And get some American Perry—

O, cheap American Perry !

Most pleasant American Perry !

We need only all bear down, knock, and call,

And we'll have the American Perry.

"The landlady's kind, weak, simple, and blind ;

We'll soon be triumphantly merry !

We've cash in the locker, and custom shall shock her,

And we'll soon get a taste of her Perry—

O, American Perry !

The sparkling American Perry !

No trouble we'll find, your orders to mind,

So away for American Perry."

All ready for play, they got under way,

With heart and hand right voluntary :

But when they came there, they quickly did stare,

At the taste of American Perry :

O, the American Perry !

Sparkling American Perry.

How great the deception, when such a reception

They met from American Perry.

They thought such a change was undoubtedly strange,

And rued their unlucky vagary :

Your liquor's too hot, keep it still in the pot,

O ! cork your American Perry—

O ! this American Perry—

Fiery American Perry :

In my noddle 'twill work ; it's a dose for a Turk—

O ! O ! this American Perry.

Full surely they knew the scrape would not do ;

'Twould ruin his majesty's ferry :

So they tried to turn tail, with a rag of a sail,
And quit this American Perry—

O, the American Perry !

Flushing American Perry.

But the crossing the lake was all a mistake—
They had swallow'd so much of the Perry.

Then Barclay exclaim'd, "I cannot be blamed—
For well I've defended each wherry :
My men are so drunk, and some so defunct—
If I strike to American Perry.

O, this American Perry !

Thundering American Perry.

Such hot distillation would fuddle our nation,
Should it taste the American Perry."

The stuff did so bruise his staggering crews,
That some with their feet were unwary ;
While some had their brains knock'd out for their
pains,

By this shocking American Perry :

O, American Perry !

Outrageous American Perry !

Old, tough British tars, all covered with scars,
Capsized by American Perry.

The Indians on shore made a horrible roar,
And left every ground-nut and berry ;
Then scamper'd away, for no relish had they
For a dose of American Perry—

O, American Perry !

Confounding American Perry,

While General Proctor looked on like a doctor,
At the deadly American Perry.

The Briton was sick, being *pear'd* to the quick,

And his vessels were quite fragmentary;

So, scolding his luck, he prudently struck

To a stream of American Perry—

O, American Perry !

Persevering American Perry !

A whole British fleet, ship to ship, has been beat,

By an American commodore—“Perry !”

On American ground, where such spirit is found,

Let us toast the brave “Heroes of Erie;”

And never forget those whose life-sun did set,

By the side of their Commodore Perry—

O, brave American Perry !

Triumphant American Perry !

Let us remember the “Tenth of September,”

When a fleet struck to Commodore Perry.



31 PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND.

You Parliament of England, you Lords and Commons
too,

Consider well what you're about, and what you mean
to do;

You're now at war with Yankees : I'm sure you'll rue
the day

You roused the sons of Liberty in North America.

You first confined our commerce : you said our ships
shan't trade,

You then impress'd our seamen, and used them as
slaves ;

You then insulted Rodgers, while cruising on the main,

And had we not declared war, you'd done it o'er again.

You thought our frigates were but few, and Yankees could not fight,

Until bold Hull the Guerriere took, and banish'd her from sight.

The Wasp next took your Frolic—you nothing said to that:

The Poictiers being off the coast, of course you took her back.

Next your Macedonian, no finer ship could swim,
Decatur took her gilt-work off, and then he took her in.

The Java by a Yankee ship was sunk, you all must know;

The Peacock, in all her pride, by Lawrence down did go.

Then you sent your Boxer, to beat us all about,
We had an Enterprising brig, that beat the Boxer out;
Then boxed her up to Portland, and moor'd her off the town,

To show the sons of Liberty this Boxer of renown.

Then up upon Lake Erie brave Perry had some fun:
You own he beat your naval force, and caused them to run;

While Chauncey, on Ontario, the like ne'er known before,

Your British squadron beat complete—some took, some run ashore.

Then your brave Indian allies, you call'd them by that name,
Until they turn'd the tomahawk, they savages became;
Your mean insinuations they despised from their souls,
And join'd the sons of Liberty, that scorn to be controll'd.

Now remember, you Britons, far distant is the day
That e'er you'll gain by British force your lost America;
Go tell your king and parliament, by all the world it's known,
That British force, by sea and land's by Yankees overthrown.

Use every endeavour, and try to cause a peace,
For Yankee ships are building fast, their navy to increase.

They will enforce their commerce: their laws by Heaven were made,
That Yankee ships, in time of peace, to any port might trade.

Grant us free trade and commerce, don't you impress our men;

Give up all claims to Canada, then we'll make peace again.

Then, England, we'll respect you, and treat you as a friend;

Respect our flag and citizens, then all these wars will end.

Our Rodgers, in the President, will burn, sink, and destroy,

The Congress, on the Brazil coast, your commerce will annoy.

The Essex, in the South Sea, will put out all your lights,
The flag she wears at mast-head, is “Free trade, and
sailor’s rights.”

32**TOM JUNK.**

Tune—“Thy Blue Waves, O Carron.”

“THE wave of old Ocean’s the field for the brave,
D’ye see, Jack,” thus says the old song as it goes ;
“And, somehow or other, if one meets a grave,
Why, it comes in the shape of our country’s foes.
And to die in the cause of mankind, and our own,
Is the pride and the joy of a true-hearted tar ;
While the cherub of light sweetly sings his renown,
Which flies to the land of his home from afar.”

”Twas thus as we swung in our hammocks one night,
Tom Junk to his messmates so gallantly spake,
We heard him with joy, and our bosoms beat light,
In the hope that we stood in the enemy’s wake.
Next day was the battle—our foes they were bold,
But American sailors to conquer were sworn ;
And though fiercely the tide of the conflict was roll’d,
The wreath from the brow of Britannia was torn.

In the midst of the fight, when the scuppers ran blood,
Bold Tom, like a lion, the contest maintain’d ;
At his gun, undismay’d and collected, he stood,
While the bullets on deck like a wild tempest rain’d.
He stood at his gun, with a soul so serene,
That he jested and laugh’d to his messmates around ;
But the moment that victory lighted the scene,
He fell, like the oak, in full majesty crown’d.

He fell—but the soul of the sailor was strong :
 His eyes to the flag of Columbia rose,
And he smiled to his friends, as it floated along
 From the top of the conquer'd, but proudest of foes.
He smiled, but the cheek of the hero grew pale :
 Huzza ! and his eyes were no longer so bright ;
His soul on the pinions of glory set sail,
 And Victory bore him aloft in our sight.

33 ON VIEWING THE NAVAL PROCESSION AT NEW YORK,

September 15, 1813.

WHERE slowly moves the warrior's laurell'd bier
 In all the pomp of wo—its sad array ;
Why Nature there refuse the tribute tear,
 Which still to Worth, to Genius she will pay ?

Why, Sympathy, didst sleep within thy coral cell,
 As pass'd Columbia's fallen hero by :
And no fond looks his deeds of valour tell,
 Nor crystal tear-drop fill the trembling eye !

Such were not Nature in that lofty hour,
 When patriots feel the hero gone from earth ;
The soul, enchanted by a bolder power,
 Gives to each passion yet a nobler birth.

A sacred fire burns in every vein,
 O'er every limb—through every nerve it steals ;
Thrills through the heart with unresisted reign,
 Refines the spirit that sublimely feels !

Upward is raised the soul-expressing eye,
 Flash'd with its generous, its exulting fire ;

Follows the hero to his kindred sky,
And hears the requiem of celestial choir !

The solemn scene, less eloquent of woes,
Tells of heroic worth, of deeds in arms ;
A kindling joy through every life-pulse glows—
Passion is clad in more than mortal charms.

And as he pauses 'bove the array of earth,
The soul is busied in its proud employ ;
'Tis there it feels—it owns immortal birth—
The hallow'd scene is redolent of joy !

But onward—follow to the silent grave,
Where the cold clods with solemn music blend ;
O ! Nature there her tender tribute gave,
And wept the Christian, father, and the friend.

The sterner warrior melts with willing wo,
Nor shames to feel the kindred pulse of earth ;
A small, fond relic, that we still may know,
How the celestial was of mortal birth.

Each loftier passion left its wonted throne,
And from the trembling soul a moment fled ;
Dear Sensibility then claims her own,
He who in victory Pity captive lead !

The pæans swell, with solemn musings fraught,
Nor raised the heart, nor tranquillized the soul—
Back to the world that fleeting form it brought ;
Of him endear'd by Virtue's soft control.

Columbia long for such a son shall mourn ;
The stranger oft shall pause upon his grave ;
And many a hand shall decorate his urn,
And love to stay where sleeps the fallen brave

The patriot here his votive wreath shall twine,
Long shall he glory in the warrior's name—
The name of Lawrence purity enshrine,
Who fought for freedom, hallow'd is by fame.

34

PERRY'S VICTORY.

YE tars of Columbia, give ear to my story,
Who fought with brave Perry, where cannons did
roar ;
Your valour has gain'd you an immortal glory,
A fame that shall last till time is no more.
Columbian tars are the true sons of Mars,
They rake fore and aft, when they fight on the deep ;
On the bed of Lake Erie, commanded by Perry,
They caused many Britons to take their last sleep.
The tenth of September, let us all remember,
So long as the globe on her axis rolls round ;
Our tars and marines, on Lake Erie were seen,
To make the proud flag of Great Britain come down.
The van of our fleet, the British to meet,
Commanded by Perry, the Lawrence bore down.
Her guns they did roar with such terrific power,
That savages trembled at the dreadful sound.
The Lawrence sustained a most dreadful fire ;
She fought three to one, for two glasses or more ;
While Perry, undaunted, did firmly stand by her,
The proud foe on her heavy broadsides did pour.
Her masts being shatter'd, her rigging all tatter'd,
Her booms and her yards being all shot away ;
And few left on deck to manage the wreck,
Our hero on board her no longer could stay.

In this situation, the pride of our nation
Sure Heaven had guarded unhurt all the while,
While many a hero, maintaining his station,
Fell close by his side, and was thrown on the pile.
But mark you, and wonder, when elements thunder,
When death and destruction are stalking all round,
His flag he did carry on board the Niagara ;
Such valour on record was never yet found.

There is one gallant act of our noble commander,
While writing my song, I must notice with pride ;
While launch'd in the boat, that carried the standard,
A ball whistled through her, just close by his side.
Says Perry, "The rascals intend for to drown us,
But push on, my brave boys, you never need fear!"
And with his own coat he plugg'd up the boat,
And through fire and sulphur away he did steer.

The famed Niagara, now proud of her Perry,
Display'd all her banners in gallant array ;
And twenty-five guns on her deck she did carry,
Which soon put an end to this bloody affray.
The rear of our fleet was brought up complete,
The signal was given to break through the line ;
While starboard and larboard, and from every quarter,
The lamps of Columbia did gloriously shine.

The bold British Lion roar'd out his last thunder,
When Perry attacked him close in the rear ;
Columbia's eagle soon made him crouch under,
And roar out for quarter, as soon you shall hear.
O, had you been there, I now do declare,
Such a sight as you never had seen before ;
Six red bloody flags, that no longer could wag,
All lay at the feet of our brave commodore.

Brave Elliot, whose valour must now be recorded,

On board the Niagara so well play'd his part,
His gallant assistance to Perry afforded,

We'll place him the second on Lake Erie's chart.
In the midst of the battle, when guns they did rattle,
The Lawrence a wreck, and the men 'most all slain ;
Away he did steer, and brought up the rear,
And by this manœuvre the victory was gain'd.

O, had you but seen those noble commanders
Embracing each other when the conflict was o'er ;
And viewing all those invincible standards,
That never had yielded to any before.

Says Perry, " Brave Elliot, give me your hand, sir ;
This day we have gain'd an immortal renown ;
So long as Columbia Lake Erie commands, sir,
Let brave Captain Elliot with laurels be crown'd."

Great Britain may boast of her conquering heroes,
Her Rodneys, her Nelsons, and all the whole crew ;
But none in their glory have told such a story,
Nor boasted such feats as Columbians do.
The whole British fleet was captured complete,
Not one single vessel from us got away ;
And prisoners some hundreds, Columbians wondered,
To see them all anchor'd and moor'd in our bay.

May Heaven still smile on the shades of our heroes
Who fought in that conflict, their country to save,
And check the proud spirit of those murdering bravoes,
That wish to divide us and make us all slaves.

Columbians sing, and make the woods ring,
We'll toast those brave heroes by sea and by land ;
While Britains drink Cherry, Columbians, Perry,
We'll toast him about with full glass in hand.

35 CAPTAIN JOHN PAUL JONES'S VICTORY

Over the British frigate "Serapis," and "Countess of Scarborough," sloop of war, on the 23d of September, 1779.

An American frigate—a frigate of fame,
With guns mounted forty, "Good man Richard" by name,

Sail'd to cruise in the channel of "merrie England;"
With a valiant commander; Paul Jones was the man.

He had not cruised long before he espies
A large forty-four, and a twenty likewise;
Well mann'd with bold seamen, well laid in with stores,

In consort to drive us from old England's shores.

About twelve at noon, Pearson came alongside,
With a loud speaking-trumpet, "Whence came you?" he cried;

"Return me an answer!—I hail'd you before—
Or if you do not, a broadside I will pour."

Paul Jones then said to his men, every one,
"Let every true seaman stand firm to his gun;
We'll receive a broadside from this bold Englishman,
And, like true Yankee sailors, return it again."

The contest was bloody, both decks ran with gore,
And the sea seem'd to blaze, while the cannon did roar;
"Fight on, my brave boys," Paul Jones then he cried,
"And soon we will humble this Englishman's pride.

"Stand firm to your quarters—your duty don't shun;
The first one that shrinks, through the body I'll run.

'Though their force is superior, yet soon they shall
know

What true brave American seamen can do."

We fought them eight glasses, eight glasses so hot,
Till seventy bold seamen lay dead on the spot;
And ninety brave seamen lay stretch'd in their gore,
While the pieces of cannon most fiercely did roar.

Our gunner in a great fright to Captain Jones came—
"We gain water quite fast, and our side's in a flame;"
Then Paul Jones he said, in the height of his pride,
"If we cannot do better, boys, sink alongside."

The Alliance bore down, while the Richard did rake,
Which caused the bold heart of poor Pearson to ache.
Our shot flew so hot, they could not stand us long,
And the undaunted union of Britain came down.

To us they did strike, and their colours haul down:
The fame of Paul Jones to the world shall be known;
His name shall be rank'd with the gallant and brave,
Who fought like a hero our freedom to save.

Now, all valiant seamen, where'er you may be,
Who hear of this combat fought on the broad sea,
May you all do like them when call'd to the same,
And your names be enroll'd on the pages of fame.

Your country will boast of her sons that are brave,
And to you she will look her from danger to save;
She'll call you dear sons—in her annals you'll shine,
And the brows of the brave shall green laurels entwine.

So now, my brave boys, have we taken a prize—
A large forty-four, and a twenty likewise.

Then God bless the mother whose doom is to weep
The loss of her sons in the ocean so deep.

36

THE SHIP.

CHEER up, my gallant band !
Fare thee well, dear native land,

Our pendant waves, the anchor is a-trip ;
For free trade and sailors' rights,
The Columbian seaman fights,
And his watchword—Don't surrender the ship, &c.

Wide rolls the mountain-wave,
But it frightens not the brave,

With joyous hearts the cables we will slip ;
When the boasting foe appears,
Each brave tar his comrade cheers,
And his watchword—Don't surrender the ship, &c.

A sail ! the boatswain cries,
Her proud pendant sweeps the skies !

Perhaps its waving honours we may clip—
Our brave captain draws his sword,
Whilst we echo to the word,
Gallant lads, O !—Don't surrender the ship, &c.

Now o'er the affrighted deep
How the glowing bullets sweep !

We've got the daring vaunters on the hip !
Though their colours nail'd so fast,
Floated proudly on the mast,

Yet full gladly they surrender'd their ship, &c.

The free-born seaman knows
How to spare the fallen foes,

And cheer their souls with friendship's noble grip,
The high prize for which he fights,
Is free trade and sailors' rights ;
And to tyrants ne'er surrenders his ship, &c.

Now to our native shore
Safe arrived, my lads, once more,
 Full bumpers raise to every lip ;
To the memory of the brave
Who now sleep beneath the wave,
 Who could die—but ne'er surrender the ship.

—————

37 THE AMERICAN TAR.

THE Goddess of Freedom, borne down by oppression,
 In Europe's famed regions no longer found rest;
She wept at the heart-rending, wide desolation,
 And languishing look'd for relief from the west;
She heard that Columbia was rearing a temple,
 Where she would be worshipp'd in peace and in war,
Old Neptune confirm'd it—cried, "Here is a sample,"
 Presenting with pride—an American tar.

Cease weeping then, goddess, to thee I've consigned
 him,
He loves thee, and he thy protector will be ;
Believe me, a more gallant youth you will find in him,
 Than e'er bore your banners through ocean and sea ;
When his galley he trims—firm, resolved for the onset,
 Wo, wo to that foe who his prowess shall dare,
Long will his country lament that he e'er met
 And braved the avenging American tar.

He boasts not—but firm as the oak of his forest ;
 Serene as a calm ; but as fierce as a storm,
When wild roars the battle, you'll see him the foremost,
 When victor, the prostrate protecting from harm ;

And I have decreed—he's so gallant a fellow,

O'er my wide dominion he shall be a star,
To light you in safety o'er every billow,

His name—listen, nations—American Tar.

The proud, turban'd Turk my dominions infested,

And piracy ranged uncontroll'd on the wave;

His courage the tar of Columbia tested,

And taught him that freemen, though peaceful, are
brave;

The power that affects the control of the ocean,

And unfurls her cross-flag for destruction and war;

Who, vaunting her strength, threw the world in com-
motion,

The trident resign'd to the American Tar.

For the rights of his country he fights—not for plunder:

No longer injustice shall harass the deep;

I give my trident—and Jove gives his thunder,

And well he the sacred deposits shall keep;

Beneath his mild sway, sailors' rights well protected

Shall be, and free trade shed its blessings afar;

The praises of nations shall greet the respected,

The daring, heroic American Tar



38

JONES'S VICTORY.

YE brave sons of Freedom, whose bosoms beat high

For your country, with patriot pride and emotion,
Attend whilst I sing of a wonderful Wasp,

And the Frolic she gallantly took on the ocean.

This tight little Wasp, of the true Yankee stuff,

From the shores of Columbia indignant paraded;

Her eye flash'd with fire, and her spirit flamed high,
For her rights they were basely by Britons invaded.

Swift over the wave for the combat she flew,
By a sting keen and terrible arm'd and defended ;
Her broad wings were white as the rough ocean-spray,
And sixteen long arms from her sides she extended.

The winds waft her gayly—but soon on the way
The foe of her fathers for battle array'd him ;
From his forehead were waving the standards of Spain,
But the proud step and stare of his nation betray'd
him.

Like the fierce bird of Jove, the Wasp darted forth,
And—be the tale told with amazement and wonder—
She hurl'd on the foe, from her flame-spreading arms,
The firebrands of death, and the red bolts of thunder !

And, O ! it was glorious and strange to behold
What torrents of fire from her red mouth she threw,
And how from her broad wings and sulphurous sides
Hot showers of grape-shot and rifle-balls flew !

The foe bravely fought, but his arms were all broken,
And he fled from his death-wound, aghast and afrighted :
But the Wasp darted forward her death-doing sting,
And full on his bosom, like lightning, alighted.

She pierced through his entrails, she madden'd his
brain,
And he writhed and he groan'd as if torn with the
colic ;
And long shall John Bull rue the terrible day
He met the American Wasp in a Frolic.

The tremors of death now invaded his limbs,
And the streams of his life-blood his closing eyes
drown ;
When, lo ! on the wave this colossus of pride,
The glory and pomp of John Bull, tumbled down.

Now drink to the navy ; and long may its sons,
Like the heroes of Rome, and of Carthage, and
Greece,
Midst the downfall of nations triumphantly bear
The barque of our country to freedom and peace.

And drink to Decatur, and Rogers, and Hull,
And to every brave heart to his country that's true ;
And never forget, whilst the glass circles round,
The fame of the Wasp, her commander and crew.



39

HAIL TO THE HEROES.

HAIL to the heroes from ocean returning,
Welcome their offering at Liberty's shrine ;
Proud, gallant warriors, with ardour still burning,
For Columbia to conquer—'tis her they entwine.
Their own native vales for danger forsaking,
Still for Columbia bright laurels to gain ;
Guardians of freedom, to glory yet waking,
Dauntless in deeds—ye are guarded by Fame !
List to the pæan ! now loudly it swells,
Dear is the land where Liberty dwells !

Yet are the laurels of victory blooming,
Columbia, thy arm is destined to save :

Bright in thy glory, thy star is illumining
Shores where thy glory is borne on each wave !
Hail to the heroes thy rights still maintaining
Against haughty Albion, so proud on the sea ;
(Already the star of her glory is waning :)
Columbia, they live, and they conquer for thee !
List to the pæan ! now loudly it swells,
Dear is the land where Liberty dwells !

**40**

THE HERO OF ERIE.

AT Columbia's loud call my dear William consented,
And to my fond arms bade a tender adieu,
In hopes to return with the laurels of glory,
And reap all the fruits of affection so true ;

While Fortune, who laughs at the purpose of mortals,
Had said that I ne'er should behold him again ;
In the cold, silent grave, my sweet William, neglected,
Lies far from his love, among heaps of the slain.

When bravely he fell, in the front of the battle,
Contending with Britons by Erie's dark wave,
O ! had I been there to expire with my lover,
Nor lived thus a victim to wo for the brave.

Yet cease, my poor, widowed heart, from thy sorrow,
A few years, at most, shall thy William restore ;
In the pure land of heroes with transport I'll join him,
Where war and where death shall divide us no more.

41 CAPTAIN DAVID PORTER.

WHEN Grecian bands lent Persia's legions aid,
On Asia's shores their banners wide display'd,
Though Heaven denied success, their leader's name
Has still rank'd foremost in the rolls of fame ;
Hence the "Retreat," the theme of every tongue,
Through every age and clime incessant rung ;
With Xenophon the bard adorn'd his lays,
And gave the mighty chief immortal praise :
With him the historian graced his proudest page,
And bade his glories live through every age.—
Thus thine, O Porter, shall, in lays sublime
Of future poets, live through endless time.
Thy noble daring, though with adverse fate,
The rich historic page shall long relate,
And the glad voice of freemen's loud acclaim,
Teach lisping infancy thy honour'd name.

O may, great chieftain, that almighty Power,
Whose shield was o'er thee in the battle hour
When round thee fell thy brave, heroic band,
Still guard thee safely with protecting hand,
In future conflicts !—and in health restore
Thee to thy friends, and happy native shore.

**42** NATIONAL SONG.

YE TARS of Columbia, whose glory imparts
New charms to the blessings your valour secures,
O ! high be your hopes, and undaunted your hearts,
For the wishes and prayers of a nation are yours.

For your deeds on our foes,

The smile of joy glows,

And the wine-cup of pleasure in bumpers o'erflows :
For the loud trump of triumph swells high with your
fame,

And the deeds of your might have ennobled our name.

The tyrant of ocean, the giant of war,

Whose crimson-tinged sceptre spread wide o'er the
wave :

Whose mandate spake laws to the nations afar—

Whose will gave to commerce her mart or her grave.

Joy ! joy to the world !

From its awful height hurl'd,

No more shall his banner be proudly unsurl'd ;

The sceptre of Albion shall tremble and fall,

And the highway of nations be open to all.

O, God of our fathers ! the spirit that glow'd

In the breasts of our heroes for freedom who died,
When the might of thy arm on our eagle bestow'd,

Tamed the lion of Britain, array'd in his pride,

Again, on the main,

Where his pride, wont to reign,

Tells the lord of the ocean his boasting is vain,
That Neptune's wide realms must be free to the brave,
As the swift breeze of evening that ruffles his wave.

The deeds of our heroes, with grateful emotion,

Long, long shall the nations delight to proclaim ;
Whose valour has tamed the proud tyrant of ocean,
And spoil'd of its glory the boast of his name.

Proud Albion shall cower

When our battle ships lower,

That wither'd the uplifted arm of his power—

That bade the proud boast of his sovereign sway cease,
And quell'd his "omnipotent thunder" to peace.

Now joy to the hero in battle who bleeds :

 Now peace to the hero in battle who bled :

Old Time shall delight to embalm his high deeds,

 And Glory's bright halo encircle his head.

 Earth's sordid son dies,

 And no aching heart sighs—

 Unlamented he falls, unregarded he lies !

But the hero's last pang shall by angels be blest,

And the tears of a nation shall hallow his rest.

Weep, daughter of Beauty ! remembrance of worth

 Long, long shall awaken your patriot woes,

When your pensive steps rest on the canonized earth

 Where Lawrence, and Ludlow, and Burrows re-
 pose !

 But, O ! from the tomb,

 Where their laurel trees bloom,

 A bright ray of glory disperses our gloom—

On the swords of our heroes its radiance shall dwell,

Whose hearts are the shrines of their 'brothers who
 fell !

Columbia ! though now in thy battle's fierce fires,

 The sword of thy Lawrence no longer shall flame :

Raise high the glad voice to the God of our sires,

 That heroes still live who have rivall'd his fame.

 Let Triumph's loud songs

 Now employ our glad tongues,

In the praise to Hull and Decatur belongs :

And shouts for our Jones and our Bainbridge be given,
Till they ring through the air like the thunders of
Heaven.

Ye tars of Columbia ! whose glory imparts
 New charms to the blessings your valour secures—
O ! high be your hopes, and undaunted your hearts,
 For the wishes and prayers of a nation are yours.
 Where the flag of the foe
 O'er the ocean shall flow,
Your prowess shall still lay his haughty pride low,
Till Neptune's wide realms shall be free to the brave,
As the swift breeze of evening that ruffles his wave.

43 ACHIEVEMENTS OF OUR NAVAL HEROES.

BUT who can paint the bright, effulgent flame,
Which shines, eternal, round our naval name ?
Who can describe our honour'd, gallant tars,
The dauntless heroes of our marine wars ?
No bard of earth, unless Apollo's fire
Has kindled halos round his veteran lyre,
Can mark the prowess of our infant fleets—
Unknown to terror—strangers to defeats.
See conquering Hull his flag in triumph wave,
The sea his field of glory, or his grave !
See brave Decatur bare his dauntless arm,
And still the fury of the raging storm !
See Britain's boasted lion fall, and die,
And Bainbridge wave his trophied flag on high !

See Jones in thunder seize the high command,
Old Neptune's trident grasping in his hand !
While all mankind with wondering eyes behold
The “infant navy” mount above the old !
The lawless savage of the western wood
Has view'd his inland ocean dyed with blood ;
The warrior's shout, the thundering cannon's roar,
Have broke the solemn silence of its shore,
And rode in triumph o'er the azure wave,
Where bled the hero, and where sleep the brave !
Perry ! the waves of Erie proudly claim
The first effulgence of thy naval fame :
And future cities, towering on the shore,
Shall claim their honour from the deeds of yore :
Our “children's children” glow with kindred fire,
And, taught by thee, to noble deeds aspire,
Till proud Columbia's standard is unfurl'd,
And waves, unrivall'd, by the conquered world.
M'Donough's name and thine eternal live,
With all the honour that this world can give :
And when translated from this busy stage,
Be traced with dazzling flames on History's page.

But does no mournful, envious thought intrude ?
Is Pleasure's cup with not a tear imbued ?
Does mirth alone sound o'er the glittering main,
And leave no solitary thought of pain ?
Yes, gallant Lawrence ! o'er thy honour'd bier
Has drop'd the real sympathizing tear :
A nation's gratitude—a nation's grief,
Have mark'd the downfall of a noble chief !
A foe, too just to press misfortune down,
Has added incense to thy mortal crown—

A foe, too great to trample on the brave,
Has bent in sorrow o'er a hero's grave.
The flag he honour'd was his winding-shroud—
The land that bless'd him was his last abode.

Long ! long Columbia's weeping tars shall mourn
The fall of Burrows, and revere his urn :
He rush'd to meet the willing foe, and fell !
'The cannons' thunder was his dying knell ;
And Death, in terror hovering o'er the scene,
Destroy'd his life to make his laurels green :
While Victory, perching on his fleeting soul,
Bade Fame's loud blasts o'er Ocean's billows roll,
And sound his enterprise from pole to pole.

44 FATE OF THE U. S. SLOOP OF WAR L'EPERVIER.

BEFORE the stars of liberty
The crescent hid her head,
The thunders of their victory
She heard afar with dread :
And when the foe she dared was near,
In tame submission quell'd her fear.

But where is that brave bark that bore
The tidings of success ?
She left behind the failing shore
On ocean fathomless—
Joy bade the welcome breezes blow,
And Rapture sat upon the prow.

The wheels of time have ceaseless roll'd,
That mock the dreams of man,
Majestic, as in days of old,
When erst their march began.
Why does that gallant bark yet stay ?
Why stops she on her gladsome way ?

Days, weeks, and months have fled, to join
The years beyond the flood,
Nor mortal might, nor power divine,
Can call them where they stood.
That gallant bark has heard her doom—
She comes not—and she may not come.

Thou who hast seen, when, in the hour
That tried the dauntless brave :
That mock'd the boast of human power,
All impotent to save,
The sailor cast a hopeless eye,
To threatening waves and frowning sky.

The ties of friendship—nature—love—
All, all have own'd thy might :
They cried aloud, but could not move,
And sunk in one dark night.
Despair around her mantle flung :
Their dirge, the storms that whelm'd them sung.

For them, no dear and honour'd hand
Shall close the failing ball,
When gathering round, the gloomy band
Of death, the soul appal :
Nor earth, by Christian footsteps hallow'd,
Receive the corse the deep has swallow'd.

In caves, dark, desolate, and drear,
The gallant and the gay,
The forms so loved and cherish'd here,
Are ravening monsters' prey.
Each bond of love and sorrow burst,
Yes, tyrant, thou hast done thy worst !

Yet, is thy power almighty, then,
Omnipotent on earth ?
Destroyer of the sons of men,
Of beauty and of worth !
And shall Oblivion's sable cloud,
That hid their fate, their memory shroud ?

O, no ! the gem that in the beds
Where slumber all the brave,
In vain its mellow lustre sheds
Upon the envious wave :
Transplanted to a royal shrine,
With brighter lustre ne'er shall shine.

Brave bird ! thy wings have fail'd to soar,
Thine eyes were closed for e'er,
The shades of death came blackening o'er,
And horror brooded near :
But she, whose pinions never tire,
Shall bear thee on her wings of fire !

45 THE SAILOR'S LIFE AT SEA.

WHEN the anchor's weigh'd and the ship's unmoor'd,
And landsmen lag behind, sir,
The sailor joyfully skips on board,
And, swearing, prays for wind, sir :

Towing here,
Yeoing there,
Steadily, readily,
Cheerily, merrily,
Still from care and thinking free
Is a sailor's life at sea.

When we sail with a freshening breeze,
And landsmen all grow sick, sir,
The sailor lolls with his mind at ease,
And the song and the can go quick, sir—

Laughing here,
Quaffing there,
Steadily, &c.

When the wind at night whistles o'er the deep,
And sings to landsmen dreary,
The sailor fearless goes to sleep,
Or takes his watch most cheery.

Boozing here,
Snoozing there,
Steadily, &c.

When the sky grows black and the wind blows hard,
And landsmen skulk below, sir,
Jack mounts up to the topsail yard,
And turns his quid as he goes, sir.

Hauling here,
Bawling there,
Steadily, &c.

When the foaming waves run mountains high,
And landsmen cry, "All's gone ! sir :"
The sailor hangs 'twixt sea and sky,
And jokes with Davy Jones, sir.

Dashing here,
Splashing there,
Steadily, &c.

When the ship, d'ye see, becomes a wreck
And landsmen hoist the boat, sir,
The sailor scorns to quit the deck,
While a single plank's afloat, sir—
Swearing here,
Tearing there,
Steadily, readily,
Cheerily, merrily,
Still from care and thinking free,
Is a sailor's life at sea.

46 THE LIEUTENANT'S COMPLAINT.—1815.

As, pensive, this night on my sea-chest I lay,
Which serves me for bed, chair, and table :
I mourn'd the sad hour I was placed on half-pay,
Without tow-line, or anchor, or cable.

My money is gone, and my credit not good ;
My heart swells with anguish and sorrow :
No messmate is near to supply me with food,
And honour forbids me to borrow.

Now I think on the time when, all snugly aboard,
In the ward-room assembled together,
With plenty of wine and a table well stored,
We laugh'd at dull care and foul weather.

Round, round went the song, and the jest, and the
glance,

While we drank good success to the Ocean;
And secretly toasted a favourite lass,
Or talk'd about future promotion.

Then happiness smiled—I'd a plentiful purse,
And slept sweetly when laid on my pillow:
My cradle the ship, and the sea-boy my nurse,
While rock'd on old Neptune's proud bellow.

And when, safe in port, with my much-adored maid,
Who look'd like a goddess or fairy,
How blest was my heart as we joyously stray'd,
And I breathed forth my love to my Mary.

How changed is my fate! All my messmates are
gone,
And perhaps are, like me, doom'd to perish:
By my Mary—O, horror!—now treated with scorn,
Though she vow'd long to love and to cherish.

Now I grasp my last cup—hard, hard is my lot,
And my mind like the billows of Biscay:
You may think it is poison—indeed, it is not,
But a special good jorum of whisky!



47 PARODY OF AN OFFICIAL LETTER FROM SIR PETER PARKER.

IN the year 1776, an attack was made on Sullivan's Island, in the harbour of Charleston, by the land and naval force of Great Britain, under the command of Sir Henry Clinton and Sir Peter Parker. After much time and labour in lightening the heavy ships, they anchored opposite fort

Moultrie, and commenced a tremendous cannonade. General Clinton had landed his troops to the eastward of the harbour, with the intention of fording the channel, and attacking the fort in the rear, while the ships attacked it in front ; but from some mistake or want of knowledge of the depth of water in the channel, he was unable or unwilling to attempt any thing. In the mean time the fort, by a regular and well-directed fire, nearly demolished the British fleet, and Sir Peter was fain to escape with the loss of half his men killed and wounded ; among the latter himself, the seat of his breeches having been shot away.—The following humorous paraphrase of his official letter to the Lords of the Admiralty, was written by one of the wits of those days.

My lords, with your leave,
An account I will give,
Which deserves to be written in metre ;
How the rebels, and I
Have been pretty nigh,
Faith, 'twas almost too nigh for Sir Peter !

De'il take 'em ! their shot
Came so swift and so hot,
And the cowardly dogs stood so stiff, sirs,
That I put ship about
And was glad to get out,
Or they would not have left me a skiff, sirs.

With much labour and toil
Unto Sullivan's Isle
I came, swift as Falstaff, or Pistol ;
But the Yankees, od rat 'em—
I could not get at 'em,
They so terribly maul'd my poor Bristol.

Behold, Clinton, by land,
Did quietly stand,
While I made a thundering clatter ;

But the channel was deep,
So he only could peep,
And not venture over the water.

Now, bold as a Turk,
I proceeded to York,
Where, with Clinton and Howe, you may find me :
I've the wind in my tail,
And am hoisting my sail,
To leave Sullivan's Island behind me

But, my lords, do not fear,
For, before the next year,
Although a small island should fret us,
The continent, whole,
We will take, by my soul,
If the cowardly Yankees will let us.

48

THE VETERAN TAR.

Tune—“The Old Commodore.”

SPLIT my seams ! 'tis no time for a seaman to shy,
And to stand shilly-shally on shore ;
Let a shark seize his hulk who would go to deny
His support to the old commodore !

Gallant old commodore,
Tough old commodore,
Hardy old commodore, he—
Let a shark seize his hulk who would go to deny
His support to the old commodore !

When War blew a gale, and his thunder's alarm
Bade the top-lights of Hope shine no more ;

Would you know who contended, my lads, with the
storm ?

Do you see, 'twas the old commodore !

Gallant old commodore,
'Tough old commodore,
Hardy old commodore, he—

Would you know who contended, my lads, with the
storm ?

Do you see, 'twas the old commodore.

Douse my glim ! hardy tars, here's old Truxtun—a
berth

The hero shall have on the shore ;
The freemen he honour'd shall honour his worth,
And support still the old commodore.

Gallant old commodore,
'Tough old commodore,
Hardy old commodore, he—

The freemen he honour'd shall honour his worth,
And support still the old commodore.

The insurgents he tickled, and then taught our foes
With a vengeance their fate to deplore :

He axes our aid—no insurgents oppose
With a vengeance the old commodore !

Gallant old commodore,
'Tough old commodore,
Hardy old commodore, he—

He axes our aid—no insurgents oppose
With a vengeance the old commodore !

The main-brace we'll splice, and our glasses we'll fill,
Till the stingo, my boys, shall run o'er ;
Here's our navy and Truxtun—and heartily still
We'll support, lads, the old commodore !

Gallant old commodore,
Tough old commodore,
Hardy old commodore, he—

Here's our navy and Truxtun—and heartily still
We'll support, lads, the old commodore !

49

NAVAL ODE.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

OUR walls are on the sea,
And they ride along the wave,
Mann'd with sailors bold and free,
And the lofty and the brave
Hoist their flag to the sport of the gale :
With an even march they sweep
O'er the bosom of the deep,
And their orders trimly keep,
As they sail.

Though so gallantly we ride,
Yet we do not seek the fight ;
We have justice on our side,
And we battle in our right,
For our homes, and our altars, and sires ;
Then we kindle in our cause,
And a while a solemn pause—
When the cannon's iron jaws
Spout their fires.

We abhor the waste of life,
And the massacre of war ;
We detest the brutal strife
In the van of glory's car ;

But we never will shrink from the foe :

This, when battle's lightning runs
Through his horror-speaking guns,
And his brazen thunder stuns,
He shall know.

We have met them on the deep,

With Decatur and with Hull,
Where our fallen comrades sleep
In their glory's proudest full ;

For our homes, we will meet them again :

Let their boasted navies frown,
As they proudly bear them down ;
We will conquer, burn, or drown,
On the main.

We, too, have hearts of oak,

And the hour of strife may come
With its hurricane of smoke,

Hissing ball and bursting bomb,
And the death-shot may launch through our crew ;
But our spirits feel no dread,
And we bear our ship ahead,
For we know that Honour's bed
Is our due.

Then, come on, ye gallant tars !

With your matches in your hand,
And parade beneath our stars

With a free and noble stand,
As you wait for the moment of death :
Hark the word—the foe is nigh,
And at once their war-dogs fly,
But with bosoms throbbing high,
Yield your breath.

Do your duty, gallant boys !
 And you homeward shall return
 To partake your country's joys,
 When the lights of triumph burn,
 And the warm toast is drank to the brave ;
 Then, when country calls again,
 Be your march along the main,
 And in glory spread her reign
 O'er the wave.



50

LOSS OF THE HORNET.

YE seamen and ye landsmen all,
 Ye mothers and widows too,
 Attend unto my story,
 About the Hornet's crew.

 She sail'd from New York harbour,
 Bound to the Spanish main,
 There to protect our commerce,
 But ne'er returned again.

She convoy'd many vessels,
 And was the pirate's dread ;
 Still more than death they hated
 The Hornet's boats, 'tis said.

For Norris, her commander,
 Would send his gallant men
 To scour the coast by sea and land
 And find each pirate's den.

Our merchants they protected,
 And their little gain

They snatch'd with brave exertion,
From the hands of Spain.

Our merchants they protected,
And would have brought them home,
But, ah ! her brave commander,
For dismal was his doom.

On the tenth day of September,
She off Tampico lay ;
And many well remember
The gale that blew that day.

She had to slip her cables,
She had to put to sea ;
The deadly blast, it is the last,
Brother, I'll hear from thee.

The widow's heart is breaking,
Hope no more can charm ;
The mother's breast is aching,
And, love, why her alarm ?

She sees the proud ship sinking
Beneath the hungry wave,
Her love death's cup is drinking,
She shrieks, but cannot save.

" My Henry was on board of her,"
The weeping mother cries,
" He was my youngest, dearest son,
The one I did most prize.

" He was too proud to stoop or crawl
To men of low degree ;
He lost his fortune on the land,
And sought it on the sea.

“ But he is dead ! the gallant boy,
And why should I repine ?
There many a mother lost a son
As proud and fair as mine.

“ And many a youthful, blooming bride,
With her infant at her breast,
Sheds o'er the orphan child a tear,
And feels as much distress'd.”

The Hornet's lost, the good and brave
Are in the ocean deep ;
No arm was nigh her crew to save,
She sunk, and thousands weep.

In Congress now we must repose
Our only hope to gain ;
A remedy, though small, for those
Who lost all on the main.



51 THE DYING AMERICAN TAR.

His couch was his shroud—in his hammock he died,
The shot of the Briton was true ;
He breathed not a sigh, but faintly he cried,
“ Adieu ! my brave shipmates, adieu !

“ Away to your stations ! it ne'er must be said
Your banner you furl'd for a foe ;
Let those stars ever shine at your mizen-mast head,
And the pathway to victory show.

“ Remember the accents of Lawrence the brave,
Ere his spirit had fled to its rest ;

‘Don’t give up the ship !’ let her sink ‘neath the wave,
And the breeze bear her fate to the west.

“O, swear that your banner shall never be furl’d,
Let me hear the words, ‘Struck has the foe !’
And contented my soul bids adieu to the world,
To its pleasures, its pain, and its wo.”

He said—and a gun to the leeward was heard,
‘Twas the enemy’s gun well he knew ;
He raised up his head, and three times he cheer’d,
And expired as he utter’d “Adieu !”

52 THE BATTLE OF STONINGTON,

An attack upon the town and a small fort of two guns, on the sea-board of Connecticut, by the Ramillies seventy-four gun ship, commanded by Sir Thomas Hardy ; the Pactolus thirty-eight gun ship ; Despatch brig, of twenty-two guns, and a razee, or bomb-ship.—August, 1814.

Four gallant ships from England came
Freighted deep with fire and flame,
And other things we need not name,
To have a dash at Stonington.

Now safely moor’d, their work begun ;
They thought to make the Yankees run,
And have a mighty deal of fun
In stealing sheep at Stonington.

A deacon then popp’d up his head,
And parson Jones’s sermon read,
In which the reverend doctor said
That they must fight for Stonington.

A townsman bade them, next, attend
To sundry resolutions penn'd,
By which they promised to defend
 With sword and gun, old Stonington.

The ships advancing different ways,
The Britons soon began to blaze,
And put the old women in amaze,
 Who fear'd the loss of Stonington.

The Yankees to their fort repair'd,
And made as though they little cared
For all that came—though very hard
 The cannon play'd on Stonington.

The Ramillies began the attack,
Despatch came forward—bold and black,
And none can tell what kept them back
 From setting fire to Stonington.

The bombardiers with bomb and ball,
Soon made a farmer's barrack fall,
And did a cow-house sadly maul
 That stood a mile from Stonington.

They kill'd a goose, they kill'd a hen,
Three hogs they wounded in a pen—
They dash'd away—and pray what then ?
 This was not taking Stonington.

The shells were thrown, the rockets flew,
But not a shell of all they threw,
Though every house was full in view,
 Could burn a house at Stonington.

To have their turn they thought but fair—
The Yankees brought two guns to bear,

And, sir, it would have made you stare,
This smoke of smokes at Stonington.

They bored Pactolus through and through,
And kill'd and wounded of her crew
So many, that she bade adieu
To the gallant boys of Stonington.

The brig Despatch was hull'd and torn—
So crippled, riddled, so forlorn,
No more she cast an eye of scorn
On the little fort at Stonington.

The Ramillies gave up the affray
And, with her comrades, sneak'd away—
Such was the valour, on that day,
Of British tars near Stonington.

But some assert, on certain grounds,
(Besides the damage and the wounds,)
It cost the king ten thousand pounds
To have a dash at Stonington.



53 THE BRIGANTINE PRIVATEER, PRINCE DE NEUFCHATEL,

ORDONNEAUX, commander, which arrived at Boston some time since, from a cruise of three months, chiefly in the English and Irish channels, in which she captured thirteen or fourteen valuable prizes, to the amount, it was said, of more than a million of dollars.

Quid petis hic est.—Martial.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

WHAT is wealth? that men will roam,
Risk their all, and leave their home,
Face the cannon, beat the drum,
And their lives so cheaply sell?

Let them reason on the fact
Who would rather think than act :
Their brains were not with morals rack'd
Who mann'd the Prince of Neufchatel.

Having play'd a lucky game,
Homeward, with her treasure, came
This privateer of gallant fame,
Call'd the Prince of Neufchatel.

Are the English cruisers near ?
Do they on the coast appear
To molest this privateer ?—

She shall be defended well.

Soon a frigate hove in sight :—
As the wind was rather light,
She, five barges, out of spite,
Sent, to attack with gun and blade.

On our decks stood rugged men,
Little more than three times ten ;
And I tremble while my pen
Tells the havoc that was made.

Up they came, with colours red,
One astern, and one ahead :
Shall I tell you what they said ?

“ Yankees ! strike the bunting rag !”
Three were ranged on either side :
Then the ports were open'd wide,
And the sea with blood was dyed—

Ruin to the English flag !
Now the angry cannons roar,
Now they hurl the storm of war,
Now in floods of human gore
Swam the Prince of Neufchatel !

Then the captain, Ordonneaux,
Seconded the seaman's blow,
And the remnant of the foe
Own'd the brig "defended well."

For the million she contain'd
He contended, sword in hand,
Follow'd by as brave a band
Of tars, as ever trod a deck.
In these bloody barges, five,
Scarce a man was left alive,
And about the seas they drive ;
Some were sunk, and some a wreck.

Every effort that they made
With boarding pike, or carronade,
Every effort was repaid,
Scarcely with a parallel !
Fortune, thus, upon the wave,
Crown'd the valour of the brave.
Little lost, and much to save,
Had the Prince of Neufchatel.

54 ON THE NAVAL ATTACK NEAR BALTIMORE.—Sept. 1814.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

THE sons of old ocean advanced from the bay
To achieve an exploit of renown ;
And Cochrane and Cockburn commanded that day,
And meant to exhibit a tragical play,
Call'd the plunder and burning of Baltimore town.

The scenes to be acted were not very new,
And when they approach'd, with the rat-tat-too,
As merry as times would allow,
We ran up the colours to liberty true,
And gave them a shot with a tow-row-dow.

By land and by water how many have fail'd
In attacking an enemy's town,
But Britons, they tell us, have always prevail'd
Wherever they march'd or wherever they sail'd,
To honour his majesty's sceptre and crown:
Wherever they went with the trumpet and drum,
And the dregs of the world, and the dirt and the scum,
As soon as the music begun,
The colours were struck, and surrender'd the town
When the summons was given of down, down, down!

But fortune, so fickle, is turning her tide,
And safe is old Baltimore town,
Though Cockburn and Cochrane, with Ross at their
side,
The sons of Columbia despised and defied,
And determined to batter it down—
Rebuff'd and repulsed in disgrace they withdrew,
With their down, down, down, and their rat-tat-too,
As well as the times would allow:
And the sight, we expect, will be not very new
When they meet us again with our tow-row-dow.

**55 A SAILOR'S ELEGY, ON THE FATE
OF THE WASP.**

O ! WHEN, in some illustrious fight,
Stout warriors yield at Fate's rude call,
They fall, like shooting stars at night,
And brighten as they fall.

A thousand tongues their deeds relate,
And with the story never tire,
A country mourns their noble fate,
And ladies weep, and men admire.

But dreary is the fate of those
I mourn, in this rough sailor strain,
Who perish'd—how, no mortal knows,
And perish'd all in vain.

Who in our country cannot tell
How Blakeley brought the red-cross low,
And twice triumphantly did quell
The prowess of a valiant foe ?

Who has not heard of his brave men,
All valiant hearts of sterling gold
Who braved the lion in his den,
And turn'd his hot blood into cold ?

Who has not wish'd that they were here,
Escaped the ocean's perils rude,
To share our country's welcome cheer,
And reap a nation's gratitude ?

But they will never come again
To claim the welcome of their home ;
Affection looks for them in vain ;
Too surely they will never come.

Far distant from their native land
They perish'd in the yawning deep,
Where there was none to stretch a hand,
And none their fate to weep.

No ear their dreary-drowning cry
Heard o'er the desert wave;
Their dying struggle met no eye,
No friendly aid to save.

And when they perish'd none can tell,
Nor where their bones are laid—
The spot Affection loves so well,
No mourner's step will tread.

No tender friend will ever go
To seek the spot where they abide,
Nor child, or widow, full of wo,
Tell how, and when, and where they died.

Alas! they have no church-yard grave,
No mound to mark the spot;
They moulder in the deep, deep wave,
Just where—it matters not.

They perish'd far away from home,
A few will weep these sailors bold,
For e'er the certain news shall come,
Our feelings will grow cold.

By slow degrees hope will expire,
And when the anxious feeling's o'er,
Stale Memory will quench her fire,
And sorrow be no more!

Save where some pale and widow'd one,
By grief, or madness cross'd,

Shall cling to one dear hope alone,
And hope, though hope were lost.

By fond imagination led,
Or ideal visions driven,
O ! she will ne'er believe him dead,
Till they do meet in heaven.

56**WRECK OF THE HORNET,**

United States sloop of war, wrecked off Tampico, in the
Gulf of Mexico, on the 10th of September, 1829.

BY WM. D. GALLAGHER.

THE sun was low—a flood of light
Slept on the glittering ocean—
And Night's dark robes were journeying up,
With slow and solemn motion :
And ever and anon was heard
The sea-mew's shriek—ill-omen'd bird !

Down sunk the sun—the gathering mist
Rose proudly up before it,
And stream'd upon the lurid air,
A blood-red banner o'er it:
Frowning, and piled up heap on heap,
Dense clouds o'erspread the mighty deep ;
Darker, and pitchy black they grew—
And roll'd, and wheel'd, and onward flew
Like marshalling of men.
Then trembled timid souls with fear—
Glisten'd in Beauty's eye the tear—
And “fatherland” was doubly dear—
But brave hearts quail'd not then.

Soon the rough tar's prophetic eye
 Saw many a floating shroud on high,
 And many a coffin drifting by—

And on the driving gale
 Beheld the spirits of the deep,
 Above—around—in fury sweep—
 And heard the dead's low wail,
 And the demon's mutter'd curse.

And on the fierce and troubled wind,
 Rode Death—and, following close behind,
 A dark and sombre hearse.

And soon the barque a wreck was driven,
 Before the free, wild winds of Heaven !

Now shrank with fear each gallant heart—
 Bended was many a knee—
 And the last prayer was offer'd up,
 God of the deep, to thee !

Mutter'd the angry heavens still,
 And murmur'd still the sea—
 And old and sterner hearts bow'd down
 God of the deep, to Thee !

And still the wreck was onward driven,
 Upon the wide, wild sea—
 And Man's proud soul to Fate was given,
 Woman's, O God, to Thee !

Gaped wide the deep—down plunged the wreck—
 Up rose a fearful yell—
 Death's wings flapp'd o'er that sinking deck—
 A shudder !—all was still.

Morn came. A flood of light agen
 Burst on the glittering waters,

Above the deep's stern-hearted men,
And Earth's fair sons and daughters :
Naught of or life or death was seen—
And who could say that strife had been !

57 COLUMBIA'S NAVAL HEROES.—1815.

Sung at the dinner given to Captain Biddle, by the citizens
of New York.

Tune—"Anacreon in Heaven."

BY FRANCIS ARDEN, ESQ.

WHILE Europe, displaying her fame-claiming page,
And vaunting the proofs of her high elevation,
Exultingly shows us, just once in an age,
Some patriot-soul'd chieftain, the prop of his nation ;
Columbia can boast, of her heroes a host,
The foremost at duty's and danger's proud post,
Who full often have won upon ocean's rough wave,
The brightest leaved laurel that e'er deck'd the brave.

By Freedom inspired and with bosoms of flame,
They hurl'd on the foe all the battle's dread thunder,
Till, vanquish'd and humbled, he shook at their name,
O'erwhelm'd with confusion, with fear, and with
wonder ;
No age that has flown such a band e'er has known,
Who made firmness and skill and mild manners their
own,
And each trait of the warrior so closely entwined
With the virtues that grace and ennable the mind.

Their kindness the hearts of their captives subdued,
Who sunk 'neath their arms, when the life-streams
 were flowing,
And their conquest-wove wreaths not a tear has be-
dew'd,
But that which Humanity smiles in bestowing;
The world with one voice bids their country rejoice,
As with blushes it owns that these sons of her choice
For valour and feeling have gain'd the rich prize,
And stand first midst the first that live under the
 skies.

Their splendid achievements shall long string the
 nerves

Of all who the blessings of freemen inherit;
And theirs be the honours such merit deserves,
 And dear to each bosom their death-daring spirit;
The poet's best strain shall their memories maintain,
And affection embalm them to Time's latest reign,
While, roused by their praises, our sons shall aspire
To rival their actions and glow with their fire.

58 ODE ON OUR NAVAL VICTORIES.

A CENTURY had Britain held
 The trident of the subject sea,
And all that time no eye beheld
 Her flag strike to an enemy.

France left her mistress of the main;
 Van Tromp no longer swept the sea ;
And the proud crest of haughty Spain
 Bow'd to her great supremacy.

The far-famed Hellespont she plough'd,
And made the crescent wax more pale;
While Mussulmen before her bow'd ;
Who scorn'd the Christian's God to hail.

By east and west, by north and south,
By every sea and every shore,
Her mandates at the cannon's mouth
Her wooden walls in triumph bore.

Where'er the blue wave weltering flow'd,
Where'er a merchant vessel sail'd,
Her red-cross flag in triumph rode,
Her red artillery prevail'd.

Amid the ice of Greenland's seas,
Amid the verdant southern isles,
Where'er the frigid waters freeze,
Where'er the placid ocean smiles,

Her navy bore her swelling fame,
Afar and near, triumphantly,
And Britons claim'd the proudest name—
The sovereigns of the trackless sea.

But there was rising in the west
A nation little known in story,
That dared that empire to contest,
And cross her in the path of glory ;

That scorn'd to crouch beneath the feet
Of England's lion stern and brave ;
But venturous launch'd her little fleet,
Her honour and her rights to save.

Hard was the struggle, rude the shock,
The New World 'gainst the stubborn Old !

A dread encounter!—rock to rock ;
The Yankee, and the Briton bold.

O ! then was seen a glorious sight,
No eye that lives e'er saw before :
The Briton's sun went down in night—
The Yankee's rose to set no more !

And that proud flag which undisturb'd,
For ages, at the mast-head flew,
And the old world's puissance curb'd,
Struck to the prowess of the new.

And, where the red-cross flag had braved
The dastard world for ages past,
Our stars and stripes in triumph waved
High on the proud top-gallant mast.

And there wave they by day and night,
While sparkle Heaven's eternal fires,
Emblems of that resistless might
Which daring Liberty inspires.



59 THE WASP AND FROLIC.—1813.

FRESH blows the gale—o'er Ocean's azure realm,
“In goodly trim, the gallant vessel glides :”
Heroic Jones, presiding, takes the helm ;
His country's honour is the star that guides !

A band of heroes all his dangers share :
Who, when their country calls them to provoke
The dread, the unequal contest, nobly dare
The red artillery of the British oak.

At length, impell'd by favouring gales along,
Majestic now she ploughs the briny deeps,
The dread avenger of our country's wrong,
While, undisturb'd, the treasured vengeance sleeps

Dim in the horizon, Albion's hostile star,
In silent grandeur, rises on the sight :
Terrific omen ! honour'd wide and far :
The harbinger of death, and pale affright.

Near and more near the bloody contest draws ;
Frowning they meet, and awfully serene :
And, ere the strife begins, in solemn pause,
They stand and watch the narrow space between.

It was an hour to none but heroes dear,
When vulgar mortals tremble and despair :
When all the patriot has to hope, or fear,
Seems but suspended by a single hair.

At such an hour, what hostile passions meet !
What wild emotions enter and depart !
What hopes of glory—fears of foul defeat !
All throng, tumultuous, through the stoutest heart !

But mark ! around what sudden glooms infest,
As if the clouds that sail'd the realms of air
At once had settled on the ocean's breast,
And fix'd the region of contention there.

Unusual darkness on the surface lies ;
A night of horror veils the combat o'er,
Disturb'd by victor-shouts and dying cries—
By lightning flashes, and the thunder's roar.

Now light returns : but what dismay and rout !
How cold the cheek where hope was so elate !
And the pale lip still quivers with the shout
Of joy and triumph in the hour of fate.

Short was the contest—O ! in pity, spare !
Ye sights unholy, vanish from my ken :
For supplicating Mercy's cries, Forbear !
Nor taunt with victory these dying men.

But welcome, heroes ! to your native land ;
Safe from the arduous perils of the fight ;
And welcome, gallant leader of the band !
Who blushes when he finds his fame so bright.

And welcome, Booth and Rodgers ! welcome, Knight !
And Rapp !—such noble souls will ne'er refuse
This poor requital, and with rudeness slight
The humble offering of no venal Muse.

Nor, Claxton, shall thy worth unsung remain :
Thy early day betokens promise fair ;
For glory hover'd round the brows of pain,
And mark'd, unseen, the future hero there.

Nor shall thy merits, Biddle, pass untold,
When, cover'd with the cannon's flaming breath,
Onward he press'd, unconquerably bold ;
He fear'd dishonour, but he spurn'd at death.

He moved the foremost of the gallant band,
Undaunted by the roar of hostile arms ;
And led reluctant Victory by the hand,
Confused and blushing, in her blaze of charms.

Then welcome, heroes! for your glory lives;
Nor shall malignant envy dare assail:
Receive the laurel which your country gives,
And share her triumphs while she tells the tale.

60

PROPHECY,

Inscribed to Commodore John Rodgers.—1813.

INTREPID veteran of the wave,
Rodgers!—whose fame could terror bring
To them—the boldest of the brave,
The chosen of their island-king.

Veteran! ere time's imperious sway
Has brought the high meridian hour,
Or changed one jetty lock to gray,
Or touch'd thee with its wizard power—

Attend! for thou art Glory's son,
Born mid the battle's blaze to shine,
And known, when danger's deed is done,
To make the mildest mercies thine.

Hear what the poet-prophet knows:—
Triumph is thine; and, added fame,
Even ere the annual summer glows,
The deadly contest meets thy claim.

The green Atlantic felt thy sway,
As erst from dawn to fading light
Thy hero-helm's impetuous way
Pursued the foe's elusive flight.

That green Atlantic is thy field :

There, though redoubling hosts assail,
The ocean's lord to thee shall yield,
And thee, humane in victory, hail.

**61 TO THE MEMORY OF THE GALLANT
CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.—1813.**

AH! who would loiter on life's utmost verge,
A weary wight; a melancholy blank;
Still gaze with dubious horror on the surge,
And shrink and tremble on the joyless bank!

See yonder sad and solitary thing!
Of vermil youth and beauty what remains?
Lost is the memory—lost the elastic spring;
The flush of life, the frolic of the veins!

Though gorgeous spring his vision strives to greet,
And flings her rainbow lustres round his head,
Bathes all his senses in Arabian sweet,
He looks and wonders where these charms have fled.

Such was not Lawrence.—His heroic frame
With nobler fate indulgent Heaven had bless'd;
In the meridian of his life and fame,
He rush'd in splendour to the land of rest.

Heroic glory! though thy light illumes
With beams so lovely, 'tis a hasty glare:
Thy flame burns bright and sparkling, but consumes
The life it renders so divinely fair.

'The soft and gentle courtesies of life,
All whisper'd, Lawrence, to prolong thy day ;
The tender friend, the fond and loving wife,
Allured thee from the fields of war away.

Why should the hero bear the cruel brunt,
Expose a life to love and friendship dear ?
Why should he combat danger's scowling front,
To reap the barren glory of a tear !

Sternly inflexible he still remains ;
He scorns the olive round his brows to twine ;
With noble pride he bursts such gentle chains,
And cries, " My country ! I am wholly thine ! "

Before him, full, his country's genius stands,
Her downcast eyes betokening deep concern ;
And mournfully she proffers to his hands,
The star of glory and the silent urn.

And while on each the astonish'd hero gazed,
Anxious to grasp the proffered prize, so fair ;
Lo ! on the urn the star of glory blazed,
And all its wandering radiance gather'd there.

" I come ! I come !" he cried with ravish'd breath :
" Welcome to me the slumber dark and deep ;
Let but such glory twinkle round my death,
I still shall triumph in the hour of sleep."

Yes, noble soul ! thy glory is secure :
For now, surviving thy unhappy date,
It burns and sparkles with a blaze more pure,
Removed beyond the hostile reach of fate.

Thy worth full well thy gallant foemen knew ;
Hush'd was the shout of joy, to honour just ;

They paused, and as a debt to valour due,
They shed the tear of pity on thy dust.

When fortune favour'd bravery so well,
And Lawrence laid the pride of Britain low,
The orphan, whose unhappy father fell,*
Now found another parent in the foe.

But say, what lips can tell, with unconcern,
These cruel tidings to the widow'd fair ;
Who waits with anxious heart his glad return,
And joys to greet him with a cherub heir.

Illustrious mourner ! hug the dear deceit ;
This fond delusion—it will soothe thy breast.
O may the pitying shade of Lawrence greet
Thy midnight slumbers with a dream so blest.

Unhappy babe ! thy mangled parent lies
Far, far from thee, amidst a hostile race ;
Inexorable fate has seal'd his eyes,
Ah ! never to behold that smiling face.

Yet, O my country ! hasten to be just :
And since the hero's splendid course has run,
Repay the debt thou owest to his dust,
In kind protection to his infant son.

Even Victory, when gallant Lawrence fell,
Mourn'd for the hapless fate of one so brave ;
And when her lips pronounced the sad farewell,
Reluctant, dropp'd a star upon the grave.†

* A son of one of the hands who was slain on board of the Peacock, was taken by Captain Lawrence into his own family.

† Captain Lawrence was buried in the flag of the Chesapeake, which he defended so bravely.

Then learn, ye comrades of the illustrious dead,
Heroic faith and honour to revere;
For Lawrence slumbers in his lowly bed,
Embalm'd by Albion's and Columbia's tear.

62 A PLEASANT NEW SONG,

Chanted by Nathan Whiting, (through his nose,) for the amusement of the galley slaves on board the *Phœbe*, who are allowed to sing nothing but Psalms.

O! JOHNNY BULL is much perplex'd,
And what d'ye think's the matter?
Because the Yankee frigates sail
Across the salt sea water.

For Johnny says, "The ocean's mine,
And all the sailor lads, too;
So pay us tax before you trade,
And part of each ship's crew."

"What! pay you tax!" says Jonathan,
"For sailing on the water?
Give you our lads of Yankee breed?
I'd sooner give you a halter.

"Free trade and sailors' rights, John Bull,
Shall ever be my toast;
Let Johnny but this right invade,
And Johnny Bull I'll roast."

John didn't mind, but took our ships,
And kidnapp'd our true sailors;
And Jonathan resolved to play
The d——l among the whalers.

Away went frigates four or five,
To cut up Johnny's trade,
And long before the year was out
The squire grew sore afraid.

Some found frigates, some found sloops,
Belonging to John's navy ;
And some they took, and some they burnt,
And some sent to old Davy.

The saucy Essex, she sail'd out
To see what she could do ;
Her captain is from Yankee land,
And so are all her crew.

Away she sail'd so gay and trim
Down to the Gallipagos,
And toted all the terrapins,
And nabb'd the slippery whalers.

And where, d'ye guess, we next did go ?
Why, down to the Marquesas ;
And there we buried under ground
Some thousand golden pieces ;

Then sail'd about the ocean wide,
Sinking, burning, taking,
Filling pockets, spilling oil,
While Johnny's heart was aching.

At length he muster'd up some spunk,
And fitted out three ships, sir :
The Phœbe, Cherub, and Raccoon,
To make the Yankees skip, sir.

Away they scamper'd round Cape Horn,
Into the South Sea Ocean,

To catch the saucy Yankee ship
They had a mighty notion.

North, east, and west, and likewise south,
They fumbled all around ;
“ Why, where the d—l can she be,
That she cannot be found ? ”

At length to Valparaiso bay
They came in mighty funk ;
The Yankee boys were then on shore,
Some sober, and some drunk.

Some rode horses, some rode mules,
And some were riding asses ;
Some tippling grog, some swigging wine,
Some dancing with the lasses.

The signal made all hands on board,
Each man unto his station ;
And Johnny he came swaggering by,
But met some botheration.*

The Yankee lads all ready were,
With pistol, sword and gun,
In hopes John Bull would run on board
To have a bit of fun :

But John got clear the best he could,
And soon came to an anchor,
And hoisted up a printed flag,†
As big as our spanker.

* The Phœbe nearly ran aboard of the Essex, by accident, as Captain Hillyer said.

† The flag bearing Captain Hillyer's long motto.

Some swore it was a morning prayer;
Some swore 'twas Greek or German;
But Nathan Whiting* spelt it out,
And said it was a sermon.

And thus long time in merry mood,
All side by side we lay,
Exchanging messages and songs
In Valparaiso bay.

At last John Bull quite sulky grew,
And call'd us traitors all,
And swore he'd fight our gallant crew,
Paddies and Scots, and all.

Then out he went in desperate rage,
Swearing, as sure as day,
He'd starve us all, or dare us out
Of Valparaiso bay.

Then out he sail'd in gallant trim,
As if he thought to fright us,
Run up his flag, and fired a gun,
To say that he would fight us.

Our cables cut, we put to sea,
And run down on her quarter;
But Johnny clapp'd his helm hard up,
And we went following after.

Says General Wynne, and Squire Roach,†
And many more beside,

* Nathan was, we understand, a tall, long-sided Yankee, and reckoned the best scholar of the whole ship's crew.

† Two sailors nicknamed by the crew.

“ We wish those English boys had stay’d,
We’d show them how to ride.”

In haste to join the Cherub, he
Soon bent his scurvy way,
While we return’d in merry glee,
To Valparaiso bay.

And let them go—to meet the foe
We’ll take no further trouble,
Since all the world must fairly know
They’ll only fight us—double.

Ne’er mind, my boys, let’s drink and sing,
“ Free trade and sailors’ rights ;”
May liquor never fail the lad
Who for his country fights.

Huzza, my lads—let’s drink and sing !
And toast them as they run :
Here’s to the sailors and their king,
Who’ll fight us—two to one.

63

THE DEY OF ALGIERS.

Carpe Diem.—Seize the Dey.—Doctor C.—.

THE Dey of Algiers, not being afraid of his ears,
Sent to Jonathan once for some tribute ;
“ Ho ! ho ! ” says the dey, “ if the rascal don’t pay,
A caper or two I’ll exhibit.

“ I’m the Dey of Algiers, with a beard a yard long,
I’m a Mussulman, too, and of course very strong :
For this is my maxim, dispute it who can,
That a man of stout muscle’s a stout Mussulman.

“They say,” to himself one day says the dey,
“I may bully him now without reckoning to pay ;
There’s a kick-up just coming with him and John Bul ,
And John will give Jonathan both his hands full.”

So he bullied our consul, and captured our men,
Went out through the Straits and came back safe
again;

And thought that his cruisers in triumph might ply
Wherever they pleased—but he thought a d—d lie.

For when Jonathan fairly got John out of his way,
He prepared him to settle accounts with the dey ;
Says he, “ I will send him an able debater :”
So he sent him a message by Stephen Decatur.

Away went Decatur to treat with the dey,
But he met the dey’s admiral just in his way ;
And by way of a tribute just captured his ship ;
But the soul of the admiral gave him the slip.

From thence he proceeded to Algesair’s bay,
To pay his respects to his highness the dey,
And sent him a message, decided yet civil,
But the dey wish’d both him and his note to the
d—l.

And when he found out that the admiral’s ship
And the admiral, too, had both given him the slip,
The news gave his highness a good deal of pain,
And the dey thought he’d never see daylight again.

“ Ho ! ho !” says the dey, “ if this is the way
This Jonathan reckons his tribute to pay,
Who takes it will tickle his fingers with thorns ;”
So the dey and the crescent both haul’d in their horns.

He call'd for a peace, and gave up our men,
And promised he'd never ask tribute again;
Says his highness, the dey, "Here's the d—l to pay
Instead of a tribute; heigho, well-a-day!"

And never again will our Jonathan pay
A tribute to potentate, pirate, or dey;
Nor any, but that which forever is given—
The tribute to valour, and virtue, and Heaven.

And again if his deyship should bully and fume,
Or hereafter his claim to this tribute resume,
We'll send him Decatur once more to defy him,
And his motto shall be, if you please—Carpe Diem.

64 THE TARS OF COLUMBIA.—1813.

Tune—“Anacreon in Heaven.”

YE sons of old Neptune, whose spirits of steel
In tempests were harden'd, by peril were temper'd,
Whose limbs, like the wild winds that sweep the bare
keel,
By fetters of tyrants shall never be hamper'd;
Mid the storm and the flood
Still your honours shall bud,
And bloom with fresh fragrance, though nurtured with
blood:
For the tars of Columbia are lords of the wave,
And have sworn that old ocean's their throne or
their grave.

The eagle of empire, from Europe's rich plain,
O'er the wide-rolling waters long urged his proud
pinion:

Now enthroned on our heights that o'ershadow the main,

He exults in the fields of his new-born dominion.

In the tops of our pine,

With fulgence divine,

The blaze of his eye shall eternally shine;

For the tars of Columbia, &c.

The chiefs who our freedom sustain'd on the land,

Fame's far-spreading voice has eternized in story:

By the roar of our cannon now call'd to the strand,

She beholds on the ocean their rivals in glory.

Her sons there she owns,

And her clarion's bold tones

Tell of Hull and Decatur, of Bainbridge and Jones:

For the tars of Columbia, &c.

She speaks, too, of Lawrence, the merciful brave,

Whose body in death still his flag nobly shielded:

With his blood he serenely encrimson'd the wave,

And surrender'd his life, but his ship never yielded.

His spirit still soars

Where the sea-battle roars,

And proclaims to the nations of earth's farthest shores,

That the tars of Columbia, &c.

When the lightning of night fires the turbulent deeps,

When foams the red wave under War's wasteful
demon,

When, save Danger and Death, every sea-spirit sleeps,

Then, on danger and death smiles Columbia's bold
Unmoved as the pole, [seaman.

His invincible soul

The bolts and the battle still round him bids roll;

For the tars of Columbia, &c.

His ship's the loved ark of his safety and cheer,
His canopy, heaven, and his path the broad billow ;
By the pole-star of duty, all dauntless he'll steer
To the laurels of age, or a coral-grown pillow.
But whenever fate's tie
Breaks, and lets his soul fly,
There's a glorious state-room awaits him on high :
For the tars of Columbia, &c.

Columbia shall yet view her maritime hosts,
On her lakes, seas, and rivers impervious surround
her ;
Like the rocks that have girt, since creation, her coasts,
On them every sea-borne assailant shall founder.
Be it Britain or Gaul,
Still her sons at the call
Shall guard her, and grace in their triumph, or fall.
For the tars of Columbia, &c.

From the time-hallow'd oaks of oracular Jove
Burst the voice of the god, at Dodona's famed foun-
tain :
Our oaks on the ocean more gloriously rove
Than waved their broad boughs, overshading the
mountain.
Their oracles bold
In deep thunders are roll'd,
And, announced in dark volumes, to empires unfold,
That the tars of Columbia, &c.

Our country's a ship of imperial state,
New built from the stanchest materials of ages ;
While majestic she moves in the sea of her fate,
Her beauty the eyes of the nations engages.

Her colours sublime
Shall salute every clime,
Borne safe through the shoals and the tempests of
time.
For the tars of Columbia, &c.

65 CHARGE THE CAN CHEERILY.—1813.

Now coil up your nonsense 'bout England's great navy,
And take in your slack about oak-hearted tars ;
For frigates as stout, and as gallant crews have we,
Or how came her Macedon deck'd with our stars ?
Yes, how came her Guerriere, her Peacock, and Java,
All sent, broken ribb'd, to old Davy, of late ?
How came it ? why, split me, than Britons we're braver,
And that they shall feel, too, wherever we meet.
Then charge the can cheerily,
Send it round merrily,
Here's to our country, and captains commanding ;
To all who inherit
Of Lawrence the spirit,
Disdaining to strike while a stick is left standing.

Nay, if, unawares, we should run (a fresh gale in)
Close in with a squadron, we laugh at 'em all ;
We'd tip Master Bull such a sample of sailing,
As should cause him to fret like a pig in a squall.
We'd show the vain boaster of numbers superior,
Though he and his slaves at the notion may sneer,
In skill, as in courage, to us they're inferior
For the longer they chase us, the less we've to fear.
Then charge the can, &c.

But should a razee be espied ahead nearly,
 To fetch her we'd crowd every stitch we could
 make ;
 Down chests, and up hammocks, would heave away
 cheerly,
 And ready for action would be in a shake.
 For her swaggering cut though, and metal not caring,
 Till up with her close, should our fire be withheld,
 Then, pour'd in so hot, that her mangled crew, fearing
 A trip to the bottom, should speedily yield.
 Then charge the can, &c.

Britannia, although she beleaguers our coast now,
 The dread of our wives and our sweethearts as well,
 Of ruling the waves has less reason to boast now,
 As Dacres, and Carden, and Whinyates can tell.
 Enroll'd in our annals live Hull and Decatur,
 Jones, Lawrence, and Bainbridge, Columbia's
 pride—
 The pride of our navy, which, sooner or later,
 Shall on the wide ocean triumphantly ride.
 Then charge the can, &c.



66 THE TOUGH YANKEE TAR.

HUZZA for the lads of the ocean !
 Whose mark is the eagle and star :
 They'll challenge all hands, I've a notion,
 To beat them at knocks in the war,
 With a tough Yankee tar !

Now, braver than Grecian or Roman,
 For honour he fears not a scar ;

And, damme, he'll yield him to no man,
 While he holds to a timber or spar—
 'Tis a tough Yankee tar !

Old Archimedes, he was an ass :
 He had ne'er swung a ship from the water,
 But broken his lever, and reflectors of brass,
 Had he known how to beat up to quarter,
 Like a tough Yankee tar !

Now first on the ocean they try hands,
 To check haughty Albion's career ;
 And soon the poor king of the islands
 Yields a proud and a boasted Guerriere
 To a tough Yankee tar !

Let them jabber as much as they please,
 'Tis all botheration and stuff.
 They talk of the rights of the seas ;
 We'll teach them 'tis all plain enough
 To a tough Yankee tar !

Now Columbia, with proudest emotion,
 Hails her young sons of war on the main :
 They wave a free flag on the ocean,
 And none shall her freedom maintain,
 Like a tough Yankee tar !

67

THE SHIP, BOYS.—1813.

Tune—“Jack at Greenwich.”

COME, messmates, cheerly lead the night,
 And toast each absent beauty ;
 Mayhap we'll bleed e'er morning's light :
 What then ? why, 'tis our duty.

On sea or shore, in peace or strife,
Whate'er the cause that breeds it,
A tar knows how to give his life,
Whene'er his country needs it.
We've something, too, to give our foes,
If they don't gi'e's the slip, boys;
We'll give them broadsides, blood, and blows,
But, "Don't give up the ship," boys.
The ship, boys, &c.

When, o'er Nantasket's fatal wave,
Our Lawrence sought the battle,
And for a hero's crown or grave
Bade all his thunders rattle:
Says he, "My lads, you know the way,
To fighting foes give slaughter;
And, should our valour win the day,
Then give the vanquish'd quarter."
But, when capsized, the words that last
Hung on his dying lips, boys,
Were, "Let our flag still crown the mast,
And don't give up the ship," boys.
The ship, boys, &c.

On hammock bloody, wet, or dry,
We all must pay our score, boys;
But death and danger's all my eye;
We've seen their face before, boys.
With Hull, we stood the Guerriere's force,
And doff'd the pride of Dacres,
Who swore he thought the joke too coarse
From modest Yankee quakers.
When Bainbridge, too, the good and brave,
Just spoil'd the Java's trip, boys.

We swore upon that crimson wave,
We'd ne'er give up our ship, boys.
The ship, boys, &c.

Now what's the use to talk all night
'Bout Morris, Jones, Decatur?
The foe to beat in equal fight,
God bless e'm, 'tis their natur'.
And long before dishonour's shoal
Brings up our gallant navy,
There's many a noble Briton's soul
Must weigh for grim old Davy.
For, all in Scripture lingo pat,
Our chaplain proves it glip, boys,
That "pugnam bonam," and all that,
Means, "Don't give up the ship," boys.
The ship, boys, &c.

So, fill to a Yankee seaman's creed—
His heart he gives his fairest:
His purse and cheer to a brother's need,
With songs and fids o' the rarest:
His hulk, while in life's tide it lives,
His country's arms must lade it;
And when his cruise is up, he gives
His soul to Him that made it.
But, rough or bloody be the wave,
And e'en in Death's cold grip, boys
Columbia's tars, so stanch and brave,
Will ne'er give up the ship, boys.
The ship, boys, &c.

68**FREEDOM.—1813.***Tune—“Rule Britannia.”*

UNVEIL'D mid Nature's glorious birth,
Thy spirit, Freedom, soar'd sublime ;
Sail'd o'er the regions of the earth,
And pointed to this infant clime.
Thy spirit shall the magnet be
That guides thy sons to victory.

Now o'er the broad Atlantic wave
Behold Columbia's star arise !
Warm'd by its beam, the gallant brave
A mighty foe in arms defies.
That star the unerring guide shall be
That leads her sons to victory.

These o'er Britannia's warlike name
Her glorious banner proudly spread ;
And Britons, first in naval fame,
Beneath her valour nobly bled.
Her star that o'er the contest glow'd,
The lustre of a nation show'd.

Now, foremost mid the battle's blaze,
Loudly her heroes' arms resound :
Unawed by numbers, there they raise
Her gallant fleet, with glory crown'd.
While light can guide, and valour shield,
Columbia to no power shall yield.

Though small her force, o'er ocean wide
The terror of her name ascends ;
While, dauntless, through the whelming tide
The hero's zeal her cause defends.

His deeds shall make the world proclaim
The glory of Columbia's name.

There, while destruction round him flies,
 No perils can his soul affright;
Bold as his hopes, his efforts rise,
 His country is his guiding light
Her safety turns his steps to war,
 Her freedom is his leading star.

For this, we saw thy gallant form,
 Brave Lawrence, court the raging wave;
Flash, like a sunbeam, through the storm,
 And grasp, in death, the warrior's grave.
Thy star, Columbia, sunk in gloom,
 And long shall glimmer on his tomb.

Yet thou, bright shade! enroll'd in light,
 Art near, to warm the warrior's soul;
And many a hero through the fight,
 Now hails thee in the cannon's roll.
Thy spirit shall his angel be
 To guide his arms to victory.

Columbia! fairest plant of heaven,
 Thou land of hope, with plenty bless'd!
Thy blooming plains, by Nature given,
 No foe nor stranger shall molest:
For bold thy sons shall ever be
 To guard thy rights o'er land and sea.

Thy conquests, on the roll of Fame,
 Shall long in bright succession lie,
While Glory stamps the hero's name,
 And waves the conquering flag on high.

Thy star with time shall brighter shine,
And give to Fame a ray divine.

Then once again shall Peace resume
Her olive-leaf and blooming crest ;
Her smile extend through Nature's gloom,
And pierce the cloud that veils her breast.
Then hail, Columbia's star divine,
For peace and victory shall be thine.

69

NAVAL SONG.

Tune—“Remember the glories of Brian the brave.”

COLUMBIA, how bright is the fresh-blooming wreath
Which thy heroes, who fight for thy good,
While living entwine, and when dying bequeath,
From their death-bed, embalm'd with their blood.
And, O ! while we live in the brightness it spreads,
And lights us on Liberty's way,
Let us never forget 'tis their glory that sheds
Its fair tints o'er Columbia's day.

O Washington, brightest and best of thy race,
By thy beacon-light still let us steer :
In thy wisdom, and virtue, and valour we trace
Whate'er to thy country is dear.
And still, in the day of distress, let us turn
To thee as our guide and our star,
Thy glories, reflected from heaven, will burn
Bright again round Columbia's car.
Forget not, Columbia, thy seamen so true,
Whose achievements now blazon thy name ;

Forget not their lives are devoted to you,
 "Tis thy glory that lives in their fame.
 The laurels they've won, by their blood on the main,
 Columbia, O never forget :
 They're the hero's life gem, and will light him again
 To still brighter victories yet.

Can that nation e'er rise to the proud heights of fame,
 Who respects not the deeds of her brave ?
 From Oblivion's tomb can she e'er save her name,
 Who protects not her patriot's grave ?
 O never, Columbia ! then ne'er let this stain,
 The stream of thy glory pollute ;
 Let thy heroes' bright wreaths ever honour'd remain,
 Entwined with thy liberty's root.

70

NAVAL HEROES.—1814.

Tune—“Hearts of Oak.”

YE sons of Columbia, come, let us rejoice
 In the bright course of glory our brave tars have run,
 And in one mighty chorus, with one heart and voice,
 Pour the tribute of verse o'er the laurels they've won.
 Hearts of oak are our ships, souls of fire are our men,
 They always are ready,
 Steady boys, steady,
 To fight and to conquer again and again.

O, long on our mountains the forests have stood,
 Through ages of peace in the shade of neglect ;
 But the fiat of heaven calls them down to the flood,
 Our shores to defend, and our rights to protect.
 Hearts of oak, &c.

And see, while the nations of Europe have long
Mid the conflicts of war rear'd their pillars of fame,
We can boast of our heroes whose arms are as strong,
Whose achievements will give them as deathless a
name.

Hearts of oak, &c.

See Hull, Jones, Decatur, and Bainbridge now burn,
Brighter stars in our land than vain Britons can
claim:

For while they beat the world, we beat them in our
turn,

And thus prostrate at once their proud pillars of
fame.

Hearts of oak, &c.

Behold, too, brave Lawrence, whose splendid career,
Gives another bright star to the sky of our fame,
Though removed from this world, his example shall
rear

Future heroes in war, "by the fame of his name."

Hearts of oak, &c.

And see, too, young Burroughs, the seaman's delight,
Bears another fair sprig pluck'd from Victory's brow,
Though 'twas bought by his life-blood, that stream'd
in the fight,

Life 'gainst honour is naught, as our brave tars well
know.

Hearts of oak, &c.

But hark ! while we sing, hear the trumpet of fame,
With the glad notes of triumph again our ears greet:
'Tis for Perry it swells, ever glorious name,
To whose matchless arm struck a whole British fleet.

Hearts of oak, &c.

We've yet thousands besides of young sons of the
wave,

Who but wait for the call of their country to fly,
And to enter the lists, with the first of the brave,
Who their honour insult, or their prowess defy.

Hearts of oak, &c.

Then, ye sons of Columbia, come, let us rejoice
In the bright course of glory our country can boast;
And in one mighty chorus, with one heart and voice,
While we drink to our tars, let this still be our toast—
“Hearts of oak are our ships, souls of fire are our men;
They always are ready,
Steady boys, steady,
For their country to fight, and to conquer again.”

71 THE TARS OF COLUMBIA.—1816.

YE generous sons of Freedom's happy climes,
Think, while you safely till your fruitful fields,
Of him, the avenger of Oppression's crimes,
Who ploughs a soil which blood and danger yields,

Remember still the gallant tar, who roams
Through rocks and gulfs, the ocean's gloomy vast,
To quell your foes, and guard your peaceful homes,
Who bides the battle's shock and tempest's blast.

Think, while you loll upon your beds of down,
And mingle with Affection's cheering train,
How he's exposed to Winter's chilling frown,
Without a kindred soul to soothe his pain.

When seated by your joy-diffusing fire,
Some dreary, dark, tempestuous, howling night,
Let Fancy's strong, adventurous wing aspire,
And poise o'er ocean on aerial height :

Thence view the rolling world of waves below—
Survey the barks that bear our daring tars,
As round them Neptune's howling whirlwinds blow,
And rend their sails, and crash their yielding spars;

Lo ! where the lashing surges, foaming high,
Convulse the groaning vessel's sturdy frame,
With lightning torches snatch'd from the vex'd sky,
Destruction's angel whelms her all in flame.

Fierce thunders burst—the starless welkin glares—
No aid is near—the lamp of hope expires—
Terrific Death his haggard visage bares,
And ocean monsters fly the raging fires.

Behold the gallant crew, Columbia's sons !
Who've boldly torn the British banner down,
And faced the mouths of her exploding guns ;
E'en now they scorn to sully their renown !

Though naught but one dark waste of billows wide
Meet their unweeping eyes—and, ere an hou
Has flown one hundredth part away, the tide
Must quench their breath ; their spirits do not cower !

They feel, with joy, they've served their country well,
And lift an honest orison to heaven ;
Their homes upon their dying accents dwell,
And as they sink, they hope their sins forgiven.

Behold that head with glory circled bright !
As it descends, the waves around it glow ;

'Tis Blakeley's ! he that halo gain'd in fight,
When Britain's standard fell beneath his blow.

Though watery mountains roll upon his breast,
And scaly millions gambol in his grave ;
Yet shall his spirit shine among the bless'd,
And fame embalm his memory on the wave.

But see ! where yonder floating fragments blaze,
A lonely, lingering sailor still survives !
From his frail plank he casts a hopeless gaze,
Yet still for life with the rough sea he strives.

Far on the tumbling deep the hero's toss'd,
Ere long the tempest flags, and dawn appears ;
The sun rolls up the sky, " All, all are lost !"
He cries, " my comrades brave ! "—thence gush his
tears.

The wearied billows sink in slumbers mild,
And on their sparkling bosoms dolphins play ;
With lusty arms he stems the watery wild,
And thinks on friends and country far away.

A thousand tender feelings swell his heart—
His wife's, and babe's, and kindred's dear embrace,
Shoots through his bosom like a burning dart,
At thought, that they no more shall see his face.

His eye around the wide expanse he strains,
In hopes some passing vessel to descry ;
Ploughing the waste of ever waving plains,
That at far distance meet the bending sky ;

And not a whitening surge is seen to rise
In the waste distance, and towards him roll,

But seems a friendly sail to his dim eyes,
Bringing sweet hope to cheer his sinking soul.

Alas, poor sailor! 'tis no help for thee!
It comes the foaming herald of the storm.
'Tis not the whitening canvass that you see,
But the white winding-sheet to wrap thy form.

In pomp majestic, on his billowy throne,
Far in the west, day's radiant sovereign glows;
His cheering sway the finny nations own,
As o'er the deep his golden splendour flows.

Their frolics wild the hapless sailor views,
As round him, through the brine, they flounce and
frisk:

Then, on the western glories seems to muse,
Until the sun withdraws his flaming disk.

Now, hear the plaint his heart in sadness pours—
“While pleasure sparkles through the swarming
main,
Illumes yon heaven, and robes my native shores;
I'm thrown adrift, the sport of direst pain!

“O! that, when in the battle fray I stood,
And strain'd each sinew in the glorious cause;
Some cannon peal had drain'd my veins of blood,
And crown'd my mortal exit with applause!

But, here I'm doom'd to perish in the deep,
By ocean monster, hunger, storm, or cold;
Without one messmate o'er my corse to weep,
And pay the honours due a sailor bold.”

The pall of Night the liquid world enshrouds,
And silence mingles with the gathering gloom;

Again the heavens are wrapp'd in rolling clouds,
And sea-mews shriek o'er many a watery tomb.

Ah ! think what now the lonely sailor feels !
Chill are his brine-steep'd limbs, and numb'd, and
tired—

The swelling mass of waves already reels—
The sky with flash, succeeding flash, is fired.

The winds are raging fierce—the surges roll—
The shark and huge leviathan now roam—
Tremendous thunders shake the distant pole,
And ocean's heaving breast is whelm'd in foam.

A flickering light gleams o'er the tumbling flood—
Perhaps a meteor's.—Lives our seaman still ?
Or drinks the insatiate shark his valiant blood ?
This know, whate'er his fate, 'tis God's just will.

Ere long, if not deterr'd by critic's ire,
Wild Fancy may his destiny disclose ;
And call upon his country to admire
A sailor's gallantry, and feel his woes.



72

A SEA PIECE,

Occasioned by the supposed, and too probable, loss of the United States ship Hornet. It is a sort of *recitation*, uniting the "orders" of the boatswain, with the poetical description of the loss of the Hornet.

—*Call the watch !—call the watch !*
“*Ho ! the starboard watch, ahoy !*”—Have you heard
How a noble ship, so trim, like our own, my hearties,
here,

All scudding 'fore the gale, disappear'd

Where yon southern billows roll o'er their bed so
green and clear!

Hold the reel! keep her full! hold the reel!

How she flew athwart the spray, as, shipmates, we
do now—

'Till her twice a hundred fearless hearts of steel

Felt the whirlwind lift its waters aft and plunge her
downward bow!

Bear a hand!

Strike top-gallants!—mind your helm!—jump aloft!

'Twas such a night as this, my lads, a rakish bark
was drown'd,

When demons foul, that whisper seamen oft,

Scoop'd a tomb amid the flashing surge that never
shall be found.

Square the yards!—a double reef!—Hark! the blast!

O! fiercely has it fallen on the war ship of the brave!

When its tempest fury stretch'd the stately mast

All along the foamy sides, as they shouted on the
wave.

Bear a hand!

—Call the watch!—call the watch!

“Ho! the larboard watch, ahoy!”—Have you heard

How a vessel, gay and taunt, on the mountains of
the sea,

Went below, with all her warlike crew on board—

They who battled for the happy, boys, and perish'd
for the free?

Clew, clew up, fore and aft!—keep her away!

How the vulture bird of death, in its black and
viewless form,

Hover'd sure o'er the clamours of his prey,
While, through all their dripping shrouds, yell'd the
spirit of the storm !

Bear a hand !

Now, out reefs !—brace the yard !—lively, there !

O ! no more to homeward breeze shall her swelling
bosom spread,
But love's expectant eye bid despair
Set her raven watch eternal o'er the wreck in ocean's
bed !

*Board your tacks !—cheerly, boys ! But for them,
Their last evening gun is fired—their gales are over-
blown !*

O'er their smoking deck no starry flag shall stream !
They'll sail no more—they'll fight no more—for
their gallant ship's gone down !

Bear a hand !

73

OLD IRONSIDES.

THE following grand and soul-stirring lyric, from the pen of a New England poet, was written on hearing that it was in contemplation by the Navy Department to break up the old frigate Constitution, and to sell her timbers. The author is OLIVER W. HOLMES, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Av, tear her tatter'd ensign down !

Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky :
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar ;

The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more !

Her deck—once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquish'd foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below—
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquer'd knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea !

O ! better that her shatter'd hulk
Should sink beneath the wave ;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave ;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale !

74

A SAILOR'S LIFE.

How bless'd the life a sailor leads,
From clime to clime still ranging,
For as the calm the storm succeeds,
The scene delights by changing.
Though tempests howl along the main,
Some object will remind us,
And cheer with hope to meet again
The friends we left behind us.

Then, under full sail, we laugh at the gale,
Though the landsmen look pale, never heed 'em ;
But toss off the glass to a favourite lass,
To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

But when arrived in sight of land,
Or safe in port rejoicing ;
Our ship we moor, our sails we hand,
Whilst out the boat is hoisting.
With cheerful hearts the shore we reach,
Our friends delight to greet us ;
And, tripping lightly o'er the beach,
The pretty lasses meet us.
When the full-flowing bowl enlivens the soul,
To foot it we merrily lead 'em ;
And each bonny lass will drink off a glass
To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

Our prizes sold, the chink we share,
And gladly we receive it ;
And when we meet a brother tar
That wants, we freely give it.
No freeborn sailor yet had store,
But cheerfully would lend it ;
And when 'tis gone, to sea for more :
We earn it but to spend it.
Then drink round, my boys, 'tis the first of our
joys
To relieve the distress'd, clothe and feed 'em ;
'Tis a duty we share with the brave and the fair,
In this land of Commerce and Freedom.

75

THE COMMON CAUSE.

OUR country's like a ship of war,
A gallant vessel, too ;
And he may well his fortune boast
Who's of Columbia's crew :
Each man flies to his station,
When patriot zeal commands,
Takes his stand,
Lends his hand,
As the common cause demands.

When cruising in the time of peace,
We gayly sing and shout ;
Endear'd by wives' and sweethearts' health,
The grog goes swift about :
But when we see the enemy,
Each heart assistance lends,
On the deck,
Though a wreck,
As the common cause demands.

**76**

COLUMBIA'S HARDY SEAMEN.

GAYLY, lads, our friends we're leaving,
Honour calls us to the main,
Sweethearts ! what's the use of grieving ?
We but part to meet again.

Soon avenged our country's quarrels,
What delicious joys we'll prove,
Sweet reposing, crown'd with laurels
In the arms of those we love !

Love of country, love of glory,
From our mothers' breasts we drew ;
Our forefathers, famed in story,
Gave the bright example too.

Hail, Columbia's hardy seamen,
Bravely bred on boisterous waves—
Faithful to ourselves as freemen,
Not the world can make us slaves.

“ Arm our floating towers of timber,”
Congress bids—each pulse beats higher;
Show the world our joints are limber,
Nerves of steel, and souls of fire.

Now our breasts, with ardour glowing,
Feel our bold forefathers' flame ;
Through our veins their pure blood flowing,
Can our deeds disgrace their name ?

Haste, then, seize each plundering corsair,
Where the waves insulted roll ?
Trade protect in every quarter,
From the tropic to the pole.

Thence to the wide world's wonder,
Masters of the mighty deep ;
While we guard our coast with thunder,
Yet at home may safely sleep.

Let us live a band of brothers,
Whether on the land or sea ;
'Tis our strength, and not another's,
That would make or keep us free ;

Never fearing foes or weather,
 Union being still our boast :
 Free we'll live, or die together—
 “Union !” boys, in bumpers toast.

77

THE DEPARTURE.

THE anchor weigh'd, the cannon's roar
 Proclaims along the echoing shore
 The manly farewell of a crew,
 To honest independence true :
 The enraptured cheers declare their actions free,
 Self-urged, self-arm'd, to fight for liberty.

No sighs disgrace the gather'd crowd ;
 The shouts of joy are heard aloud :
 No wife her parting lord restrains,
 To check the smile her soul disdains ;
 “Haste, haste,” she cries, “to act the glorious part,
 Leave, leave my arms, and reign within my heart.”

Each sister, as she bids adieu,
 Crimsons with the glowing hue
 Of honest pride, and loud declares,
 “The noble toil my brother shares.”
 E'en children catch the all-pervading glow,
 And prattle vengeance on the insulting foe.

The vessel now adown the tide
 Moves slow in independent pride ;
 While Delaware, with honest boast,
 Presents her to the insulted coast,
 There may her cannon to the world decree,
 Columbia can, and ever will be free.

And you, ye tars, who foremast stand,
Guardians of your injured land,
May smiling cherubims on high
Guard you with a watchful eye,
From rocks and shoals your winged castle bear,
Nor storms and tempests follow in your rear.

We pray not from a mortal foe
The Heavens to turn your chasing prow ;
Your courage proved, our quarrel just,
In you we place implicit trust ;
Assured you'll reap from every equal fight,
Success as glorious, as our cause is right.

78 THE OCEAN PILGRIM, A MORAL POEM.

BY MR. DAVIS.

*Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus, erat.*

THOMAS KING, a young American sailor, confined on board the Ruby, guardship, at Bermuda, observed one evening a boat alongside, with her sails standing, which the lieutenants had neglected to hoist in. A squall arose, and in the darkness of the gust, he committed himself in her, to the mercy of the winds and waves, with no other provision than some biscuits and water. He was alone nine days on the awful expanse of waters, in this open boat : on the tenth he made the Virginia shore, and landed at Cape Henry.

STRONG is the love of native home :
There vivid fancy casts her eye ;
Whether on earth or sea we roam,
Our native land demands the sigh.

So I, Columbia's true-born son,
In floating dungeon long confined,

Could ne'er by smiles nor bribes be won
To abjure the land I left behind.

Bermuda's isle had long beheld,
In prison-ship, my cheerless fare,
From home and voice of friends withheld,
A mournful victim to despair.

At length, one night, a boat astern,
With snowy sails allured my gaze ;
A squall arose—and, now, I burn
To leave my jailers in the haze.

Some bread and water all my store,
A compass saved in venturous mood :
And now, alone, I traverse o'er,
In open boat, great Neptune's flood.

'Twas Sabbath when my frail bark roll'd
At mercy of the billowy steep ;
But though no bell to vespers toll'd,
I found a temple on the deep.

I earnest pray'd, that He, whose storms
In terror shake the sea and sky,
Would take my spirit in his arms,
And watch me with a parent's eye.

The fair moon lent the sea her light,
Her beams upon the surface curl'd,
And dolphins sported, passing bright,
Around my little wooden world.

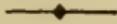
When, sudden, from a silver cloud
Advanced sweet Hope, a vision bright !
With melting voice she call'd aloud,
And charm'd the silence of the night.

“ Sea-pilgrim, hail ! old Ocean kind,
Shall homeward bear his sailor-boy ;
And soon a mother’s arms shall wind
Around thy neck with speechless joy.

“ Thy sisters dear shall, sobbing, dwell
About thy form with gushing eye ;
And she, whose vestal tumults swell,
Shall at thy presence cease to sigh.”

Nine days had pass’d—the tenth I knew
By signs, that land was not remote :
The sea had lost its sable hue,
And swallows hover’d round my boat.

’Twas so—for, soon, in angel shape,
Uprose to view Virginia’s shore !
I land on Henry’s welcome cape,
I kneel, and humbly God adore !



79 THE SONS OF THE DEEP.—1815.

SONS of the deep ! ye spirits brave,
Whose victories saved a nation’s fame ;
From whom the rulers of the wave
First learn’d the pangs of fear and shame !
To you the goblet’s flowing free,
To you we fill where’er you roam ;
Whether you brave the stormy sea,
Or dare the thunderer in his home.

Skilful and bold, by labour nursed,
By honour taught, by hardship tried ;

In danger and in glory first,
Your country's hope, her joy, her pride.
To your loved names, ye gallant few,
Our souls the song of triumph raise,
And future years shall swell for you
The fondly lingering notes of praise.

Long may your flag its lustre shed
O'er the wild waters of the main ;
Long may the laurel crown your head,
And never, never wear a stain !
To you, with soul-enamouring beam,
Dear woman's magic eye shall turn ;
Your deeds shall be the sage's theme,
And o'er the story youth shall burn.

80

SAILORS' INDIFFERENCE.

THIS life, boys, at best's but a rough sort of trip,
And we've nothing but honour to lose ;
So, 'tis better, d'ye see, ere we give up the ship,
Like Lawrence to finish life's cruise.
For I fancy we'll all meet at Davy's again,
As jovial as e'er we met here.

Then what do we value the scoff on the free,
That from France and from England's self starts ?
They may count us their hulks till they're tired, d'ye
see,
And we'll count them as many true hearts,
That can stick to their moorings through life's foulest
squalls,
And still face the world as it goes.

So the ninnies we'll balk who dare think we'll descend
Our rights on the seas to forego :
We have biscuit and grog for a true-hearted friend,
And a merry three cheers for a foe.
For the world and its great ones may change as they
please,
But a sailor's a sailor, boys, still.

Then let the cold heart in its own baseness freeze,
That thinks we'll be shy on the waves :
Shall we skulk, boys, and hunt out by-ways through
the seas,
Like cowardly rovers or slaves ?
Away with such gabble and nonsense, say I,
While we've Yankee colours to show.

We don't know the count of his ships who's our foe,
And, what is yet more, we don't care :
For ourselves, to the very heart's core, lads, we know ;
And so, come foul weather or fair.
I'm for setting top-gallants and booming ahead,
And we'll turn by for none as we go.

Then, huzza for free trade and our rights as they be !
'Tis a whim that we like more and more :
And sailors must have out their whims, d'ye see,
Whether fighting or jigging on shore.
So huzza for free trade, and for colours mast-high,
No skulking or quibbling for me.

Whether Bainbridge, or Hull, or Decatur commands,
Rogers, Biddle, or Jones, 'tis all one :
Huzza ! and huzza ! and huzza ! sing all hands,
And yard-arm to yard-arm's the fun !

Then, lubbers, stand clear! we have work to do, boys,
For 'tis England's old cross must come down.

And we'll rake, till sly death our hearts' cables shall
slip.

The command that our Lawrence has given:
He was dying—says he, “Boys, don't give up the
ship!”

And the words took his soul off to heaven.
Brave heart! he is gone to his rest—never mind:
We are here to fight under him still.

So, no more of vain talking, or whining, or art;
We've to fight for the rights of the states:
And, with Honour our pilot, with Justice our chart,
Good Humour and Friendship our mates:
They'll find, if we've biscuit and grog for a friend,
We've a merry three cheers for a foe.

81

ELEGY

On the death of Lieutenant James Decatur, who fell August 3d, 1804, in an action with the Tripolitan gun-boats.

THROUGH these drear walls, where fiends horrific reign,
Chill the faint heart, and rend the frantic brain—
Where, void of friends, of pleasure, food, or rest,
The vulture slavery preys upon the breast—
From yon thick squadron, whence we hope to hear
The voice of freedom charm the captive's ear,
Sounds the sad tale—Decatur's name deplore,
For that young hopeful hero breathes no more!
He left, to free us from barbarian chains,
His country's blooming groves and peaceful plains:

Forever sacred be those arms he wore,
The cause that moved him, and the bark that bore.
'Twas Heaven's own cause—'twas Freedom's injured
name,
The love of country, and the voice of fame
Call'd forth his active martial skill, to go
Scour the wide deep, and scourge the tyrant foe :
Dauntless he fights, where dying groans resound,
And thundering carnage roars tremendous round,
Till Heaven beheld him with propitious eyes,
And snatch'd his kindred spirit to the skies.

When from the Turks his mangled form they bore,
With glory cover'd—bathed in streaming gore,
Bewailing friends his ghastly wounds survey'd,
Which bade defiance to all human aid.
When life stood trembling, lingering in its flight,
And heaven's bless'd visions dawn'd upon his sight,
The radiant shades of heroes hovering round,
Midst harps of angels, with reviving sound,
Soothed the last pangs of his undaunted breast,
And wing'd him, convoy'd, to eternal rest.

Could Worth have rescued, or could Virtue save
Her heaven-born votaries from the destined grave—
Could sacred Friendship's hallow'd prayers bestow
The gift of immortality below—
Could thousands' sighs and tears, that ceaseless roll,
Call from the shores of bliss the angelic soul—
(Though the bold wish be impious deemed, and vain)
Death ne'er had reach'd him—or, he'd live again.

But fate's decrees, irrevocably just,
Doom'd his frail body to the mingling dust;

In yon cold deep it finds unwaked repose,
Far from the embrace of friends, or reach of foes,
Till the last trumpet's loud eternal roar
Call forth its millions from the sea and shore :
Nor, till the final blast and awful day,
Shall that brave soul reanimate its clay.

82 THE MEMORY OF COMMODORE PREBLE.
1807.

WHILE War, fierce monster, stain'd with guiltless
blood,
Roars, threats, and rages round the infuriate flood,
While hostile Britons murdering fleets employ
To infest our harbours and our ships destroy ;
Impress our tars in their inglorious cause,
In base defiance of all nation's laws :
When each bold veteran, in his country's name,
Is call'd to save her freedom and her fame ;
When few, whose bravery and whose nautic skill
Can duly execute her sovereign will ;
What sighs of sorrow waft from shore to shore,
With these sad tidings—"Preble is no more!"

Erst when mad Tripoli, in prowess vain,
With her rapacious corsairs block'd the main ;
Pour'd round our ships in predatory swarms,
With purple banners and audacious arms—
Our neutral cargoes plunder'd on the waves,
And made our free-born citizens her slaves :
When our late frigate groan'd upon the shoals,
So deeply freighted with three hundred souls,

Who sigh'd in durance till yon lamp of night
Full twenty changes had renew'd its light,
'Twas Preble first that dauntless squadron led
Where Somers perish'd, and Decatur bled ;
Where Wadsworth, Israel, met in death their fate
With kindred martyrs full as brave and great ;
'Twas Preble first those barbarous pirates show'd
Justice was all the tribute that we owed ;
And proved, that when Columbia vengeance bears,
'Tis naught but mercy that the victim spares.

Our Preble's cause even Heaven itself might own,
In heaven 'tis cherish'd, and through earth 'tis known :
It charms their numbers, and it tunes their lyres—
In heaven 'tis warbled from enraptured choirs :
The cause of Freedom, dear to him who knows
The adverse horrors, and the poignant woes
Of slavery, dungeons, hunger, stripes, and chains,
With dismal prospects of augmented pains.
To free the captive, noble, generous deed,
Who would not swear to fight, and sigh to bleed ?
To free the captive, Preble winged his aid,
And more firm valour never was display'd,
When round our prison's solitary walls
Burst the dread meteor bomb-shells—shower'd the
balls.

Our hearts for liberty or death beat high ;
And who for freedom would not wish to die ?
To him we look'd, on him our hopes relied,
The friend of seamen, and the seaman's pride :
To him we look'd, and righteous Heaven implored
To speed the vengeance of his slaughtering sword :

Nor is he now, though vain his efforts proved,
The less lamented, or the less beloved ;
But each late captive, year succeeding year,
Will bless his memory, and his name revere.

Yes, gallant chief ! though virtuous, just, and brave,
Thine is the lot of man—the dreary grave !
With heroes sainted, who have gone before,
Like them we prized thee, and like them deplore.
And though thine arm, of Barbary once the dread,
Lies cold and wither'd midst the unconscious dead,
Unfading laurels at thy name shall bloom,
Spring from thy dust and flourish round thy tomb.

Lamented chief ! though death be calmly past,
Our navy trembled when he breath'd his last !
Our navy mourns him, but it mourns in vain :
A Preble ne'er will live—ne'er die again !
Yet hope, desponding, at the thought revives ;
A second Preble—a Decatur lives !
His worth, his merit, well are understood,
His hand is skilful, and his heart is good.
Bold shall he chase yon demons of the wave,
For all who know him, know him to be brave.

To him Columbia casts her streaming eyes,
Wipes their free torrent, and suspends her sighs.



S3 ENTERPRISE OF LIEUT. SOMERS.—1804.

TOWARDS Afric's coast the wind did blow,
All hearts were warm'd by valour's glow,
And eager to chastise the foe
For acts of daring robbery.

Lo ! Somers launch'd upon the main,
With ten bold seamen in his train,
Tripoli's port resolved to gain,
And mar each wall and battery.

Forward they press'd on ocean's wave—
(Wadsworth was there, and Israel, brave !)
Nor thought of danger, nor a grave :
Their thoughts were on the enemy.

The bark that sped them to the shore
Of strong gunpowder had a store,
And bomb-shells too she likewise bore—
Dread instruments of misery !

As to the port they closely drew,
The enemy appear'd in view ;
Two boats approach'd, with each a crew
Of fifty sons of Tripoli.

In haste they board—see Somers stand,
Determined, cool, form'd to command,
The match of death in his right hand,
Scorning a life of slavery.

And now, behold ! the match applied,
The mangled foe the welkin ride :—
Whirling aloft, brave Somers cried,
“ A glorious death or liberty ! ”

The volleying bomb-shells fierce were driven
Impetuous through the vault of Heaven,
And infidels, by terror riven,
With shrieks rent heaven's canopy.

'The bashaw from his castle fled,
The bomb-shells thundering o'er his head,
Whilst, strew'd along, the countless dead
Lay prone on earth in agony.

And fiercer vengeance still shall flow
Upon the faithless, guilty foe,
When Barron with his fleet shall go,
And storm that den of roguery.

Then will our cannon, spouting balls,
In ruins lay their castle's walls,
Whilst, wrapp'd in flames, each mansion falls,
And women sue for clemency.

Columbians! that will be the hour
With mercy so to temper power,
That Virtue shall not on you lour
An eye that looks severity.

And then shall Bainbridge once again
Recross, in liberty, the main,
Freed, with his crew, from galling chain,
And dungeon's gloomy tenantry.



84 DECATUR'S VICTORY.—1812.

ARISE! arise! Columbia's sons, arise!
And join in the shouts of the patriotic throng!
Arise! arise! Columbia's sons, arise!
And let Heaven's walls re-echo with your song—
For Columbia's genius, victory proclaiming,
Flies through the world, our rights and deeds main-
taining;

And our fame at Tripoli recorded still shall be,
And Decatur, brave Decatur's name remember'd be
with joy.

Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! boys,
Mars guards for us what we did independent
gain.

Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! boys,
Columbia still, unrestrain'd, sails the main.

Haughty and proud, the tawny sons of Tripoli
Had long been a pest to our independent sailing;
And vainly thought they to enslave us who were free,
While their flag waved unfurl'd o'er the main:
But Decatur soon taught them, midst all their peals of
thunder,
To Columbia's flag 'twas their wisdom to surrender;
And their frigate in a flame, gave a glory to his name,
And laurels graced the bosoms of Columbia's fair.

Huzza! huzza! huzza! &c.

In Congress, with joy, met the guardians of our rights,
Determined to give to merit its renown;
And surrounded their brows, which the hardy tar
requisites,
With fair Freedom's and a famed laurel crown—
And the loud trump of Fame o'er earth and ocean
sounding,
With Barron, Preble, Talbot, and Decatur's name
resounding:

And our fame at Tripoli recorded still shall be,
And Freedom's loving choir sing the glories of that day.

Huzza! huzza! huzza! &c.

Arise! arise! you sprightly sons of mirth,
Receive your protectors with open arms returning;

And view the spoils they with their blood have bought,
Columbia's flag waving high in the air.
And the American henceforward shall be penn'd,
A terror to his foe and an honour to his friend ;
From the scourge of Tripoli our children shall be free,
And millions unborn shall rejoice in our fame.

Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! &c.

85**THE YOUTHFUL SAILOR.**

BY JOHN D. WOLFE, JR.

THE youthful sailor mounts the bark,
And bids each weeping friend adieu ;
Fair blows the gale, the canvass swells ;
Slow sinks the upland from his view.

Three mornings, from his ocean-bed,
Resplendent beams the god of day ;
The fourth high looming in the mist,
A war-ship's flouting banners play.

Her yawl is launch'd ; light o'er the deep,
Too kind, she wafts a ruffian band ;
Her blue track lightens to the bark,
And soon on deck the miscreants stand.

Around they throw the baleful glance ;
Suspense holds mute the anxious crew—
Who is their prey ?—poor sailor-boy !
The baleful glance is fix'd on you.

Nay, why that useless scrip unfold ?—
They damn the “lying Yankee scrawl :”
Torn from thine hand, it strews the wave—
They force thee trembling to the yawl.

Sick was thine heart, as from the deck
The hand of friendship waved farewell ;
Mad was thy brain, as, far behind,
In the gray mist thy vessel fell.

One hope, yet, to thy bosom clung,
The captain mercy might impart :
Vain were that hope, which bade thee look
For mercy in a pirate's heart.

What woes can man on man inflict,
When malice joins with uncheck'd power !
Such woes, unpitied, and unknown,
For many a month, the sailor bore.

Oft gemm'd his eye the bursting tear,
As memory linger'd on past joy ;
As oft they flung the cruel jeer,
And damn'd the "chicken-liver'd boy."

When, sick at heart, with "hope deferr'd,"
Kind sleep his wasting form embraced,
Some ready minion plied the lash,
And the loved dream of freedom chased.

Fast to an end his miseries drew ;
The deadly hectic flush'd his cheek ;
On his pale brow the cold dew hung :
He sigh'd, and sunk upon the deck !

The sailor's woes drew forth no sigh ;
No hand would close the sailor's eye ;
Remorseless, his pale corpse they gave,
Unshrouded, to the friendly wave.

And, as he sunk beneath the tide,
A hellish shout arose ;
Exultingly the demons cried,
“ So fare all Albion’s rebel foes ! ”

86**THE TARS OF COLUMBIA.**

YE sons of Columbia, the trumpet of Fame
Through the wide world your actions shall loudly
proclaim :

See Liberty’s genius in triumph arise,
Recording your deeds as she mounts to the skies.

Whilst at the hostile shore, where thundering
cannons roar,

The note of each brave tar, each brave tar shall be,
No tribute ! but glory, we’ll die or be free.

The brave sons of Freedom, who fell in the cause
Supporting our rights, independence, and laws ;
As the actions of heroes, by history are graced,
First shall Somers, Decatur, and Wadsworth be placed.

Whilst at the hostile shore, &c.

See Preble exalted ! a monument stand !
Surrounded by heroes, who, under his command,
On Tripoli’s tyrant their vengeance have hurl’d,
And the deeds of Columbians resound through the
world.

Whilst at the hostile shore, &c.

May Washington’s genius our country defend,
And that charter maintain which Freedom has penn’d ;
But should tyranny dare our rights to invade,
By our tars shall the daring attempt be repaid.

Whilst at the hostile shore, &c.

87**THE YANKEE TAR**

WHEN engaged on the ocean, the brave Yankee tar
Reaps the laurels of fame in the tug of the war,
With patriot ardour inspired when he fights,
He conquers for glory and maritime rights.

His country's flag to the mast-head he nails,
Where it gallantly floats to the favouring gales ;
While serving his gun, with true courage he glows
And defiance he bids to America's foes.

With generous feelings his bosom is stored,
Fights on till existence is gone by the board ;
But, the enemy conquer'd, to mercy inclined,
A friend in the brave he rejoices to find.

Accomplish'd the cruise, to his country he steers,
High swells his full heart as his Sally he nears,
For faithful to glory and love are our tars,
To New England's honour, their stripes and their stars.

**88****THE IMPRESSED AMERICAN.**

O ! who can conceive how acute are my pains,
How my bosom with anguish is torn,
When I think, with regret, on those dear native plains,
Where none but a freeman is born ?

O ! curse on those fiends, having power to oppress,
Who wolf-like can prey on the weak ;
Who deny the unfortunate man a redress,
And permit not the poor man to speak.

Fell Tyranny's chains now unfetter my soul,
 As rudely I'm toss'd on the main ;
 Fell Tyranny's mandate, with lawless control,
 Plies the lash—dare her victims complain ?

With a quick-beating heart, while constrained I toil,
 For my friends and my country I mourn ;
 And in retrospect trace all the scenes in that soil,
 Where perhaps I shall never return.

When I think on my home, on my wife, and my child,
 That would cherub-like spring on my knee ;
 My brain is on fire, my thoughts are as wild
 As the storm-enraged waves of the sea.

Away, maddening thoughts, and begone, dark Despair !
 There's a Providence ruling on high,
 Who the widow and orphan takes under his care,
 And notes each oppress'd man's sigh.

89

THE APPEAL.

FREEDOM's sons, awake to glory ;
 Bid Columbia's eagle soar !
 Once our deeds have rung in story ;
 Burns the patriot flame no more ?
 Shall that arm which haughty Britain
 In its gristle found too strong :
 That, by which her hosts were smitten,
 Shall that arm be palsied long ?
 See our sons of ocean kneeling
 To a tyrant's stripes and chains !
 Partisan ! hast thou no feeling,
 When the hardy tar complains ?

See the British press-gang seize him,
 Victim of relentless power !
 Stout his heart is, but must fail him
 In this evil, trying hour !

Wife and children did enfold him,
 Ere he launch'd upon the deep :
 These shall ne'er again behold him ;
 These are left alone to weep.

Dragg'd on board his prison-dwelling—
 Snapp'd the cord of tender ties !
 While his manly heart is swelling,
 To the winds he gives his sighs.

Sons of Freedom ! rise and save him ;
 Snatch him from the tyrant's power ;
 And thy country then shall have him,
 Friend in peril's darkest hour.

**90****SONS OF FREEDOM, RISE !**

Rise ! sons of Freedom, rise !
 Swift as the lightning flies,
 Rush to the ocean, hear our brother sighing :
 Rush to the ocean, rescue him from dying.
 Let us unite, let martial songs
 Wake us to feel our country's wrongs.
 Let independence warm the soul—
 Proclaim it loud from pole to pole :
 Let every haughty tyrant know
 Each son of Freedom is his foe.

Insulting pirates now shall feel
Columbia's arm is nerved with steel.
Insulting pirates now shall feel
Columbia's arm is nerved with steel.

O'er Neptune's wide domain
These haughty tyrants reign,
Pirates and robbers, eager all for plunder.
Rouse, then, indignant ! hurl on them your thunder.
Americans ! no longer sleep,
No longer cringe, no longer creep ;
Boldly advance, and take your stand
Defend your much-insulted land ;
Mark how the eagle mounts the skies,
Where independent spirits rise.

The keen-eyed eagle points the way,
And Freedom's sons her call obey.
The keen-eyed eagle points the way,
And Freedom's sons her call obey.

Wide o'er Columbia's plain,
Wide o'er the watery main,
Let the loud trumpet wake each drooping spirit;
Rouse to defend the blessing we inherit.

Brave youth, prepare, these dire alarms
Call you to arms ; to arms ! to arms !
Our foes advance—slaves you must be,
Or proudly stand for liberty ;
Those foreign tyrants would destroy
That heaven-born freedom we enjoy.

Invading hordes shall die accurst,
Back they must fly, or bite the dust.
Invading hordes shall die accurst,
Back they must fly, or bite the dust.

91

EXERCISING SHIP.—1803.

Now for the rock our warlike frigate bore,
Nor storms were felt to beat, nor heard to roar—
“Clear ship for action!” sounds the boatswain’s call;
“Clear ship for action!” his three mimics bawl.
Swift round the decks see war’s dread weapons hurl’d,
And floating ruins strew the watery world.
“All hands to quarters!” fore and aft resounds,
Thrills from the fife, and from the drum-head bounds:
From crowded hatchways scores on scores arise,
Spring up the shrouds, and vault into the skies.
Firm at his quarters each bold gunner stands,
The death-fraught lightning flashing from his hands.
Touch’d at the word, tremendous cannons roar,
The waves rush, trembling, to the viewless shore.
From crackling muskets whizzing balls are sent,
And, darting, pierce the liquid element.
The fearful nations of the deep below
Fly the dire signals of impending wo;
Air’s wild inhabitants in clouds convene,
And wing, impetuous, from the frightful scene.
Men seek the spoils of the eventful fight:
Lo! not an enemy nor sail in sight—
What then? must poets ne’er record a deed,
Nor sing a battle but when thousands bleed?
Can naught but blood and carnage yield delight?
Or mangled carcasses regale the sight?
Which shows more godlike, men to save—or kill?
Their sweat by exercise, or blood to spill?
Which sounds more grateful to the man humane,
To hear of hundreds’ health, or hundreds slain?

No blood here flows, no hero's dying groans,
No squadrons vanquish'd, and no broken bones ;
But each more eager to the grog-tub ran,
Than when the foeless contest first began.

Still on our course, the Western Isles we past,
And famed Gibraltar heaves in sight at last :
Close in we stood, at our commander's word,
The harbour entered, and the frigate moor'd.
View'd from the ship, what prospects here arise !
The rock's bold summit, towering to the skies,
Roll'd in eternal clouds, through time has stood,
Nods, threats, and frowns terrific on the flood !
To guard the fortress, and the port command,
Round its wall'd base repulsive batteries stand :
Rows above rows, huge cannon wide extend,
And groves of muskets glittering terrors blend.
But flowery gardens soon relieve the sight,
And, side by side, lie horror and delight.

92

YANKEE TARS.

THE following song was composed by Dr. Darlington, one of the representatives in Congress from Pennsylvania, and sung by him at the dinner given by the delegation from that state, to Commodore Decatur and Captain Stewart, at Washington, on the 8th of January, 1816.

Tune—“Mrs. Casey.”

WHENE'ER the tyrants of the main
Assault Columbian seamen,
They'll find them ready to maintain
The noble name of “freemen.”
Then toast the brave, for they will save
Columbia's fame from sinking;

The honour'd scars of Yankee tars
Are glorious themes for drinking.

Too long our tars have borne, in peace,
With British domineering :
But now they've sworn the trade shall cease—
For vengeance they are steering.
Then toast, &c.

First gallant Hull, he was the lad
Who sail'd a tyrant-hunting ;
And swaggering Dacres soon was glad
To strike to "striped bunting."
Then toast, &c.

Intrepid Jones next boldly sought
The demons of oppression :
With a superior force he fought,
And gave the knaves a threshing.
Then toast, &c.

Then quickly met our nation's eyes
The noblest sight in nature—
A first-rate frigate, as a prize,
Brought in by brave Decatur.
Then toast, &c.

The veteran Bainbridge next prepared
To wield his country's thunder :
In quest of foes he boldly steer'd,
And drove the Java under.
Then toast, &c.

And daring Lawrence next parades :
From zone to zone he sought 'em :

One boasting Briton he blockades,
And sends one to the bottom.
Then toast, &c.

Next see our gallant Enterprise !
How nobly ocean rocks her !
There Burrows for his country dies,
But first subdues the Boxer.
Then toast, &c.

With loud applauses next we greet
The glorious news from Erie :
Behold ! a powerful British fleet
Submits to gallant Perry.
Then toast, &c.

Then Warrington, his country's pride,
Sails boldly forth to serve her ;
And, quickly humbled by his side,
We see the fierce Epervier.
Then toast, &c.

From noble Blakely's dauntless force
His vanquish'd foes in vain steer ;
For he could stop the Avon's course,
And overhaul the Reindeer !
Then toast, &c.

M'Donough, hero of Champlain,
Next proved, that British seamen
With Yankee tars contend in vain—
Because those tars are freemen.
Then toast, &c.

With "Ironsides" brave Stewart slips
To sea on her third cruise, sir,
And, tired of flogging single ships,
She drubs them now by twos, sir.
Then toast, &c.

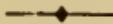
The Penguin next, with her bold crew,
Thought she to strike would scorn it :
She sought a Wasp—but found, in lieu,
Our Biddle and his "Hornet."
Then toast, &c.

Our Yankee tars to Afric's shore
Our heroes, lastly, led 'em—
And Turkish banners bow before
The starry flag of Freedom.

Then toast, &c.

Come, push the flowing bowl around,
And in Columbia's story
Long may such gallant names abound,
To vindicate her glory.

Then toast, &c.



93 DEATH OR VICTORY.—1814.

BRAVE warrior of old ocean,
Columbian heroes, hail !
Whose vengeance speaks in thunder deep,
Whose valour swells the gale ;
Again—again to conquest ! on !
The star-girt flag let fly ;
For the foe onward go,
'Tis to death or victory.

The spirit of Columbia
Shall ne'er in chains be thrall'd :
'Fore the terrors of her lightning front
The foe shall shrink appall'd.
Her sons, in freedom strongly nerved,
Shall tyrant worlds defy :
Midst the storms of their arms,
They'll find death or victory.

See ! see the glorious vanguard,
With pendant blue unfurl'd ;
Hesperia's banner'd eagle waves
Defiance to the world :
Tells, when their country calls to arms,
How freemen dare to die.
At her call they will fall,
Or find glorious victory.

Though towering o'er each billow
The tyrant foe appear ;
Though wide his thousand streamers wave,
And proudly flout the air—
Yet, freemen, on ! midst storm, midst fire,
Ye conquer, or ye die !
From the grave of the brave
Springs our country's liberty.

Thrice and thrice dark lowering,
The foeman gives his front ;
And thrice and thrice Columbia's tars
Loud hail the battle's brunt.
And thrice and thrice our eagle soars
Triumphantly on high :
Whilst the deep wakes his sleep,
At our shouts of victory.

Come on, confederate tyrants !
 Come try what freemen dare ;
 In liberty's almighty cause
 They scorn—they know not fear.
 While iron tempests raging beat,
 Their standard star shall fly ;
 To the brave it shall wave
 On to death or victory !

Ye sacred sires ! whose spirits
 Still guard your country's weal :
 Lo ! o'er the wave-repelling deck
 Your sons embattled kneel.
 By your blood which flow'd we, bending, swear,
 "Freemen we'll live or die."
 Midst the storms of our arms
 We'll find death or victory.

94**SIEGE OF PLATTSBURGH,**

As sung at the theatre at Albany, in the character of a negro sailor.

Tune—“Boyne Water.”

BACK side Albany stan' Lake Champlain,
 Little pond, half full a' water,
 Plat-te-burg dare too, close pon de main ;
 Town small—he grow bigger, do', herearter.
 On lake Champlain
 Uncle Sam set he boat,
 And Massa M'Donough, he sail 'em ;
 While General Macomb
 Make Plat-te-burg he home,
 Wid de army, who courage nebber fail 'em.

On 'lebenth day of Sep-tem-ber,
In eighteen hund'ed and fourteen,
Gubbener Proboscis, an he British sojer,
Come to Plat-te-burg a tea-party courtin':
An he boat come too
Arter Uncle Sam boat:
Massa Donough do look sharp out de winder.
Den Gen'ral Macomb
(Ah! he always a-home—)
Catch fire, too, jiss like a tinder.

Bang! bang! bang! den de cannons gin to roar
In Plat-te-burg, and all 'bout dat quarter;
Gubbener Proboscis try he hand 'pon de shore,
While he boat take he luck 'pon de water.
But Massa M'Donough
Knock he boat in he head,
Break he heart, broke he shin, 'tove he caff in,
And Gen'ral Macomb
Start ole Proboscis home—
Tot me soul den, I mus die a laffin.

Proboscis scare so, he lef all behine,
Powder, ball, cannon, tea-pot an kittle—
Some say he cotch a cole—trouble in he mine,
Cause he eat so much raw an cole vittle.
Uncle Sam berry sorry,
To be sure, for he pain;
Wish he nuss heself up well an hearty—
For Gen'ral Macomb
And Massa Donough home,
When he notion for anudder tea-party.

95 THE SEVEN NAVAL VICTORIES.

JOHN BULL, in a passion, once stoutly resolved
That he'd settle accounts, in dispute long involved :
For John had found out by his books, it appears,
That Jonathan owed him a grudge for some years.

Derry down, &c.

This Jonathan was a great dealer in ware,
Who imported the notions that Johnny could spare ;
Whom he thought his best friend, until time had be-
tray'd

He'd deceived him in orders, in counsel, and trade.

Derry down, &c.

When John first came out in a warrior's attire,
His crest triple-plumed, his mouth foaming with ire ;
He challenged his customer boldly to fight,
To prove by a combat his *balance* was right.

Derry down, &c.

Friend Jonathan was not a lover of strife,
He loved money well, but much better his life ;
And John vainly thought he had not to do more
Than to kick and to cuff him as oft he'd before,

Derry down, &c.

When Jonathan heard of John's bluster, the while,
His anger was kindled, his blood it did boil :
Quoth he, " Mr. Bull, I'll soon make it appear
You have taken this time the wrong sow by the ear."

Derry down, &c.

The battle commenced and with fury was tried ;
Whilst John on his skill and experience relied,

Poor Johnny, untutor'd, on bottom did rest,
He'd a strong *Constitution*—his pluck was the best.

Derry down, &c.

John sparr'd at a distance, right sure of success,
Till Jonathan closed with a furious press ;
And, breaking one half of his ribs at a blow,
In forty-five minutes, John cried, “ Stop, Hull-O ! ”

Derry down, &c.

The battle concluded, John scarcely could rest,
His feelings were wounded, his spirits depress'd ;
So, says he, “ By the way of drowning all pain,
I'll get drunk in a *Frolic*, and fight him again.”

Derry down, &c.

This insolent threat, under shameful defeat,
Raised Jonathan's choler, and Jonathan's feet ;
Like a *Wasp* he flew at him, and, changing his tones,
John cried out peccavi to old Davy Jones.

Derry down, &c.

John having revived from his desperate wo,
And gaining fresh courage from every fresh blow ;
Macedonian madness, like Aleck the great,
Involved him in wars—in black eyes—broken pate.

Derry down, &c.

For John, in the course of the rolling of time,
Had changed his retirement, his country and clime ;
And in the *United States* was again met
By Jonathan, who drubb'd him into a sweat.

Derry down, &c.

John, stung with disaster and threefold disgrace,
In India's fair climes sought for safety and peace ;

But Jonathan chanced to go there in pursuit,
He met him in *Java*, and flogg'd him to boot.

Derry down, &c.

John, finding that he had to do with a wight
Who was too much his match in a rough fisty fight;
Resolved a few lessons to learn, ere 'twas late,
At Crib's or at Molineux's next royal bait.

Derry down, &c.

Now John, who for boasting could ne'er be outdone,
Had a bird which, for splendour, would rival the sun :
A bird which, he said, that, when pitted to fight,
Was as certain of conquest as valorous knight.

Derry down, &c.

His *Peacock* he placed in the care of a friend,
But, the bird being silly, soon came to its end :
For, approaching too near to a dangerous nest,
A *Hornet* attacked and soon buzz'd him to rest.

Derry down, &c.

Jack having acquired the pugical art,
And priding himself on his muscles and heart;
Left home in the character, novel and rare,
Of a *Boxer* profess'd in the “art militaire.”

Derry down, &c.

When Jonathan saw him first flourish his fists,
The gauntlet was thrown, and they enter'd the lists,
For Jonathan's *Enterprise* boldly defies
Broken ribs, bloody nose, or a pair of black eyes.

Derry down, &c.

The ring was now form'd—the first round was severe ;
John dealt his opponent a blow on the ear,

Which had well nigh proved fatal to Johnny, alack !
Had he not been supported by friends at his back.

Derry down, &c.

The second round alter'd the state of the fight ;
John was knock'd down in turn, and the dust made to
bite,

Which decided, right quickly, the fate of the day,
For John cried "enough," and was straight led away.

Derry down, &c.

To Jonathan's carried, his wounds were bound up,
And John, when recruited, requested a sup
Of cider or whisky, his strength to repair,
So Jonathan gave him the "juice of a pear."

Derry down, &c.

The taste of the liquor well pleased Mr. Bull,
Who, having quaff'd potently, till he was full,
In a style of importance turn'd round to his host,
And told him he'd take all his *Perry* at cost.

Derry down, &c.

Now Jonathan was a right humorous wag ;
He order'd the liquor—the jug did not flag ;
And John got his dose of the exquisite stuff ;
For the *Perry* o'ercame him—he cried "I've enough!"

Derry down, &c.

When John became sober and thought of his state,
Says he, "Chance is against me, as well as my fate :
I've been *seven times* conquer'd, and now I at length
Think it time to walk off, to recover my strength."

Derry down, &c.

**96 BROTHER JONATHAN'S EPISTLE TO
JOHNNY BULL.—1814.**

O, JOHNNY BULL, my joe, John, I wonder what you mean ?

Are you on foreign conquest bent, or what ambitious scheme ?

Ah ! list to brother Jonathan, your fruitless plans forego ;

Remain on your fast-anchor'd isle, O Johnny Bull, my joe.

O, Johnny Bull, my joe, John, don't come across the main ;

Our fathers bled and suffer'd, John, our freedom to maintain ;

And him who in the cradle, John, repell'd the ruthless foe,

Provoke not, when to manhood grown, O Johnny Bull, my joe.

O, Johnny Bull, my joe, John, you've proud and haughty grown ;

The ocean is a highway, which you falsely call your own :

And Columbia's sons are valiant, John, nor fear to face the foe,

And never yield to equal force, O Johnny Bull, my joe.

O, Johnny Bull, my joe, John, your Peacocks keep at home,

And ne'er let British seamen in a Frolic hither come,

For we've Hornets, and we've Wasps, John, who,
as you doubtless know,

Carry stingers in their tails, O Johnny Bull, my joe.

When I name our naval heroes, John, O! hear old
England's groans:

There's Bainbridge, Porter, Blakely, Decatur, Hull,
and Jones;

And while for gallant Lawrence our grateful tears
shall flow,

We never will give up the ship, O Johnny Bull, my joe.

O, Johnny Bull, my joe, John, on Erie's distant shore
See how the battle rages, and loud the cannons roar;
But Perry taught our seamen to crush the assailing foe—
He met, and made them ours, O Johnny Bull, my joe.

O, Johnny Bull, my joe, John, behold on Lake Cham-
plain,

With more than equal force, John, you tried your fist
again:

But the cock saw how 't was going, and cried "cock-
a-doodle-doo,"

And Macdonough was victorious, O Johnny Bull, my
joe!

Your soldiers on the land, John, on that eventful day,
Mark'd the issue of the conflict, and then they ran
away:

And Macomb would have Burgoyn'd, John, your Go-
vernor Prevost;

But, ah! he was too nimble, O Johnny Bull, my joe.

O, Johnny Bull, my joe, John, in night attacks and day,
We drove you from Fort Erie—flogg'd you at Chip-
peway:

There's Porter, Brown and Ripley, Scott and Gaines to
face the foe,
And they use the bayonet freely, O, Johnny Bull, my
joe.

What though at Washington, a base marauding band
Our monuments of art, John, destroy'd with ruthless
hand :

O, it was a savage warfare, John, beneath a generous
foe,
And brings the most disgrace on you, O Johnny Bull,
my joe.

O, Johnny Bull, my joe, John, don't send your Coch-
rane o'er,
Few places are assailable, on this our native shore :
And we'll leave our homes and friends, John, and
crush the reptile foe
That dares pollute our native soil, O Johnny Bull, my
joe.

O, Johnny Bull, my joe, John, when all your schemes
had fail'd,
To wipe away the stigma, John, for New Orleans you
sail'd :
But heavier woes await thee, John, for Jackson meets
the foe,
Who's name and fame's immortal, O Johnny Bull, my
joe !

O, Johnny Bull, my joe, John, your Packenham's no
more :
The blood of your invincibles crimsons our native
shore :

No Hampton scenes are here, John, to greet a savage foe,
 Nor booty—no, nor beauty, O Johnny Bull, my joe.
 O, Johnny Bull, my joe, John, your heroes keep at home;
 In high spirits they come hither, but they're carried back in rum.
 You say your sons are valiant, John : I grant they may be so :
 But more valiant are our Yankee boys, O, Johnny Bull, my joe.
 Your schemes to gather laurels here, I guess were badly plann'd :
 We have whipp'd you on the ocean, John, we've thresh'd you on the land :
 Then hie thee to old England, John, your fruitless plans forego,
 And stick to thy fast-anchor'd isle, O, Johnny Bull, my joe.

97

BATTLE OF PLATTSBURG.

Tune—“Maggy Lauder.”

SIR George Prevost, with all his host,
 March'd forth from Montreal, sir,
 Both he and they as blithe and gay
 As going to a ball, sir.
 The troops he chose were all of those
 That conquer'd Marshal Soult, sir ;
 Who at Garonne (the fact is known)
 Scarce brought them to a halt, sir.

With troops like these, he thought with ease
To crush the Yankee faction :
His only thought was how he ought
To bring them into action.

“ Your very names,” Sir George exclaims,
“ Without a gun or bayonet,
Will pierce like darts through Yankee hearts,
And all their spirits stagnate.

“ O ! how I dread lest they have fled
And left their puny fort, sir,
For sure Macomb won’t stay at home,
T’ afford us any sport, sir.
Good bye !” he said to those that stay’d :
“ Keep close as mice or rats snug :
We’ll just run out upon a scout,
To burn the town of Plattsburg.”

Then up Champlain with might and main
He march’d, in dread array, sir ;
With fife and drum to scare Macomb,
And drive him quite away, sir.
And, side by side, their nation’s pride
Along the current beat, sir :
Sworn not to sup till they ate up
M’Donough and his fleet, sir.

Still onward came these men of fame,
Resolved to give “ no quarter :”
But to their cost found at last
That they had caught a Tartar.
At distant shot a while they fought,
By water and by land, sir :
His knightship ran from man to man,
And gave his dread command, sir.

“ Britons, strike home ! this dog Macomb—
So well the fellow knows us—
Will just as soon jump o'er the moon
As venture to oppose us.
With quick despatch light every match,
Man every gun and swivel,
Cross in a crack the Saranac,
And drive ‘em to the devil.”

The Vermont ranks that lined the banks,
Then poised the unerring rifle,
And to oppose their haughty foes
They found a perfect trifle.
Meanwhile the fort kept up such sport,
They thought the devil was in it ;
Their mighty train play’d off in vain—
’Twas silenced in a minute.

Sir George, amazed, so wildly gazed,
Such frantic gambols acted,
Of all his men, not one in ten
But thought him quite distracted.
He cursed and swore, his hair he tore,
Then jump’d upon his poney,
And gallopp’d off towards the bluff,
To look for Captain Downie.

But when he spied M·Donough ride,
In all the pomp of glory,
He hasten’d back to Saranac,
To tell the dismal story :
“ My gallant crews—O ! shocking news—
Are all or killed or taken !
Except a few that just withdrew
In time to save their bacon.

“ Old England’s pride must now subside.

O ! how the news will shock her,
To have her fleet not only beat,
But sent to Davy’s locker.
From this sad day let no one say
Britannia rules the ocean :
We’ve dearly bought the humbling thought,
That this is all a notion.

“ With one to ten I’d fight ’gainst men,
But these are Satan’s legions,
With malice fraught, come piping hot
From Pluto’s darkest regions !
Helas ! mon Dieu ! what shall I do ?
I smell the burning sulphur—
Set Britain’s isle all rank and file,
Such men would soon engulf her.

“ That’s full as bad—O ! I’ll run mad !
Those western hounds are summon’d ;
Gaines, Scott, and Brown are coming down,
To serve me just like Drummond.
Thick, too, as bees, the Vermontese
Are swarming to the lake, sir ;
And Izard’s men, come back again,
Lie hid in every brake, sir.

“ Good Brisbane, beat a quick retreat,
Before their forces join, sir :
For, sure as fate, they’ve laid a bait
To catch us like Burgoyne, sir.
All round about, keep good look out :
We’ll surely be surrounded.
Since I could crawl, my gallant soul
Was never so astounded.”

The rout began, Sir George, led on,
 His men ran helter skelter,
 Each tried his best t' out-run the rest
 To gain a place of shelter;
 To hide their fear they gave a cheer,
 And thought it mighty cunning—
 He'll fight say they, another day,
 Who saves himself by running!

98

MY SAILOR LADDIE.

Tune—Katherine Ogie.

WHERE roll thy billows, O Champlain,
 Thy foaming billows swelling,
 That proudly lash the listening plain,
 A tale of glory telling;
 Beneath thy sacred bosom low,
 In weeds both tall and shady,
 The pride of all Macdonough's crew,
 There sleeps my sailor laddie.

 Oft had he met the battle's fray,
 With Hull and brave Decatur;
 And oft had victory mark'd his way,
 Midst scenes of death and slaughter,
 But now that manly spirit's fled
 To regions dark and shady!
 Deep in a watery tomb is laid
 My valiant sailor laddie!

 How oft when he return'd from far,
 His plighted faith renewing,
 Beguiled my heart of every care,
 And every doubt subduing.

And as he sigh'd each tender vow,
Beneath the willows shady ;
With laurels green I deck'd the brow
Of my young sailor laddie.

At length arrived the fatal day,
And loud the cannons rattle !
Though victory crown'd the doubtful fray,
He fell amidst the battle !

With anxious heart for his dear sake,
I left my mam and daddy,
And hied to seek him on the lake,
My much loved sailor laddie.

With eager haste on board I flew,
To cheer my dying lover !
But ah ! my disappointed woe,
My Henry's gone forever.

For O, they plunged him in the deep,
With hands both rude and bloody,
And left a wretched maid to weep
Her dear lost sailor laddie !



99 THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

Sung at a festival given to Commodore Rodgers at New York, 1814.

Tune—American Star.

O, STRIKE up the harp to the warrior returning,
From the toils and the tempests of ocean's rough
wave ;
The hearts of his brethren, with gratitude burning,
Shall beat to the numbers which welcome the brave.

Then here's to the heroes, high-sounding in story,
Who've gallantly met, and have conquer'd the foe ;
And Rodgers, brave Rodgers, coeval in glory,
Who's "ready and steady" to give him a blow.

O'er the furthermost seas his broad banners are waving,
Like an eagle in air, thrice he swept o'er the flood,
The fleets of proud Britain with vigilance braving ;
And his deeds—who shall say they're not noble and
good ?

The wounds he received, for his country contending,
The hardships endured shall they e'er be forgot ?
The slanderous tongues, 'gainst his fair fame offending,
And the hands that deface—may they wither and rot !

For freemen will cherish the rough sons of Ocean,
Who've no party plea when a foe may assail—
But undauntedly fly to the scene of commotion,
To fight for their rights, till they die or prevail.

In the bosom of Rodgers, did fear ever mingle
With the mild dove of peace or the eagle of war ?
Dare the enemy meet, with force equal and single ?
No ! but flies from the roar of his thunder afar !

Columbians ! one cause, and one soul, and one spirit
Inspires all your sons who contend on the wave ;
And prejudice ne'er shall eclipse real merit,
Nor fortune forever coquette with the brave !

Then join the glad song, worth and valour commanding,
Fan the flame which in each patriot bosom should
burn,
And all honest hearts, in true sympathy blending,
Unite in a toast to the warrior's return !

100**RISE, COLUMBIA.**

BY JAMES C. HOLLAND.

WHEN Freedom first the triumph sung,
That crush'd the pomp of Freedom's foes,
The harps of Heaven responsive rung,

As thus the choral numbers rose :

Rise, Columbia ! brave and free !

Thy thunder when in battle hurl'd,
Shall ride the billows of the sea,
And bid defiance to the world !

Supremely blest by Fate's decree,
Thy hardy tars in battle brave,
Shall plume thy wings, and keep thee free
As is the motion of thy wave ;
Rise, Columbia ! &c.

The stars that in thy banner shine,
Shall rain destruction on thy foes,
Yet light the brave of every clime,
To kindred friendship and repose ;
Rise, Columbia ! &c.

The storms that on thy surges rock,
Around thy flag shall idly sweep,
Proof to the tempest's fiercest shock,
Its stripes shall awe the vassal deep.
Rise, Columbia ! &c.

Encircled with a flood of light,
Thy eagle shall supremely rise,
Lead thee to victory in fight,
And bear thy victory to the skies.
Rise, Columbia ! &c.

101 BAINBRIDGE'S VICTORY.

Sung at a dinner given at Boston, to Commodore Bainbridge, and the officers of the frigate Constitution, for their gallant achievement in the capture of the British frigate Java.

BY L. M. SARGENT.

Tune—Ye Mariners of England.

BRAVE hearts of ocean chivalry,
Who late in arms have stood
Victorious o'er the bravest foe,
Whose thunder wakes the flood !
Ye twice have sought fame's proudest height,
And twice attained the goal !
Again, o'er the main,
Shall your conquering thunders roll,
And your banners float victoriously,
And your conquering thunders roll.

Mark, how yon ship triumphantly
Her native billows lave !
Where first she gave her native form
In rapture to the wave.
Twice bold Britannia's hearts of oak
Have own'd her stern control,
And again, o'er the main,
Shall her conquering thunders roll,
And her banners float victoriously,
And her conquering thunders roll.

When first again for battle
Ye bade your thunders swell,
A spirit, clad in armour, stood,
Where once a hero fell.
It sternly frown'd upon the foe,

And show'd the scar it bore :
Till again, o'er the main,
Your thunder ceased to roar.
And your banners waved victoriously,
While your thunders ceased to roar.

Bush ! 'twas thy gallant spirit,
That left its realms on high,
To hear Columbia's battle rage,
To see her streamers fly.
That spirit, when the fight was done,
Aloft the tidings bore,
How again, o'er the main,
Your conquering guns did roar,
And your banners waved victoriously,
And your conquering guns did roar.

Fame ! wreath again thy laurels,
Like Hull's forever fair ;
Such garlands, on his manly brow,
Shall noble Bainbridge wear ;
The same their banner and their deck,
The same their daring soul,
And the same be their fame,
While their conquering thunders roll,
And their banners float victoriously,
And their conquering thunders roll.

High on thy rolls of glory,
With honour doubly crown'd,
By those whose sires are yet unborn,
Shall Alwin's name be found.
The spirits of the brave, who live
On thine eternal scroll,

Again, o'er the main,
 When they hear their thunders roll,
 Shall trim those banners to the breeze,
 While the conquering thunders roll.
 “Ye Mariners of England,”
 The brave applaud the brave;
 Our bays with cypress would we twine,
 To deck your Lambert's grave;
 But since 'tis ours to meet ye foes,
 Our gallant friends of yore,
 Again, o'er the main,
 Shall our conquering thunders roar,
 And our banners float victoriously,
 And our conquering thunders roar.
 Fame, ready twine such garlands,
 As crown the brave to-day;
 For here are ocean warriors,
 As good and brave as they.
 When fortune leads them where the foe
 Now sweep the surges o'er,
 Again, o'er the main,
 Shall our conquering thunders roar,
 And our banners float victoriously,
 And our conquering thunders roar.

102

LAWRENCE'S VICTORY.

ALL hail, Columbia's sons! once more,
 Their glory beams o'er ocean bright;
 All welcome to their native shore,
 Triumphant from the bloody fight.
 Columbia's sons shall ever be,
 The guardians of true liberty.

The gallant Lawrence stemm'd the sea,
 Nor fear'd to meet the haughty foe ;
 His flag, the flag of liberty,
 Flowed in the breeze and still shall flow.
 Columbia's sons, &c.

A bird of Albion's daring race,
 Fast moved along on airy wing,
 The Hornet too, with naval grace,
 Prepared to dart it's keenest sting.
 Columbia's sons, &c.

The rage of battle warmer grew,
 Death reigned with haughty triumph there,
 The thundering broadsides faster flew,
 Whistling along the floating air.
 Columbia's sons, &c.

But lo ! she strikes ; the Peacock's crest,
 Fast sinks to ocean's coral bed ;
 Down, down she goes ; there let her rest,
 And peace attend her sleeping dead.
 Columbia's sons, &c.

High on the glowing scroll of fame,
 In dazzling tints, this deed shall shine ;
 And there, brave Lawrence, shall thy name
 Live in an everlasting shrine,
 Columbia's sons, &c.



Tune—Ye Tars of Columbia.

THE banner of Freedom high floated unfurl'd,
 While the silver tipt surges in low homage curl'd,

Flashing bright round the bow of Decatur's brave bark,
In contest, an eagle—in chasing, a lark.

The bold "United States,"

Which four-and-forty rates,

Shall ne'er be known to yield—be known to yield
or fly—

Her motto is "Glory! we conquer or die."

All canvass extended to woo the coy gale,
The ship clear'd for action, in chase of a sail:
The foeman in view, every bosom beats high,
All eager for conquest, or ready to die.

The bold United States, &c.

Now havoc stands ready, with optics of flame,
And battle-hounds "strain on the start" for the game.
The blood demons rise on the surge for their prey,
While pity, dejected, awaits the dread fray.

The bold United States, &c.

The gay-floating streamers of Britain appear,
Waving light in the breeze, as the stranger we near;
And now could the quick-sighted Yankee discern,
Macedonian emblazoned at large on her stern.

The bold United States, &c.

She waits our approach, and the contest began,
But to waste ammunition is no Yankee plan;
In awful suspense every match was withheld,
While the bull-dogs of Britain incessantly yell'd:

The bold United States, &c.

Unawed by her thunders, alongside we came,
While the foe seem'd enwrapp'd in a mantle of flame,
When, prompt to the word, such a flood we return,
That Neptune, aghast, thought his trident would burn.

The bold United States, &c.

Now the lightning of battle gleams horribly red,
With a tempest of iron, and a hail-storm of lead :
And our fire on the foe was so copiously pour'd,
His mizen and top-masts soon went by the board.

The bold United States, &c.

So fierce and so bright did our flashes aspire,
They thought that their cannon had set us on fire—
“The Yankees on flames,” every British tar hears,
And hail’d the false omen with three hearty cheers.

The bold United States, &c.

In seventeen minutes, they found their mistake,
And were glad to surrender, and fall in our wake,
Her decks were with carnage and blood deluged o'er,
Where, weltering in blood, lay a hundred and four.

The bold United States, &c.

But though she was made so completely a wreck,
With blood they had scarcely encrimson'd our deck ;
Only five valiant Yankees in battle was slain,
And our ship in five minutes was fitted again.

The bold United States, &c.

Let Britain no longer lay claim to the seas,
For the trident of Neptune is ours, if we please.
While Hull, and Decatur, and Jones are our boast,
We dare their whole navy to come to our coast.

The bold United States, &c.

Rise, tars of Columbia, and share in the fame,
Which gilds Hull's, Decatur's and Jones's bright name,
Fill a bumper and drink, “Here's success to the cause,
But Decatur supremely deserves our applause.”

The bold United States, &c.

104**KIDNAPPED SEAMEN.**

SONS of Freedom, break your slumbers !

Hear a brother's piercing cries ;
From amidst your foes' deep thunders,
Hear his bitter griefs arise !

Seized by ruffians on the ocean,
From his kindred borne away,
Forced to render his devotion,
To relentless tyrants' sway.

See ! with ruthless hands they chain him !
Iron fetters bind his arms !
Better that they first had slain him,
And relieved from future harms.

See his naked body streaming
Rills of blood beneath the lash ;
See his eyes indignant beaming,
Sparkling vengeance as they flash.

Though his body, scored with gashes,
Sinks beneath a brutal hand,
His soul still scorns the fiend-like lashes,
And turns to view his native land.

"O my country," hear him calling,
"When, O when, the happy hour,
That the sailor saves from falling
In these demons' lawless power ?"

Can we hear his sad petition,
Echoing o'er our hills and dales,
And turn unmoved from his condition,
While his miseries he bewails ?

Sons of freemen, arm for battle,
And avenge your brother's cause !
Let your thundering cannon rattle
For our country and our laws !

105 RODGERS AND VICTORY.

Tune—“Yankee Doodle.”

JOHN BULL, who has for ten years past
Been daily growing prouder,
Has got another taste at last
Of Yankee ball and powder,
Yankee doodle, join the tune,
To every freeman handy,
Let's shake the foot and rigadoon
To Yankee doodle dandy.

His wrongs and insults have increased,
Till Yankees cannot bear 'em,
And as they wish'd to live in peace,
He thought that he could scare 'em.
But Yankees know their good old tune,
For fun or fighting handy,
For battle or for rigadoon,
'Tis Yankee doodle dandy.

You all remember well, I guess,
The Chesapeake disaster,
When Britons dared to kill and press,
To please their royal master.
That day did murder'd freemen fall,
Their graves are cold and sandy ;
Their funeral dirge was sung by all,
Not Yankee doodle dandy.

But still for this we mann'd no ship,
But used expostulation,
They murder'd Pierce—they fired on Tripp,
We bore the degradation.

For though we can like tigers fight,
Yet peaceful joys are handy :
Like brothers still we would unite,
With Yankee doodle dandy.

The tools of British power who steal
And murder on the ocean,
For every wrong they make us feel
Meet honour and promotion.

I guess if father was not dead,
He'd think us very bandy,
And ask where all the fire had fled
Of Yankee doodle dandy.

But finding injuries prolong'd,
Become a growing evil,
Our Commodore got leave, if wrong'd,
To blow 'em to the devil.

And Rodgers is a spunky lad,
In naval battles handy,
'Twas he who whipt the Turks so well
With Yankee doodle dandy.

So off he goes, and tells his crew ;
The sails were quickly bent, sir ;
A better ship you never knew,
She's call'd the President, sir,
They hoisted up the topsails soon,
The sailors are so handy ;
While drums and fifes struck up the tune
Of Yankee doodle dandy.

On Thursday morn we saw a sail,
Well arm'd with gun and swivel,
Says Rodgers, " We will chase and hail,
And see if she'll be civil."

So after her they hasten'd soon,
The sailors are so handy ;
While drums and fifes still play'd the tune
Called Yankee doodle dandy.

" Where are you from ?" bold Rodgers cried—
Which made the British wonder—
Then with a gun they quick replied,
Which made a noise like thunder.

Like lightning we return'd the joke,
Our matches were so handy,
The Yankee bull-dogs nobly spoke
The tune of doodle dandy.

A brilliant action then began,
Our fire so briskly burn'd, sir,
While blood from British scuppers ran,
Live Seventy-six return'd, sir,

Our cannon roar'd, our men huzza'd,
And fired away so handy,
Till Bingham struck, he was so scared,
At hearing doodle dandy.

Then having thus chastised the foe,
And wounded thirty British,
We gave the rascals leave to go,
They felt so deused skittish.

Now toast our Commodore so brave,
In toddy, flip, or brandy,
And strike aloud the merry stave
Of Yankee doodle dandy.

106

ODE,

Sung at the dinner given to the officers of the United States frigate Constitution, after the victory over the British frigate Guerriere.

BY L. M. SARGEANT, ESQ.

Tune—“Ye Mariners of England.”

BRITANNIA's gallant streamers
 Float proudly o'er the tide ;
And fairly wave Columbia's stripes,
 In battle, side by side :
And ne'er did bolder foemen meet
 Where ocean's surges pour.
O'er the tide now they ride,
 While the bellowing thunders roar,
While the cannon's fire is flashing fast,
 And the bellowing thunders roar.

When Yankee meets the Briton,
 Whose blood congenial flows,
By heaven created to be friends,
 By fortune render'd foes ;
Hard then must be the battle fray,
 Ere well the fight is o'er ;
Now they ride, side by side,
 While the bellowing thunders roar ;
While the cannon's fire is flashing fast,
 And the bellowing thunders roar ;

Still, still for noble England,
 Bold Dacres' streamers fly ;
And, for Columbia, gallant Hull's
 As proudly and as high.
Now louder rings the battle din,

More thick the volumes pour ;
Still they ride, side by side,
While the bellowing thunders roar ;
While the cannon's fire is flashing fast,
And the bellowing thunders roar.

Why lulls Britannia's thunder,
That waked the watery war ?
Why stays that gallant Guerriere,
Whose streamers waved so fair ?
That streamer drinks the ocean wave !
That warrior's fight is o'er !
Still they ride, side by side,
While Columbia's thunders roar ;
While her cannons fire is flashing fast,
And her Yankee thunders roar.

Hark, 'tis the Briton's lee-gun !
Ne'er bolder warrior kneel'd !
And ne'er to gallant mariners
Did braver seamen yield.
Proud be the sires, whose hardy boys
Then fell to fight no more ;
With the brave, 'mid the wave,
When the cannon's thunders roar ;
Their spirits then shall trim the blast,
And swell the thunder's roar.

Vain were the cheers of Britons,
Their hearts did vainly swell,
Where virtue, skill, and bravery,
With gallant Morris fell.
That heart, so well in battle tried,

Along the Moorish shore,
Yet again, o'er the main,
When Columbia's thunders roar,
Shall prove its Yankee spirit true,
When Columbia's thunders roar.

Hence be our floating bulwarks
Those oaks our mountains yield ;
'Tis mighty Heaven's plain decree ;
Then take the watery field !
To ocean's farthest barrier, then,
Your whitening sails shall pour :
Safe they'll ride o'er the tide,
While Columbia's thunders roar,
While her cannon's fire is flashing fast,
And her Yankee thunders roar.

107 AMERICAN SEAMEN'S LAMENTATION.

FROM dungeons of Britain, which float on the main,
O hear the sad tale of our sorrowful moan ;
The sun of your freedom for us shines in vain,
As captives we live but to sigh and to groan.
Then pity, dear brothers, the fate we deplore,
Let our dear native land but receive us once more.

The insolent Briton, who rules us with scorn,
With a heart made of stone, does but mock at our
grief,
Nor feels for the pangs of our state so forlorn,
In hopes that our thraldom may find no relief.
Then pity, dear brothers, the fate we deplore,
Let our dear native country receive us once more.

O brothers! ye boast of your liberty won,
By Washington's feats and by deeds of your own;
No ray meets our eyes of bright liberty's sun,
Forced to fight and to die for a land not our own.
Then pity, dear brothers, the fate we deplore,
Let our friends and our country receive us once more.

How happy with you to conquer or die,
For country and liberty offer our lives,
At the word of command be still ready to fly,
Protecting our parents, our children, and wives.
Then pity, dear fathers, the fate we deplore,
Let our dear native country receive us once more.

Forget not your sailors in thralldom severe,
Who cease not to think and to pine after you;
Be not plunder'd of all which a man holds most dear,
Nor suffer our days to be number'd but few.
Then pity, dear nation, our sorrowful strain,
Nor let us forever solicit in vain.



108 JOHN CODLINE AND JOHN BULL.

WITH his ship all well mann'd, and "chock full of
fight,"
John Codline was ploughing the ocean one night.
As fortune would have it, John Bull came that way,
And thought Mr. Codline some Frenchman astray.
"Who are you?" cries Codline—Sir Bull was quite
mum—!
And in lieu of a word gave Codline a gun.

"Egad! that's plain English, my own mother tongue,"
Cries Codline—"I'll give you as good as you flung.

The sauce I now hear, oft before I have heard—
So now, my good fellow, see who's the last word."

Broadside and broadside, then at it they went,
Till Bull cried, "Peccavi,—this ain't what I meant.

I thought you a Frenchman, and fear'd not your size,
Well knowing the larger—the greater the prize."

"A good one," cries Codline—"this blundering hit
May learn you to profit by loss of your wit.

Hereafter, when Codline you happen to meet,
On Neptune's highway, on river, or street—

Be civil, friend Bull, for we fear not a straw,
Your 'ultima ratio'—your old *cannon law.*"



109 SEAMEN OF COLUMBIA.

YE seamen of Columbia,
Who guard our nation's rights,
Whose deeds deserve eternal fame,
In four successive fights;
O try your matchless skill again,
Subdue your ancient foe,
As they roar on your shore,
Where the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of ten thousand men,
Who groan beneath the yoke,
Shall join to aid your labours
When you their chains have broke,

Nor shall they e'er be press'd again,
To serve your ancient foe,
As they roar on your shore,
Where the stormy tempests blow.

Columbia needs no bulwark
Along the stormy coast,
Her gallant seamen are her walls,
The country's pride and boast;
There's Hull, Decatur, Porter, Jones,
And a long list beside,
Who will sweep o'er the deep,
And in fearless triumph ride.

The haughty flag of England,
That waved a thousand years,
Is stripp'd of its proud laurels,
Which on our flag appears;
Our tars have crown'd the eagle,
And the stripes have lash'd the foe,
As they sweep o'er the deep,
Where the stormy tempests blow.



110

AMERICAN VICTORIES.

HARK ! again the cannon's roar
Floats along Columbia's shore,
Peals on peals, redoubling, roll,
Whilst glory fires each patriot soul.

Some dreadful contest shakes the main—
Hark, the thunder breaks again !
And now amid the ocean's glow,
“She strikes ! she strikes !” Columbia's foe.

Britannia weep ! thy laurels view
Fast fading, twin'd with mournful yew,
Columbia's little naval band
Will wrest the trident from thy hand.

See boastful Dacres, humbled, yield
To modest Hull the azure field ;
To Yankee skill resign the wave
That rises o'er the Guerriere's grave.

And see, beneath the southern sky,
Columbia's flag triumphant fly !
Intrepid Jones with ardour burns,
And vengeful on the Frolic turns.

Superior force the Briton claims,
But dauntless Jones the fight maintains,
Till haughty England sees once more
Her red cross humbled as before.

Then turn, behold Columbia's pride,
Decatur—oft in battle tried—
The Preble of her infant name—
The Nelson of her future fame.

See, vanquish'd, by his valiant hand,
The Macedonian, captive stand ;
Struck, her proud banners to his might,
And hails him champion of the fight.

Whilst fair Columbia's genius twines,
And graceful round his temple binds
That glorius wreath, the meed of fame,
Which consecrates a hero's name.

Then, Britain, weep ! thy laurels view
Fast fading, twined with mournful yew ;
Columbia's little naval band
Shall wrest the trident from thy hand.

111

DEATH OR VICTORY.

COLUMBIANS, rouse to glory,
The trump of War alarms,
Around the tree of Liberty,
Come buckle on your arms—
Defend the glorious heritage
Your fathers' valour won,
So shall fame, crown each name,
When the day of battle's done.

Long has our country's vengeance,
In mild forbearance slept,
While free-born sons of liberty
In bloody bondage wept—
Let now, since peace in war must cease,
Your valour teach the foe,
Whilst their blood swells the flood,
That 'tis Vengeance strikes the blow.

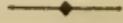
The haughty fleets of Britain
Assail'd your native shore,
Around each bay to seek for prey,
Their thundering cannons roar.
But Rodgers and Decatur soon
Their daring crest shall lower—
O'er their slain on the main,
Shall Columbia's eagle soar.

Soon on the plains of Abraham
Our hardy sons shall rear,
The banner free of liberty,
To haughty Britain's fear;

Nor will they quit the glorious field,
 Till laurels nobly deck
 Every head, quick or dead,
 Of the conquerors of Quebec.

Columbians love their liberty,
 Their country, and their God,
 No kingly power shall make them cower,
 They dread no tyrant's nod ;
 Their happy country's destiny
 Is ever to be free,
 And they'll fight for every right,
 For their land and liberty.

Then rouse, Columbians, rush to arms !
 Obey your country's call ;
 Your motto, "Death or victory!"
 Live gloriously or fall—
 Preserve the precious heritage
 Your fathers' valour won,
 So shall fame crown each name,
 When the day of battle's done.

**112**

OCEAN'S LIBERTY.

YE seamen of America, rouse, rouse your native fires ;
 Go forth to deeds of glory, worthy your gallant sires,
 No more submit to Britain's rule where ocean rolls his
 wave :

But maintain on the main,
 The rights which nature gave.

Assert the ocean's liberty, or make its bed your grave.

See how the Constitution's crew assail'd the haughty
foe !

They speak their wrongs in thunder, no fear their
bosoms know :

See Britain's boasted wooden walls succumb beneath
their might,

When again on the main

They wage the dreadful fight.

Assert the ocean's liberty, and wage the dreadful fight !

Rouse, rouse to deeds of valour, your vengeance on the
foe ;

No more impressment's cruel wrong shall Yankee
seamen know ;

The ocean's perfect liberty in thunder loud proclaim :

On the main firm maintain

The rights you justly claim ;

Avenge your country's injuries, or perish on the main.

See how the brave Decatur subdues the foe in fight !

See Britain's boasted bull-dogs subdued by Yankee
might !

Such be your deeds, whene'er you meet the Briton on

On the main firm maintain [the wave :

The rights which nature gave,

Assert the ocean's liberty, or make its bed your grave.

Loud roar'd the storm of ocean when Jones the Frolic
met :

But danger strengthen'd bravery ; upon the foe he set.

Soon, soon the humbled British crew their shatter'd
barque resign

To the brave on the wave ;

The contest they decline, [resign.

Acknowledge Yankee mastery, and valour's meed

Go forth, ye ocean warriors, to combat on the flood ;
Your country's many injuries avenge in British blood.
The ocean's perfect liberty in thunder loud proclaim ;
 On the main firm maintain
 The rights you justly claim,
Assert the ocean's liberty or perish on the main.

113

AMERICAN TRIBUTE.

In Washington's time,
It was reckon'd no crime
(Though now we such measures prohibit)
 To tickle the paws
 Of the Barbary bashaws
With a snug little handful of tribute.

So a smart Yankee ship .
Now and then they'd equip,
Whatever might cost them to rig it;
 And our good-natured folks
 Sent our fine native oaks
Abroad in an Algerine frigate !

Thus, instead of the stars
That should wave from our spars,
Her peak bore the infidel crescent;
 But they soon thought that one,
 Fraught with ballast alone,
Was no satisfactory present.

So, while we fought Britain,
That moment they hit on
To attack us with wonderful bravery ;
 And by way of broad hint,

To show what they meant,
They carried our tars into slavery.
And now we have leisure
To study their pleasure,
And something to spare of our lumber ;
Since one ship in ballast,
Won't soften their malice,
For peace sake, we send them a number :
A good store of guns,
To try if, for once,
To gratitude we can awake 'em ;
And men in abundance,
Strong fellows, and sound ones,
They have nothing to do but to take 'em !
Our prisoners to ransom
We send something handsome,
In mettle undoubtedly current ;
And powder in potions,
And similar notions,
That will cure their distemper, we warrant.
John Bull, once unruly,
Can certify truly,
Of our powder and pills, in the papers ;
For their power, he affirms,
Cured his boys of the worms,
And relieved him from megrims and vapours !
Already the dey
Is much better, they say,
Having voided a couple of vermin !
And the doctor supposes
A few more such doses
His obstinate case will determine.

Such, such is the tribute
We Yankees exhibit,
On every such trying occasion;
If this don't convince
The Barbarian prince,
He is past all the art of persuasion!

114

DECATUR'S RETURN.

BY MR. McCREERY OF PETERSBURG.

SEE Decatur, our hero, returns from the west,
Who's destin'd to shine in the annals of story,
A bright ray of vict'ry beams high on his crest,
Encircled, his brows, by a halo of glory.

On Afric's bleak shore,
From the insolent Moor,
His bloody stained laurels in triumph he tore,
Where the crescent, which oft spread its terrors afar,
Submissively bow'd to the American star.

Algiers' haughty dey, in the height of his pride,
From American freemen a tribute demanded;
Columbia's brave freemen the tribute denied,
And his corsairs to seize our bold tars were com-manded.

Their streamers wave high,
But Decatur draws nigh,
His name strikes like lightning—in terror they fly.
Thrice welcome our hero, returned from afar,
Where the proud crescent falls to the American star.

115 THE CAPRICE OF JOHN BULL'S TASTE.

AN anecdote the town repeat,
Brought by our prisoners from the fleet,
Shows if John Bull be soundly beat,
The drubbing mends his manners.

John would, on board his ships, they say,
On lowering flag, at eve, each day,
Strike up, in very awkward way,
Our merry Yankee doodle.

Chuckling with the wondrous jest,
Thus to console each moody guest,
The arch rogue tried his very best
Its cheerful notes to mangle:

But when his valiant host of fame,
Fell before men (without a name,
Mere homespun clowns) they'd tried to tame,
Or, oh, sad ! crouch'd in stubble.

Then, of that merry source of fun
So oft that through his ships had run,
No scrape again was heard—not one
Heart-stirring doodle dandy.

The “Shepherds” not of manners rough,
To note the change were kind enough,
Ask'd John Bull—if in a huff—
He'd doused his Yankee fiddle.

Like statue, Bull, erect and mum,
The fit of music would not come,
And grown most eloquently dumb,
He look'd “I'll see you d—d first.”

116

YANKEE SAILORS.

YANKEE sailors have a knack,
Haul away ! yeo ho, boys ;
Of pulling down a British jack,
'Gainst any odds, you know, boys ;
Come three to one, right sure am I,
If we can't beat them, still we'll try
To make Columbia's colours fly.

Haul away ! yeo ho, boys !

Yankee sailors, when at sea,
Haul away ! yeo ho, boys !
Pipe all hands, with merry glee,
While aloft they go, boys !
And when with pretty girls on shore
Their cash is gone, and not before,
They wisely go to sea for more.

Haul away ! yeo ho, boys !

Yankee sailors love their soil,
Haul away ! yeo ho, boys !
And for glory ne'er spare toil,
But flog its foes, you know, boys !
Then while its standard owns a rag
The world combined shall never brag,
They made us strike the Yankee flag,
Haul away ! yeo ho, boys !

117

YANKEE FROLICS.

No more of your biathering nonsense
'Bout Nelsons of old Johnny Bull ;
I'll sing ye a song by my conscience,
'Bout Jones, and Decatur, and Hull.

Dad Neptune has long, with vexation,
Beheld with what insolent pride,
The turbulent billow-wash'd nation
Has aimed to control his salt tide.

Sing lather away, jonteel and aisy,
By my soul at the game hob-or-nob,
In a very few minutes we'll plase ye,
Because we take work by the job.

There was Dacres, at vaunting and boasting,
His equal you'll seldom come near ;
But Hull betwixt smoking and roasting,
Despatch'd his proud frigate Guerriere !
Such treatment to him was a wonder,
Which served his proud spirit to choke ;
And, when to the bottom our thunder
Had sent her, we laugh'd at the joke.

Sing lather away, jonteel and aisy,
Brave Hull at the game hob-or-nob,
Is the boy that will surely amaze ye,
So well he can finish the job.

T'other day worse than gout, fit, or cholic,
The Wasp, with Rodgers, Biddle, and Jones,
So terribly stung the poor Frolic !
As left her but bare skin and bones.
She struck, but what could she do better ;
For time, there was none to delay,
Indeed it must terribly fret her
To see she could not run away.

Sing lather away, jonteel and aisy,
Brave Jones at the game hob-or-nob,
Is the lad that will surely amaze ye
So well he can work by the job.

Now, to augment our brave little navy,
And add to the strength of each state,
Decatur, without sauce or gravy,
Has dress'd *Alexander* the Great !
By my soul, to prevent further trouble,
And save a disgraceful downfall ;
Since they find all resistance a bubble,
They'll strike without fighting at all.

Sing lather away, jontee and aisy,
Decatur, to play hob-or-nob,
Will in seventeen minutes amaze ye,
Huzza ! 'twas a quick finish'd job.

And again has our good Constitution,
Whose Guerriere-job you encored,
Sent the Java to sound the deep ocean,
After trimming her slick by the board.
Though Lambert for nearly two hours
Resisted the Yankees' attack,
The flag of St. George at length cowers,
And the stars and the stripes mount the wreck.
Sing lather away, jontee and aisy
When Bainbridge begins hob-or-nob,
In the end never fear but he'll plaze ye,
So completely he'll finish the job.

Fifth and last comes the brave little Hornet,
And meets with a Peacock so gay ;
Yet the Yankee makes bold e'en to scorn it,
And clips his proud plumage away ;
A short half-glass ere they were crippled,
The Pea-chickens flutter'd around ;
When their *Peake* being struck and hull riddled,
They hoisted their jack—union down.

Sing lather away, jonteele and aisy,
When Lawrence shall try hob-or-nob,
He takes fourteen minutes to amaze ye,
Constitutionally ending his job.

Then huzza for the lads of our navy,
Lawrence, Bainbridge, Decatur, Jones, Hull,
When they either despatch to old Davy,
Or bring home the ships of John Bull.
And may Congress, the seamen's protectors,
Reward all the deeds of the brave;
And Britain still find us the victors
Whene'er we contend on the wave.
So lather away, jonteele and aisy,
Columbians all play hob-or-nob,
And our seamen will never disgrace ye,
They're getting so used to the job.

118

THE NAVY.

WHEN Fame shall tell the splendid story
Of Columbia's naval glory,
Since first victorious o'er the deep
Our eagle-flag was seen to sweep:
The glowing tale will form a page,
To grace the annals of the age,
And teach our sons to proudly claim
The brightest meed of naval fame.
In lofty strains the bard shall tell
How Truxton fought, how Somers fell!

How gallant Preble's daring host
Triumph'd along the Moorish coast;
Forced the proud Infidel to treat,
And brought the crescent to their feet !

And mark, amidst the splendid band
That guards Columbia's boundless strand,
The youthful hero of the wave,
Decatur, bravest of the brave !

And Rodgers, whose triumphant name
Sounds from the trump of future fame !

And, O ! forget not in the song
That bears my country's fame along,
Victorious Hull, and conquering Jones,
Columbia's own intrepid sons !

Whose matchless skill, and well served
thunder,

Struck the proud flag of England under ;
And threw, by hearts of freemen brave,
The British lion in the wave.

Masters of verse ! O, still proclaim
In song sublime their glorious fame,
Till time evolves the fated day
That sweeps these Union-States away ;
Or, verging from its sinking shore,
The rolling ocean foams no more !

And who that hears this splendid story,
This brilliant tale of naval glory,
Feels not the patriot-warmth and fire
Of prophecy his soul inspire ?
—Lifting the eternal veil away
That shrouds futurity from day ;

And, after many a deed that cheers
The distant days of future years,
Reads upon every standard high,
That waves our eagle to the sky,
(With warm delight and proud emotion,)
“Columbia, mistress of the ocean!”

119 THE TRIDENT OF NEPTUNE.

To guard the free pathway of his watery domain,
For ages had Neptune his trident extended ;
And nations all swore they the law would maintain,
Which forbid that its rights should e'er be con-
tended :
But Britain, haughty isle, claiming ocean as her spoil,
Set afloat her wing'd castles, determined to despoil ;
And the god, at their thunders, with terror inspired,
Presented his sceptre, and in exile retired.

Long he view'd the usurper triumph o'er the expanse,
As mid its green leaves he sat forlorn and cheer-
less ;
While tyranny and rapine o'er its azure waves advance,
By the streamers of Albion protected and fearless ;
When, the solace of his woes, Columbia's genius rose,
And glory fill'd her eye while it lighten'd on her foes ;
For the wand that quells the billows was in her hand
borne,
Which from the queen of ocean her warlike sons had
torn.

“Great Father,” the Goddess of Liberty exclaim’d,
While the radiance of Heaven on her countenance
brighten’d,
“With thy trident thy power undiminish’d is re-
claim’d :”
And his soul spoke its joy in his visage that
lighten’d,
As the emblem again of his rule on the main,
Through Columbia’s fair hands, he from usurpation
gain’d ;
And while the immortal affection waked his breast,
He announced to the world his sovereign behest :
“Thy virtues the glory of all nations transcend ; [ing,
Be thy bliss and thy greatness through ages increas-
The rights of the world be it thy task to defend,
And the reverence of empires shall ever be unceas-
ing ;
The fierce tempest of war, shall be driven afar
To the deep’s heaving bosom ; no more your peace to
mar,
While Hull’s, Jones’, and Decatur’s fame, cherish’d
in song
Shall your annal’s proud page with numerous heroes
throng.”



120 DECATUR AND THE NAVY.

LET glory proclaim to the hills of the west,
The triumph of Freedom afar ;
Our song be Decatur, and Liberty blest,
Huzza to the brave and the war.

The gallant commander and all his brave band
Rejoice at the sight of the foe ;
Three cheers, give the signal ; each heart and each hand
Conspires to strike the first blow.

Then furious the cannon's fierce thunderings roar,
Death speedily follows the blaze,
The dead and the dying lie cover'd with gore,
While Freedom the contest surveys.

Sweet Goddess ! that guides us to glory and fame,
And rides in the terrible blast,
Now give to Decatur a glorious name,
That long as his country shall last.

The fierce Macedonian soon yields to her foe,
She yields to the gallant and brave ;
Success to our sailors wherever they go,
And in death, sweetest peace to their grave.

Huzza to the brave that triumphantly ride,
And traverse the boisterous sea,
Columbia's glory, her honour and pride,
And Freedom's fair bulwark shall be.

Our brave, gallant navy shall sooner or later,
The ocean, victorious, plough :
And Liberty's conquests, with noble Decatur,
Shall make the proud Albion bow.

The tars of Columbia were born to be brave,
Their birthright is liberty blest ;
To shield it from insult, from ruin to save,
Shall long be the pride of each breast.

Then hail to our navy, all hail in a bumper!

Decatur, and Rodgers, and Hull :

- May Rodgers soon meet with the fierce roving
“Plumper,”
And drub his old friend Johnny Bull.



121

OUR NAVAL HEROES.

BY A SAILOR.

Tune--“Derry down.”

THE frigates of England, the Queen of the Seas,
When met by the Yankees were conquer'd with ease :
The reason is obvious, no press-gangs we know ;
'Tis as freemen we fight, as such conquer our foe.

Fighting Bob (Bully Dacres) we first taught to fear,
Who commanded a frigate, yelept the Guerriere :
A sound Constitution quite baffled his skill ;
And Hull stuck to his skirts till he gave him his fill.

Then Jones, in the Wasp, took a turn with the Frolic,
But his pills were so strong they gave Whinyates the
cholic !

Down came George's cross to America's stars,
And a fresh wreath of laurel bedeck'd our bold tars.

The next was Decatur, in the United States,
Who in peace or in war will indulge *tete-à-tetes* ;
The proud Macedonian, by him doom'd to fall,
He carved up, a fine dish, dress'd with powder and
ball !

How the proud tars of Britain will storm and will roar,
When they hear of the Java off St. Salvador!

That Bainbridge attack'd her with brave resolution,
And convinced all the world we'd *a fine Constitution!*

Then Rodgers—but stop, he has done nothing yet,
But the fame gain'd by others his courage will whet;
And should he meet our foes wheresoever he's sent,
He'll hand them a *message* from the *President!*

122**OUR YANKEE SHIPS.**

BY J. T. FIELDS.

OUR Yankee ships ! in fleet career,
They linger not behind,
Where gallant sails from other lands
Court favouring tide and wind.
With banners on the breeze, they leap
As gayly o'er the foam
As stately barks from prouder seas,
That long have learn'd to roam.

The Indian wave with luring smiles
Swept round them bright to-day ;
And havens to Atlantic isles
Are opening on their way !
Ere yet these evening shadows close,
Or this frail song is o'er,
Full many a straining mast will rise
To greet a foreign shore.

High up the lashing northern deep,
 Where glimmering watch-lights beam
 Away in beauty where the stars
 In tropic brightness gleam ;
 Where'er the sea-bird wets her beak,
 Or blows the stormy gale ;
 On to the water's farthest verge
 Our ships majestic sail.

They dip their keels in every stream
 That swell beneath the sky ;
 And where old ocean's billows roll,
 Their lofty pennants fly ;
 They furl their sheets in threatening clouds
 That float across the main,
 To link with love earth's distant bays
 In many a golden chain.

123

ODE,

Written for, and sung at the Anniversary of the American
 Independence, July 4, 1806.

Tune—“ Whilst happy in my native land.”

WIDE o'er the wilderness of waves,
 Untrack'd by human peril,
 Our fathers roam'd for peaceful graves,
 To deserts dark and sterile.
 No parting pang, no long adieu
 Delay'd their gallant daring ;
 With them, their gods and country too,
 Their pilgrim keels were bearing.
 All hearts unite the patriot band :
 Be liberty our natal land.

Their dauntless hearts no meteor led,
In terror o'er the ocean ;
From fortune and from man they fled,
To Heaven and its devotion.
Fate cannot bend the high-born mind
To bigot usurpation ;
They, who had left a world behind,
Now gave that world a nation.
The soil to till, to freight the sea,
By valour's arm protected,
To plant an empire brave and free,
Their sacred views directed :
But more they fear'd than tyrants' yoke
Insidious faction's fury ;
For oft a worm destroys an oak,
Whose leaf that worm would bury.

Thus rear'd, our giant realm arose,
And claim'd our sovereign charter ;
Her life-blood warm from Adams rose,
And all her sons from *Sparta*.
Be free, Columbia ! proudest name
Fame's herald wafts in story ;
Be free, thou youngest child of Fame ;
Rule, brightest heir of glory !

Thy Preble, mid the battle's ire,
Hath Afric's towers dejected :
And Lybia's sands have flash'd with fire,
From Eaton's sword reflected.
Thy groves, which erst the hill or plain
Entrench'd from savage plunder,
To Naiads turn'd, must cleave the main,
And sport with Neptune's thunder.

124

COLUMBIA.

BY JAMES ELLISON.

FROM realms where mad Ambition reigns,
And Anarch stalks th' embattled plains :
Where Europe laves in purple gore,
And Mars leads on the madden'd war ;
Fair Freedom, exiled, sought our coast,
Here fix'd her mild and peaceful reign ;
Oppression fled her freeborn host ;
Recoil'd the tyrants of the main !
Then shout, Columbians, brave and free,
Ye sons of glory—Liberty ;
From age to age, from sire to son,
Loud shout the deeds of Washington !

He bade your eagle (perch'd on high)
Sound independence through the sky,
Whilst Jove's dread thunder rock'd the world,
And on your foes his vengeance hurl'd !

Britannia saw her armies bleed,
And from your shores her squadrons flee ;
Reluctant hail'd (by Heaven decreed)
Columbia independent, free.

Then shout, Columbians, &c.

Now to the azure realms of light
Columbia's genius wings her flight :
There sees enthroned with gods her son,
The brave, the matchless Washington :

He speaks—enrapt the spheres resound ;
Hark ! 'tis your hero's sage command :
Be union mid your councils found,
And faction banish'd from your land ;
Then shout, Columbians, &c.

Bid the proud oaks your hill descend
 To guard your rights, your shore defend ;
 With Neptune share his lucid plain,
 And roll your thunder o'er the main :

Then should “Sea-Leopards” battle wage,
 Columbia’s free-born tars defy,
 Your cannons death-wing’d bolts shall rage,
 Till foes proclaim your victory.

Then shout, Columbians, &c.

Should hostile bands again invade,
 Your sons shall quit the peaceful shade,
 Each breast with patriot ardour glow,
 With godlike courage meet the foe ;

While Eaton’s sword protects your land,
 Columbian Prebles rule the sea.:
 Your foes shall fly the victor-band,
 Still leave you independent—free !

Then shout, Columbians, &c

125

SONG

Tune—“Rule Britannia.”

WHEN Freedom’s star its last bright gleam
 O’er Europe’s waste had shot in vain,
 Columbia caught the expiring beam,
 And bore it o’er the western main.

Rule, Columbia, Columbia ever free,
 Heaven-born child of liberty.

Then rose a world, by Heaven’s decree,
 Which countless years unbliss’d had lain,
 But now the destined sphere to be
 Of Freedom’s pure and sacred reign.

Rule, Columbia, &c.

Then ere, Columbia, thou hadst shared
 Of empire's car the trembling rein,
 Thy young but dauntless soul declared
 War's storms but threaten thee in vain.
 Rule, Columbia, &c.

And when, ere long, with stepdame pride
 Britannia mark'd thy opening reign,
 Thy Heaven-shielded breast defied
 The tempest-shock of war again.
 Rule, Columbia, &c.

Thy birth, Columbia, sons so brave ;
 Thy waters, forests, all proclaim,
 Thy destined course is o'er the wave,
 And ocean is thy "field of fame."
 Rule, Columbia, &c.

Again, behold war's bolts are hurl'd,
 Thy eagle-flight to check in vain,
 For still thy infant flag, unfurl'd,
 With Freedom's charter sweeps the main.
 Rule, Columbia, &c.

And under heaven it still shall spread
 Its star-gemm'd glories o'er the main,
 While Freedom's sacred beam shall shed
 Its light to bless Columbia's reign.
 Rule, Columbia, &c.

For is it not true, where their flag is unfurl'd,
Its stars have beam'd glory to dazzle the world ?

First Dacres, who thought he the Yankees would scare,
Proudly wrote on his sail, " I'm the famed Guerriere,"
Says Hull, " Are you there ?" so together they pull'd,
In forty-five minutes the Guerriere was Hull'd !

Next Jones, in the Wasp, with long sting in her tail,
Cried, " Luff up, my boys, 'tis an enemy's sail ;"
Soon he came alongside—when the short work was
done,

He gave them a Frolic as sure as a gun.

Then the dauntless Decatur, that warrior of might
The mad Macedonian encounter'd in fight ;
When he who had blubber'd for worlds to subdue,
Soon found a new world that his business could do.

See the firm Constitution, our Washington's pride,
With Bainbridge at helm, in true majesty ride,
Pour a stream from her side, like Vesuvius' red lava,
That quite overwhelm'd the whole island of Java.

Now Burrows the valiant, of bold Enterprise,
His skill with a true English Boxer he tries :
Though he'd ne'er learn'd the art from Mendozas or
Cribbs,

He pounded so hard that he broke all her ribs.

Then a Peacock was strutting about in his pride,
When a Hornet like lightning stuck close in his side,
And stung him so sore that from battle he turn'd :
Noble Lawrence that Peacock in ocean inurn'd.

From its ashes a Phœnix old Neptune soon rear'd,
And though called a Peacock, a new bird appear'd,

Who, quick to his own and brave Warrington's fame,
Made prize of a Hawk* with a Frenchified name.

And now we've a Wasp of such wonderful force,
As Blakely can tell, e'en to stop rivers' course,
Since the Avon no longer can glide to the sea,
And she seized on a Reindeer and made him her prey.

Wing'd Hermes,† the light-finger'd god of the Greeks,
Seized the trident of Neptune, in one of his freaks,
A land-lubber, at Mobile, his godhead defies,
And blew Mr. Mercury back to his skies.

And now should I sing of the fight of Champlain,
And with Erie's bold heroes ennable my strain,
But though they the British fleets soundly did drub,
Yet the tale of a lake's like the Tale of a Tub.

From Britons I'd take not the praise that's their due,
For bravely they fight, aye and skilfully too;
But Greek meeting Greek, comes the hard tug of war,
Though Yankees soon prove the best Grecians by far.

Though Valour her temple has form'd in the breast
Of each native tar, yet the pride of his crest
Is the fair star of Mercy, that shines ever bright,
To cheer the lorn captive subdued in the fight.

But hold, should I sing ev'ry hero of fight,
My song would prevent you from drinking all night;
Then fill ev'ry glass to the true sons of Mars,
The heroes of ocean, Columbia's brave tars.

* L'Epervier, i. e. sparrow-hawk.

† The Hermes, Captain Percy, was blown up near Fort Boyer, in the Mobile.

127 A YANKEE SHIP AND A YANKEE CREW.

BY J. S. JONES.

A YANKEE ship and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho, you know ;
O'er the bright blue waves like a sea-bird flew ;
Sing hey aloft and alow.
Her wings are spread to the fairy breeze,
The sparkling spray is thrown from her prow ;
Her flag is the proudest that floats on the seas,
Her homeward way she's steering now.
A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho, you know ;
O'er the bright blue waves like a sea-bird flew ;
Sing hey aloft and alow.

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho, you know ;
With hearts on board both gallant and true,
The same aloft and alow,
The blacken'd sky and the whistling wind,
Foretell the quick approach of the gale ;
A home and its joys flit o'er each mind
Husbands ! lovers ! "on deck there," a sail.
A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho, you know :
Distress is the word,—God speed them through ;
Bear a hand, aloft and alow.

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho, you know ;
The boats all clear, the wreck we now view,
"All hands" aloft and alow.

A ship is his throne, the sea his world,
He ne'er sheers from a shipmate distressed ;
All's well—the reef'd sails again are unfurl'd,
O'er the swell he is cradled to rest.
A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho, you know ;
Storm past, drink to "wives and sweethearts" too,
All hands ! aloft and alow.
A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho, you know,
Freedom defends, and the land where it grew—
We're free—aloft and alow.
Bearing down is a foe in regal pride,
Defiance floating at each mast head ;
One's a wreck—and she bears that floats alongside
The stars and stripes, to victory wed.
For a Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho, you know,
Ne'er strikes to a foe while the sky is blue,
Or a tar's aloft or alow.

128 TO THE PENNSYLVANIA SHIP OF THE LINE.

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

"LEAP forth to the careering seas,"
O, ship of lofty name !
And toss upon thy native breeze
The stars and stripes of Fame !
And bear thy thunders o'er the deep
Where vaunting navies ride !
Thou hast a nation's gems to keep—
Her honour and her pride !

O! holy is the covenant made
With thee and us to-day ;
None from the compact shrinks afraid,
No traitor utters, Nay !
We pledge our fervent love, and thou
Thy glorious ribs of oak,
Alive with men who cannot bow
To kings, nor kiss the yoke !

Speed lightnings o'er the Carib sea,
Which deeds of hell deform ;
And look her hands are spread to thee
Where Afric's robbers swarm.
Go ! lie upon the *Aegean*'s breast,
Where sparkles emerald isles—
Go ! seek the lawless Sulioite's nest,
And spoil his cruel wiles.
And keep where sail the merchant ships.
Stern watch on their highway,
And promptly, through thine iron lips,
When urged, our tribute pay ;
Yea, show thy bristling teeth of power,
Wherever tyrants bind,
In pride of their own little hour,
A freeborn, noble mind.

Spread out those ample wings of thine !—
While crime doth govern men,
'Tis fit such bulwark of the brine
Should leave the shores of Penn ;
For hid within thy giant strength
Are germs of welcome peace,
And such as thou, shall cause at length
Man's feverish strife to cease.

From every vale, from every crag,
Word of thy beauty's past,
And joy we that our country's flag
Streams from thy towering mast—
Assured that in thy prowess, thou
For her wilt win renown,
Whose sons can die, but know not how
To strike that pennon down.

**129****BOLD HAWTHORNE,***

Or, the cruise of the Fair American, commanded by Capt.
Daniel Hawthorne.

WRITTEN BY THE SURGEON OF THE VESSEL.

THE twenty-second of August,
Before the close of day,
All hands on board of our privateer,
We got her under weigh ;
We kept the Eastern Shore along,
For forty leagues or more,
Then our departure took for sea,
From the isle of Mauhegan shore.

* This was the war song of the Salem privateersmen during the Revolution, and is copied from Rufus W. Griswold's manuscript collection of "American Historical Ballads," for which it was several years ago taken down by C. A. Andrews, Esq., from the mouths of the surviving shipmates of Hawthorne, who were accustomed to meet at the office of the Marine Insurance Company in Salem.

Bold Hawthorne was commander,
A man of real worth,
Old England's cruel tyranny
Induced him to go forth ;
She, with relentless fury,
Was plundering all our coast,
And thought, because her strength was great,
Our glorious cause was lost.

Yet boast not, haughty Britons,
Of power and dignity,
By land thy conquering armies,
Thy matchless strength at sea ;
Since taught by numerous instances
Americans can fight,
With valour can equip their stand,
Your armies put to flight.

Now farewell to fair America,
Farewell our friends and wives ;
We trust in Heaven's peculiar care,
For to protect their lives ;
To prosper our intended cruise
Upon the raging main,
And to preserve our dearest friends
Till we return again.

The wind it being leading,
It bore us on our way,
As far unto the southward
As the Gulf of Florida ;
Where we fell in with a British ship,
Bound homeward from the main ;
We gave her two bow-chasers,
And she return'd the same.

We hauled up our courses,
And so prepared for fight ;
The contest held four glasses,
Until the dusk of night ;
Then having sprung our mainmast,
And had so large a sea,
We dropp'd astern and left our chase
Till the returning day.

Next morn we fish'd our mainmast,
The ship still being nigh,
All hands made for engaging
Our chance once more to try ;
But wind and sea being boisterous
Our cannon would not bear,
We thought it quite imprudent
And so we left her there.

We cruised to the eastward,
Near the coast of Portugal,
In longitude of twenty-seven
We saw a lofty sail ;
We gave her chase, and soon perceived
She was a British snow
Standing for fair America,
With troops for General Howe.

Our captain did inspect her
With glasses, and he said,
“ My boys, she means to fight us,
But be you not afraid ;
All hands repair to quarters,
See every thing is clear,
We'll give her a broadside, my boys,
As soon as she comes near.”

She was prepared with nettings,
And her men were well secured,
And bore directly for us,
And put us close on board ;
When the cannon roar'd like thunder,
And the muskets fired amain,
But soon we were alongside
And grappled to her chain.

And now the scene it alter'd,
'The cannon ceased to roar,
We fought with swords and boarding-pikes
One glass or something more,
Till British pride and glory
No longer dared to stay,
But cut the Yankee grapplings,
And quickly bore away.

Our case was not so desperate
As plainly might appear ;
Yet sudden death did enter
On board our privateer.
Mahoney, Crew, and Clemons,
The valiant and the brave,
Fell glorious in the contest,
And met a watery grave.

Ten other men were wounded
Among our warlike crew,
With them our noble captain,*
To whom all praise is due ;

* Hawthorne was wounded in the head by a musket ball.

To him and all our officers,
Let's give a hearty cheer;
Success to fair America
And our good privateer!

130 MOURNFUL TRAGEDY OF JAMES BIRD.

Tune—The Tempest.

Sons of freedom, listen to me !
And, ye daughters, too, give ear !
You a sad and mournful story
As ever was told shall hear.
Hull, you know, his troops surrender'd,
And defenceless left the west ;
Then our forces quick assembled,
The invaders to resist.

'Mong the troops that march'd to Erie
Were the Kingston volunteers,
Captain Thomas then commanded,
To protect our west frontiers.
Tender were the scenes of parting,
Mothers wrung their hands and cried,
Maidens wept their swains in secret,
Fathers strove their tears to hide.

But there's one among the number,
Tall and graceful is his mien,
Firm his step, his look undaunted,
Scarce a nobler youth was seen ;
One sweet kiss he snatch'd from Mary,
Craved his mother's prayers once more,
Press'd his father's hand, and left them,
For Lake Erie's distant shore.

Mary tried to say, "Farewell, James,"
Waved her hand, but nothing spake,
"Good-bye, Bird, may Heaven protect you,"
From the rest at parting broke.
Soon they came where noble Perry
Had assembled all his fleet,
There the gallant Bird enlisted,
Hoping soon the foe to meet.

Where is Bird? the battle rages,—
Is he in the strife or no?
Now the cannons roar tremendous,
Dare he meet the hostile foe?
Ay—behold him, see with Perry
In the self-same ship to fight,
Though his messmates fall around him,
Nothing can his soul affright.

But, behold, a ball has struck him,
See the crimson current flow,
"Leave the deck," exclaim'd brave Perry,
"No," cried Bird, "I will not go;
Here, on deck, I took my station,
Ne'er will Bird his colours fly,
I'll stand by you, gallant captain,
Till we conquer or we die."

Still he fought, though faint and bleeding,
Till our stars and stripes arose,
Victory having crown'd our efforts,
All triumphant o'er our foes.
And did Bird receive a pension?
Was he to his friends restored?
No—nor never to his bosom,
Clasp'd the maid his heart adored.

But there came most dreadful tidings,
From Lake Erie's distant shore,
Better if poor Bird had perish'd
Midst the battle's awful roar ;
"Dearest parents," said the letter,
"This will bring sad news to you,
But do not mourn your first beloved,
Though this brings his last adieu !

I must suffer for deserting
From the brig Niagara ;
Read this letter, brothers, sisters,
'Tis the last you'll have from me."
Sad and gloomy was the morning
Bird was order'd out to die ;
Where's the breast not dead to pity,
But for him would heave a sigh ?

Lo ! he fought so brave on Erie,
Freely bled, and nobly dared ;
Let his courage plead for mercy,
Let his precious life be spared.
See him march, and hear his fetters,
Harsh they clank upon the ear,
But his step is firm and manly,
For his heart ne'er harbour'd fear.

See ! he kneels upon his coffin !
Sure his death can do no good,
Spare him ; hark ! O God, they've shot him,
O ! his bosom streams with blood !
Farewell, Bird, farewell forever,
Friends and home he'll see no more,
But his mangled corpse lies buried
On Lake Erie's distant shore.

131 THE LADY WASHINGTON.

COME, all ye bold Northwestmen,
Who plough the raging main,
Come listen to my story
While I relate the same ;
'Twas of the Lady Washington,
Decoyed as she lay
At Queen Charlotte's Island,
In North America.

On the sixteenth day of June, boys,
In the year of ninety-one,
The natives in great numbers
On board our ship did come ;
Then for to buy our fur of them
Our captain did begin,
But mark what they attempted
Before long time had been.

Abaft upon our quarter-deck,
Two stout arm-chests did stand,
And in both of them were left the keys,
By the gunner's careless hand ;
Which quickly they procuring,
Of them did make a prize,
Thinking we had no other arms
For to defend our lives.

Our captain spoke unto them,
And unto them did say,
“If you'll return me back those keys
I for the same will pay ;”

No sooner had he spoke these words,
Than they drew forth their knives.

Saying, "The vessel's ours, sir,
And we will have your lives."

Our captain then perceiving
The ship was in their hands,
Upon the men and officers
Laid quickly his commands :

"Go down into the cabin,
And there some arms prepare,
See that they are well loaded,
Be sure, and don't miss fire."

Then down into the cabin,
Straightway we did repair,
And to our sad misfortune
Few guns could we find there ;
We only found six pistols,
Two small swords, and a gun,
And "Blow her up," we soon agreed
Was all that could be done.

Our powder we got ready,
And our gun-room open laid ;
Our souls we did commit to God,—
A hurried prayer we pray'd,—
We then inform'd our captain,
Saying, "Ready now are we."
He says, "A signal I will give,
It shall be 'Follow me.'"

All this time upon the quarter-deck
Each man was forced to stand,
With twelve of these cursed savages
With knives in every hand,

Till one of these blood-thirsty hounds,
He made a spring below,
Then cried the captain, "Follow me,"
And with him we did go.

And with what few firearms we had,
We rush'd on deck amain,
And by our being resolute,
Our quarter-deck did gain ;
Soon as we reach'd our arm-chest,
Such slaughter there made we,
That in less than ten minutes
Our ship of them was free.

Then we threw overboard the dead,
That on our deck there lay ;
And finding we'd nobody hurt,
To work we went straightway.
The number kill'd upon our deck,
That day, was sixty good,
And full as many wounded,
As soon we understood.

'Twas early the next morning,
At the hour of break of day,
We sail'd along abreast the town,
Which we came to straightway ;
We call'd all hands to quarters,
And at the town did play,
Till we made them return the things
They'd stole from us that day.

I'd have you all take warning,
And always ready be
For to suppress those savages
Of Northwest America ;

For they are so desirous
 Some vessel for to gain,
 That they will never leave it off.
 Till most of them are slain.

And now unto old China,
 We're fastly rolling on,
 Where we shall drink good punch, for which
 We've suffer'd all along.

And when the sixteenth day of June,
 Around does yearly come,
 We'll drink in celebration
 Of what that day was done.

And now for to conclude,
 And make end unto my song,
 Success to the commander
 Of the Lady Washington !

Success unto his voyages,
 Wherever he may go ;
 O may death and dire destruction
 Always attend his foe !

132

A WHALING SONG.

BY DR. J. OSBORN.*

WHEN spring returns with western gales,
 And gentle breezes sweep
 The ruffling seas, we spread our sails
 To plough the watery deep.

* Dr. John Osborn was born at Sandwich, in Massachusetts, in 1713, and died near Boston in 1753. His famous Whaling Song was for more than half a century on the tongue of every Cape Cod sailor, and it is still frequently heard in the Pacific.

For killing northern whales prepared,
Our nimble boats on board,
With craft, and rum, (our chief regard,)
And good provisions stored.

Cape Cod, our dearest native land,
We leave astern, and lose
Its sinking cliffs and lessening sands,
While Zephyr gently blows.

Bold, hardy men, with blooming age,
Our sandy shores produce ;
With monstrous fish they dare engage,
And dangerous callings choose.

Now towards the early dawning east
We speed our course away,
With eager minds and joyful hearts
To meet the rising day.

Then, as we turn our wondering eyes,
We view one constant show ;
Above, around, the circling skies,
The rolling seas below.

When eastward, clear of Newfoundland,
We stem the frozen pole,
We see the icy islands stand,
The northern billows roll.

As to the north we make our way,
Surprising scenes we find ;
We lengthen out the tedious day,
And leave the night behind.

Now see the northern regions where
Eternal winter reigns ;
One day and night fills up the year,
And endless cold maintains.

We view the monsters of the deep,
Great whales in numerous swarms ;
And creatures there, that play and leap,
Of strange unusual forms.

When in our station we are placed,
And whales around us play,
We launch our boats into the main,
And swiftly chase our prey.

In haste we ply our nimble oars,
For an assault design'd :
The sea beneath us foams and roars,
And leaves a wake behind.

A mighty whale we rush upon,
And in our irons throw ;
She sinks her monstrous body down
Among the waves below.

And when she rises out again,
We soon renew the fight ;
Thrust our sharp lances in amain,
And all her rage excite.

Enraged she makes a mighty bound ;
Thick foams the whiten'd sea ;
The waves in circles rise around,
And widening roll away.

She thrashes with her tail around,
 And blows her redd'ning breath ;
 She breaks the air, a deafening sound,
 While ocean groans beneath.

From numerous wounds, with crimson flood,
 She stains the frothy seas,
 And gasps, and blows her latest blood,
 While quivering life decays.

With joyful hearts we see her die,
 And on the surface lay ;
 While all with eager haste apply
 To save our deathful prey.

133**SONG**

Written upon the British troops landing at North Point with
 a view to attack Baltimore.—1814.

Tune.—“ Ye Mariners of England.”

O, HASTE, ye youthful warriors, fly
 To seek the invaded shore ;
 How warms each heart ! how fires each eye !
 As loud the cannons roar ;
 They land, the hostile legions ;
 Destruction marks their way ;
 But we go to meet the foe,
 Let victory crown the day.
 Remember days that made us free,
 Let victory crown the day.
 When Britain meets us on the wave,
 Our flag triumphant flies ;
 Her ships soon find an ocean grave ;
 Our fame salutes the skies ;

No doubtful foreign foe is there
To fall an easy prey ;
On the wave, we are brave,
And victory crowns the day.
So Lawrence triumph'd o'er the foe !
Let victory crown the day.

Then, warriors on shore, be brave,
Your wives and homes defend ;
Those precious boons be true to save,
And hearts and sinews bend.
O, think upon your fathers' fame ;
For glory marked their way ;
And this foe aimed the blow,
But victory crown'd the day.
Then emulate those deeds of yore,
Let victory crown the day.

See ! see ! their sacred warlike forms !
Ye visions glad our sight !
Bending from midst surrounding storms
They view us in the fight.
Then, comrades, let us never yield
Or stain this brilliant day ;
Let us die be the cry
So victory crowns the day.
Think on our ocean warriors' fame ;
Let victory crown the day.

They fall ! they fly ! they seek the wave
That wafts them from the shore—
Haste—pursue—let nothing save ;
Quick let the cannons roar.

Now from the battle's rage return'd,
 Wives and children throng the way ;
 And with smiles for our toils,
 Hail victory's happy day,
 While songs of joy and mirth resound
 For victory's glorious day.

134 FIVE TO ONE; OR, HOTHAM'S VICTORY.

Scene on board the admiral's ship—Hotham surrounded by his officers and crew, who come forward and sing the following :

COME, all ye noble host,
 Britannia's pride and boast,
 Let's drink our noble prince's health, in brandy, O !
 For as soon as he gets this,
 He'll be drunk enough—with bliss :
 And swear that we for fighting are the dandy, O !

We may all dance and jig it,
 Now we've got a Yankee frigate,
 And every one shall say we did it handy, O !
 For the Endymion and Despatch,
 To be sure she was a match ;
 But five of us together was the dandy, O !

We've not waited for dark nights,
 And assistance from Blue Lights !
 In vain ; and as sure as ever lived Tristram
 Shandy, O !

Every circumstance conspired
 To aid what we desired ;
 And “ the blunder of the pilots” was the dandy, O !

No matter what she cost,
 Nor how many lives we've lost ;
 The news will be to Britain sweet as candy, O !
 Fat aldermen will dine,
 Bells ring, and windows shine ;
 For if we can catch a Yankee 'tis the dandy, O !
 The Tower guns, how they'll rattle,
 To celebrate this battle,
 And votes of thanks are ours as sure as can be, O !
 Though only two made fight,
 'Cause the squadron was in sight,
 And a razee and three frigates was the dandy, O !
 Now we've the way found out,
 Such rare feats are brought about,
 To take down a saucy Yankee's stripes, so handy, O !
 When permitted by the weather,
 We'll all stick close together,
 And when caught alone, to run will be the dandy, O !
 Then let's toast our noble prince,
 Who forty long years since,
 Has set the example bright in brandy, O !
 This news will raise the head
 Of his sire—if he is not dead !
 Who so oft has hobbled Yankee doodle dandy, O !

135

THE LAKE SQUADRONS.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

THE brilliant task to you assign'd
 Asks every effort of the mind,
 And every energy combined,
 To crush the foe.

Sail where they will, you must be there :
Lurk where they can, you will not spare
The blast of death—but all things dare
To bring them low.

To wield his thunders on Champlain,
Macdonough leads his gallant train,
And, his great object to sustain,
Vermont unites.

Her hardy youths and veterans bold,
From shelter'd vale and mountain cold,
Who fought to guard in days of old
Their country's rights.

That country's wrongs are all your own,
And to the world the word is gone—
Her independence must to none
Be sign'd away.

Be to the nation's standard true,
To Britain, and to Europe, show
That you can fight and conquer too,
And prostrate lay

That bitter foe, whose thousands rise
No more to fight us in disguise,
But count our freedom for their prize,
If valour fails ;

Beneath your feet let fear be cast,
Remember deeds of valour past,
And nail your colours to the mast
And spread your sails.

In all the pride and pomp of war
Let thunders from the cannon roar,
And lightnings flash from shore to shore,
To wing the ball.

Let Huron from his slumbers wake,
Bid Erie to his centre shake,
Till, foundering in Ontario's lake,
 You swamp them all !

136

ON THE LAUNCHING

Of the seventy-four gun ship Independence, at Charles-ton, near Boston.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

OUR trade to restore, as it stood once before,
 We have launched a new ship from the stocks,
Her rate is our first, and her force will, we trust,
 Be sufficient to humble the hawks ;
The hawks of old England we mean, don't mistake,
Some harpies of England our prizes we'll make.

Independence her name, independent our minds,
 And prepared for the toils of the sea,
We are ready to combat the waves and the winds,
 And fight till the ocean is free ;
Then away to your stations, each man on our list,
Who, when danger approaches, will never be miss'd.
In asserting our rights we have rather been slow,
 And patient till patience was tired ; [blow,
We were plunder'd and press'd ere we ventured a
 Till the world at our patience admired,
And language was held, of contempt and disgrace,
And Europe miscall'd us a pitiful race.
'Twas time to arise in the strength of our might
 When Madison publish'd the war.
And many have thought that he would have been right,
Had he publish'd it three years before ;

While France was unpester'd with traitors and
knaves,
Nor Europe polluted with Wellington's slaves.

To arm for our country is never too late,
No fetters are yet on our feet;
Our hands are more free, and our hearts are as great
As the best in the enemy's fleet;
And look at the list of their navy, and think,
How many are left to burn, capture, and sink.

Let the nations of Europe surrender the sea,
Or crouch at the foot of a throne;
In liberty's soil we have planted her tree,
And her rights will relinquish to none;
Then stand to your arms,
Then stand to your arms,
Then stand to your arms—half the battle is done;
And bravely accomplish what valour begun.

The day is approaching, a day not remote,
A day with impatience we hail,
When Decatur and Hull shall again be afloat,
And Bainbridge commission'd to sail:
To raise his blockades, will advance on the foe,
And bulwark with Bull to the bottom will go.

On the waves of Lake Erie we show'd the old brag,
We, too, could advance in a line,
And batter their frigates and humble their flag;
“I've met them,” said Perry, “they're mine!”
And so, my dear boys, we can meet them again
On the waves of the sea or the waves of Champlain.

To the new Independence, then pour out a glass,
 And drink with the sense of a man ;
 She soon will be ready, this pride of her class,
 Sir Thomas* to meet on his plan :
 He hates our torpedoes—then tease him no more,
 Let him venture his luck with our seventy-four.
 Then stand to your arms, you shall ne'er be enslaved,
 Let the battle go on till the nation is saved !

137 ON THE LAKE EXPEDITIONS.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

WHERE Niagara's awful roar
 Convulsive, shakes the neighbouring shore,
 Alarm'd I heard the trump of war,
 Saw legions join !
 And such a blast, of old they blew,
 When southward from St. Lawrence flew
 The Indian to the English true,
 Led by Burgoyne.
 United, then, they sail'd Champlain,
 United now, they march again,
 A land of freedom to profane
 With savage yell.
 For this they scour the mountain wood ;
 Their errand death, their object blood :
 For this they stem thy subject flood,
 O, stream Sorel !
 Who shall repulse the hireling host,
 Who force them back through snow and frost,
 Who swell the lake with thousands lost.
 Dear Freedom, say !

* Sir Thomas Hardy, of the Ramilies 74.

Who but the sons of Freedom's land,
Prepared to meet the bloody band ;
Resolved to make a gallant stand
 Where lightnings play.

Their squadrons arm'd with gun and sword,
Their legions, led by knight and lord,
Have sworn to see the things restored
 Of George the Goth :
Whose mandate, from a Vandal shore,
Impels the sail, directs the oar,
And, to extend the flames of war,
 Employs them both.

138 THE BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN,
September 11, 1814,

Between the British squadron, of ninety-three guns and one thousand and fifty men, and the American fleet, of eighty-six guns and eight hundred and twenty men. The *Confiance*, of thirty-nine, and the *Saratoga*, of twenty-six guns, were the flag-ships of the two commanders, Downie and Macdonough.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

PARADING near Saint Peter's flood,
Full fourteen thousand soldiers stood ;
Allied with natives of the wood,
With frigates sloops and galleys near,
Which southward now began to steer ;
 Their object was Ticonderogue.

Assembled at Missisqui bay
A feast they held, to hail the day
When all should bend to British sway
 From Plattsburgh to Ticonderogue.

And who could tell, if reaching there
They might not other laurels share,
And England's flag in triumph bear
To the capitol, at Albany !

Sir George advanced with fire and sword,
The frigates were with vengeance stored,
The strength of Mars was felt on board,—
When Downie gave the dreadful word,
“ Huzza ! for death or victory !”

Sir George beheld the prize at stake,
And with his veterans made the attack.
Macomb's brave legions drove him back ;
And England's fleet approach'd to meet
A desperate combat on the lake.

From isle La Motte to Saranac,*
With sulphurous clouds the heavens were black ;
We saw advance the Confiance,
Shall blood and carnage mark her track,
To gain dominion on the lake ?

Then on our ships she pour'd her flame,
And many a tar did kill or maim,
Who suffer'd for their country's fame,
Her soil to save, her rights to guard.

Macdonough, now, began his play,
And soon his seamen heard him say,
“ No Saratoga yields this day,
To all the force that Britain sends.

* A river which rises from several small lakes among the mountains to the westward of Lake Champlain, and, after a north-easterly course of near seventy-five miles, enters the grand lake in the vicinity of Plattsburgh.

“ Disperse, my lads, and man the waist,
Be firm, and to your stations haste,
And England from Champlain is chased,
If you behave as you'll see me.”

The fire began with awful roar ;
At our first flash the artillery tore
From his proud stand, their commodore,
A presage of the victory.

The skies were hid in flame and smoke,
Such thunders from the cannon spoke,
The contest such an aspect took
As if all nature went to wreck !

Amidst his decks with slaughter strew'd,
Unmoved, the brave Macdonough stood,
Or waded through a scene of blood,
At every step, that round him stream'd :

He stood amidst Columbia's sons,
He stood amidst dismounted guns,
He fought amidst heart-rending groans,
The tatter'd sail, the tottering mast.

Then, round about his ship he wore,
And charged his guns with vengeance sore,
And more than *Aetna* shook the shore—
The foe confess'd the contest vain.

In vain they fought, in vain they sail'd,
That day ; for Britain's fortune fail'd,
And their best efforts naught avail'd,
To hold dominion on Champlain.

So, down their colours to the deck
 The vanquish'd struck—their ship's a wreck—
 What dismal tidings for Quebec,
 What news for England and her prince !
 For in this fleet from England won,
 A favourite project is undone :
 Her sorrows only are begun—
 As she may want, and very soon,
 Her armies for her own defence.

139**SIR PETER PETRIFIED.**

On the modern Sir Peter Parker's expedition to Kent Island,
 in Chesapeake Bay.—1814.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

SIR PETER came, with bold intent,
 To persecute the men of Kent,
 His flag aloft display'd :
 He came to see their pleasant farms,
 But ventured not without his arms
 To talk with man or maid.

And then the gallant Colonel Reed
 Said, " We must see the man, indeed ;
 He comes, perhaps, in want—
 Who knows but that his stores are out :
 'Tis hard to dine on mere sour-krout,
 His water may be scant."

He spoke—but soon the men of Kent
 Discover'd what the errand meant,
 And some discouraged, said,
 " Sir Peter comes to petrify,
 He points his guns, his colours fly,
 His men for war array'd !"

Secure as if they own'd the land,
Advanced this daring naval band,
As if in days of peace ;
Along the shore they prowling went,
And often ask'd *some friends in Kent*
Where dwelt the fattest geese ?

The farmers' geese were doom'd to bleed ;
But some there were with Colonel Reed,
Who would not yield assent ;
And said, before the geese they take,
Sir Peter must a bargain make
With us, the boys of Kent.

The Britons march'd along the shore,
Two hundred men, or somewhat more ;
Next, through the woods they stray'd :
The geese, still watchful, as they went,
To save the capitol of Kent
Their every step betray'd.

The British march'd with loaded gun,
To seize the geese that gabbling run
About the isle of Kent ;
But, what could hardly be believed,
Sir Peter was of life bereaved
Before he pitch'd his tent.

Some Kentish lad, to save the geese,
And make their noisy gabbling cease
Had took a deadly aim :
By Kentish hands Sir Peter fell,
His men retreated with a yell,
And lost both geese and game !

Now, what I say, I say with grief,
That such a knight, or such a chief,
 On such an errand died !
When men of worth their lives expose
For little things, where little grows,
They make the very geese their foes ;
 The geese his fall deride :

And, sure, they laugh, if laugh they can,
To see a star and garter'd man
For life of goose expose his own,
And bite the dust with many a groan ;
 “ Alas ! ” a gander cried,
“ Behold, (said he,) a man of fame
Who all the way from England came
No more than just to get the name
 Of PETER PETRIFIED.”

140 ON THE NEW AMERICAN FRIGATE ALLIANCE.—1778.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

As Neptune traced the azure main
That own'd, so late, proud Britain's reign,
A floating pile approach'd his car,
The scene of terror and of war.

As nearer still the monarch drew,
(Her starry flag display'd to view,)
He ask'd a Triton of his train,
“ What flag was this that rode the main ?

“ A ship of such a gallant mien
This many a day I have not seen,
To no mean power can she belong,
So swift, so warlike, stout, and strong.

“ See, how she mounts the foaming wave,
Where other ships would find a grave;
Majestic, awful, and serene,
She sails the ocean like its queen.”

“ Great monarch of the hoary deep,
Whose trident awes the waves to sleep,”
(Replied a Triton of his train,)
“ This ship that stems the western main,

“ To those new, rising states belongs,
Who, in resentment of their wrongs,
Oppose proud Britain’s tyrant sway,
And combat her by land and sea;

“ This pile, of such superior frame,
From their strict union takes her name.
For them she cleaves the briny tide,
While terror marches by her side.

“ When she unfurls her flowing sails,
Undaunted by the fiercest gales,
In dreadful pomp she ploughs the main,
While adverse tempests rage in vain.

“ When she displays her gloomy tier,
The boldest foes congeal with fear,
And, owning her superior might,
Seek their best safety in their flight.

“ But when she pours the dreadful blaze,
And thunder from her cannon plays,

The bursting flash that wings the ball
Compels those foes to strike or fall.

“Though she, with her triumphant crew,
Might to their fate all foes pursue ;
Yet, faithful to the land that bore,
She stays to guard her native shore.

“Though she might make the cruisers groan
That sail within the torrid zone,
She kindly lends a nearer aid,
Annoys them here, and guards the trade.

“Now, traversing the eastern main,
She greets the shores of France and Spain ;
Her gallant flag, display'd to view,
Invites the old world to the new.

“This task achieved, behold her go
To seas congeal'd with ice and snow,
To either tropic, and the line,
Where suns with endless fervour shine.

“Not, Argo, on thy decks were found
Such hearts of brass as here abound ;
They for their golden fleece did fly,
These sail—to vanquish tyranny.”

**141**

BARNEY'S INVITATION.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

COME, all ye lads who know no fear,
To wealth and honour with me steer
In the Hyder Ali privateer,

Commanded by brave Barney.

She's new, and true, and tight, and sound,
Well rigg'd aloft, and all well found ;
Come away, and be with laurel crown'd,
 Away, and leave your lasses.

Accept our terms without delay,
And make your fortunes while you may,
Such offers are not every day
 In the power of the jolly sailor.

Success and fame attend the brave,
But death the coward and the slave,
Who fears to plough the Atlantic wave,
 To seek the bold invaders.

Come, then, and take a cruising bout,
Our ship sails well there is no doubt,
She has been tried both in and out,
 And answers expectation.

Let no proud foes, whom Europe bore,
Distress our trade, insult our shore ;
Teach them to know their reign is o'er,
 Bold Philadelphia sailors !

We'll teach them how to sail so near,
Or to venture on the Delaware,
When we in warlike trim appear,
 And cruise without Henlopen.

Who cannot wounds and battles dare
Shall never clasp the blooming fair ;
The brave alone their charms should share ;
 The brave are their protectors.

With hand and heart united all,
Prepared to conquer or to fall,
Attend, my lads, to honour's call,
Embarke in our Hyder Ali.

From an eastern prince she takes her name,
Who, smit with freedom's sacred flame,
Usurping Britons brought to shame,
His country's wrongs avenging.

See, on her stern, the waving stars ;
Inured to blood, inured to wars,
Come, enter quick, my jolly tars,
To scourge these warlike Britons.

Here's grog enough ; then drink about,
I know your hearts are firm and stout ;
American blood will never give out,
And often we have proved it.

Though stormy oceans round us roll,
We'll keep a firm, undaunted soul,
Befriended by the cheering bowl,
Sworn foes to melancholy :

While timorous landsmen lurk on shore,
'Tis ours to go where cannons roar ;
On a coasting cruise we'll go once more,
Despisers of all danger;

And fortune still, who crowns the brave,
Shall guard us o'er the gloomy wave ;
A fearful heart betrays a knave ;
Success to the Hyder Ali.

**142 ON THE BRITISH BLOCKADE, AND
EXPECTED ATTACK ON NEW YORK.**

1814.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

OLD Neversink* with bonnet blue,
The present times may surely rue
When told what England means to do ;

Where from the deep his head he rears
The din of war salutes his ears,
That teased him not for thirty years.

He eastward looks towards the main
To see a noisy naval train
Invest his bay, our fleets detain.

What can be done in such a case ?—
His rugged heights the blast must face,
The storm that menaces the place.

With tents I see his mountain spread,
The soldier to the summit led,
And cannon planted on his head :

From Shrewsbury beach to Sandy Hook
The country has a martial look,
And Quakers skulk in every nook.

* The Highlands, a little southward of Sandy Hook ; being a tract of bold, high country, several thousand acres in extent ; to the southward of which there is no land that may be termed mountainous, on the whole coast of the United States to Cape Florida. The real aboriginal name of this remarkable promontory was Navesink, since corrupted into Neversink.

What shall be done in such a case ?
We ask again with woful face,
To save the trade and guard the place ?

Where mounted guns the port secure,
The cannon at the embrasure,
Will British fleets attempt to moor ?

Perhaps they may—and make a dash
To fill their pockets with our cash—
Their dealings now are rather harsh.

They menace to assail the coast
With such a fleet and such a host
As may devour us, boil'd or roast.

Their feelings are alive and sore
For what they got at Baltimore,
When, with disgrace, they left the shore,
And will revenge it, if they can,
On town and country, maid and man ;
And all they fear is Fulton's plan ;

Torpedoes planted in the deep,
Whose blast may put them all to sleep,
Or ghostify them at a sweep.

Another scheme, entirely new,
Is hammering on his anvil too,
That frightens Christian, Turk and Jew.

A frigate,* mounting thirty-six !—
Whoe'er with her a quarrel picks
Will little get but cuffs and kicks.

* The steam frigate, Fulton the First: "Qui me percelit, morti debetur;" "Who strikes at me to death is doomed!"

A frigate meant to sail by steam !—
How can she else but torture them,
Be proof to all their fire and flame !

A feast she cooks for England's sons,
Of scalded heads and broken bones,
Discharged from iron-hearted guns.

Black Sam* himself, before he died,
Such suppers never did provide ;
Such dinners roasted, boil'd, and fried.

To make a brief of all I said,
If to attack they change blockade,
Their guard-ships shall be well repaid

With water scalding from the pot,
With melted lead, and flaming shot,
With vollies of—I know not what.

The British lads will be so treated :
Their wooden walls will be so heated,
Their ruin will be soon completed.

Our citizens shall stare and wonder—
The Neversink repel their thunder,
And Cockburn miss a handsome plunder.

* A character well known in New York, several years since, remarkable for elegance and luxurious refinements in the art of cookery.

**143 IN MEMORY OF JAMES LAWRENCE,
ESQUIRE,**

Late commander of the United States frigate Chesapeake,
who fell in the action with the British ship of war Shannon,
June 1st, 1813.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

Semper honoratum habeo.—Virg.

To lift his name to high renown,
His native merits led the way ;
His morning sun resplendent shone
Till clouds obscured the fading ray :
His country's voice his worth confess'd,
His country's tears disclose the rest.

In battle brave, his lofty mind
Aspired to all that fame relates
Of those whom on her page we find,
Defenders of insulted states :
Of all who fought, of all who fell,
The noblest part he copied well.

For Lawrence dead, his Jersey mourns,
With tearful eyes laments the day,
When all the worth that men adorns
One fatal moment snatch'd away !
On honour's bed his doom he found,
In honour's cause the deadly wound.

To what vast heights his mind aspired,
Who knew him best can best relate :—
A longer term the cause required
That urged him to an early fate :
But HE, whose fires illumed his breast,
Knew what was right and what was best.

His country to her breast receives
 His mangled form, and holds it dear ;
 She plants her marble, while she grieves,
 Where all, who read, might drop a tear.
 And say, while memory calls to mind
 The chief, who with our worthies shined,
 Here Lawrence rests, his country's pride,
 On valour's decks who fought and died !

144 ON THE CAPTURE OF THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE ESSEX,

Of thirty-two guns, David Porter, Esq., commander, in the neutral port of Valparaiso, on the coast of Chili, in South America, January, 1814, by the British frigate *Phœbe*, Captain Hillyer, of forty-nine guns, and the *Cherub*, of thirty-two guns.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

“All the devils were there, and hell was empty !”
 FROM cruising near the southern pole,
 Where wild Antarctic oceans roll,
 With a gallant crew, a manly soul,
 Heroic Porter came.
 Then, weathering round the stormy cape,*
 And facing death in every shape,
 Which Anson† hardly could escape,
 (So says the page of fame,)

* Cape Horn ; being the most southern extremity of the island of Terra del Fuego, which is separated from the continent of America by the straits of Magellan, lat. 56° S., long. $67^{\circ} 26'$ West.

† See Lord Anson’s voyage round the world, between 1740 and 1744, by his chaplain, the Rev. Richard Walter. The terrors and dangers of a winter passage round Cape

He made the high Chilesian coast,
The Andes, half in vapour lost,
The Andes topp'd with snow and frost,
 Eternal winter's reign !

Then, to the rugged western gale,
He spread the broad Columbian sail ;
And, Valparaiso, thy fair vale
 Received him with his men.

There, safely moor'd, his colours fly,
Columbia's standard waved on high :
The neutral port, his friends, were nigh ;
 So gallant Porter thought ;
Nor deem'd a foe would heave in sight,
Regardless of all neutral right ;
And yet that foe he soon must fight,
 And fight them as he ought.

His Essex claim'd his fondest care,
With her he every storm could dare,
With her, to meet the blast of war,
 His soul was still in trim ;
In her he cruised the northern main,
In her he pass'd the burning line,
In her, he all things could attain,
 If all would act like him.

At length, two hostile ships appear,
And for the port they boldly steer ;
The Phœbe first, and in her rear
 The Cherub, all secure.

Horn into the Western Ocean, are depicted in that work by a masterly hand who was witness to the scene.

They loom'd as gay as for a dance,
Or ladies painted in romance—
Do mind how boldly they advance,
Who can their fire endure ?

The Phœbe mounted forty-nine,
All thought her on some grand design—
Does she alone the fight decline ?

Say, Captain Hillyer, say ?
The Cherub's guns were thirty-two,
And, Essex ! full a match for you—
Yet, to her bold companion true,
She hugg'd her close that day.

Ye powers that rule the southern pole !
Are these the men of English soul ?
Do these, indeed, the waves control ?

Are these the ocean's lords ?
Though challenged singly to the fight,
(As Porter, Hillyer did invite,)
These men of spunk, these men of might,
Refused to measure swords !

“ What ! fight alone ! ” bold Hillyer said—
“ I will not fight without my aid—
The Cherub is for war array'd,

And she must do her share ! ”
Now Porter saw their dastard plan—
To fight them both was surely vain ;
We should have thought the man insane
That would so madly dare.

Then, hands on deck ! the anchor weigh !
And for the sea he left the bay,
A running fight to have that day,
And thus escape his foes.

But, O ! distressing to relate,
As round a point of land he beat
A squall from hell the ship beset,
And her maintopmast goes.

Unable to attain that end,
He turns toward the neutral friend,
And hoped protection they might lend,
But no protection found.

In this distress the foe advanced—
With such an eye at Essex glanced !
And such a fire of death commenced,
As dealt destruction round.

With every shot they raked the deck,
Till mingled ruin seized the wreck ;
No valour could the ardour check
Of England's martial tars !
One hundred men the Essex lost :
But Phœbe found, and to her cost,
That Porter made them many a ghost
To serve in Satan's wars.

O ! clouded scene !—yet must I tell
Columbia's flag indignant fell—
To Essex, now, we bid farewell—
She wears the English flag !
But, Yankees, she has none on board,
To point the gun or wield the sword ;
And though commanded by a lord
They'll have no cause to brag.

**145 LOSS OF THE PRIVATEER BRIGANTINE
GENERAL ARMSTRONG,**

Captain Samuel C. Reid, of New York, which sailed from Sandy Hook, on a cruise, the 9th of September, 1814, and on the 26th came to anchor in the road of Fayal, one of the Azores, or Western Islands, a neutral port belong to the crown of Portugal. She anchored in that port for the purpose of procuring a supply of fresh water, when she was attacked by the British ship of war Plantagenet, of seventy-four guns, Captain Lloyd; the Rota frigate of thirty-six guns, and the armed national brig Carnation, of eighteen guns, and many barges of considerable force, all of which she repulsed with an immense slaughter, and was then scuttled and sunk by order of Captain Reid, to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

THE Armstrong arrived in the port of Fayal,
And her actions of valour we mean to recall ;
Brave Reid, her commander, his valorous crew,
The heroes that aided, his officers, too.

Shall it fall to their lot

To be basely forgot ?

O, no ! while a bard has a pen to command
Their fame shall resound through American land.

In the road of Fayal, when their anchors were cast,
The British were watching to give them a blast ;
Not far from the port, for destruction sharp set,
Lay the Rota, Carnation, and Plantagenet :

With a ship of the line

Did a frigate combine,

And a brig of great force, with her boats in the rear,
To capture or burn one New York privateer !

Four boats from the brig were despatch'd in great
haste,

And onward they came of the Armstrong to taste :
To taste of her powder, to taste of her ball,
To taste of the death she must hurl on them all !

They came in great speed,

And with courage, indeed,

Well mann'd, and well arm'd—so they got alongside,
Destruction their motto, damnation their guide.

Now the Armstrong, with vengeance, had open'd her
fire,

And gave them as much as they well could desire ;
A score of them fell—full twenty fell dead—

Then “quarters !” they cried, and disgracefully fled :

To their ships they return'd

Half shatter'd and burn'd—

Not quite in good humour, perhaps in a fret,
And waited new orders from Plantagenet.

Then the Armstrong haul'd in, close abreast of the
beach,

So near, that a pistol the castle would reach ;

And there she awaited the rest of their plan,

And there they determined to die to a man,

Ere the lords of the waves,

With their sorrowful slaves,

The tyrants who claim the command of the main,

With strength, though superior, their purpose should
gain.

And now the full moon had ascended the sky,
Reid saw by her light that the British were nigh :
The bell of Fayal told the hour—it was nine—
When the foe was observed to advance in a line ;

They manœuvred a while,
With their brig, in great style,
Till midnight approach'd, when they made their attack,
Twelve boats full of men, and the brig at their back ;
They advanced to the conflict as near as they chose,
When the Armstrong her cannon discharged on her foes ;
The town of Fayal stood aghast in amaze,
The Armstrong appear'd like all hell in a blaze !
At the blast of Long Tom
The foe was struck dumb :
O Lord ! are the sons of old England alarm'd ?
With music like this they were *formerly* charm'd !
Huzza for old England ! three cheers and a damn !
And up to the conflict they manfully came ;
On the bows and the quarters they grappled a hold,
And "board" was the word in those barges so bold ;
But board they could not—to no devil she strikes,
So the Armstrong repelled them with pistols and pikes ;
From her musketry fire
They by dozens expire :
And soon was the work of destruction complete,
And soon was determined their total defeat !
Three hundred brave fellows were wounded and kill'd,
Their boats and their barges with slaughter were fill'd ;
With shame they retreated, the few that remain'd
To tell the event of the battle—not gain'd :
Their commander-in-chief
Was astounded with grief !

“Don’t grieve, my good fellows,” he hail’d them, “I
beg ;

I, too, have my wounds—an ox trod on my leg !”

But to save the stout Armstrong, even Reid could
not do—

A ship of the line, with a frigate in tow !

A brig of their navy accoutred for war !

All this was too much for e’en Yankees to dare :

So he scuttled his bark—

Nor need we remark

That she sunk on the sands by the beach of Fayal,
With her colours all flying—no colours could fall.

Of neutrals what nonsense some tell us each day !

Exists there a neutral where Britain has sway ?

The rights of a neutral !—away with such stuff,

What neutral remains that can England rebuff ?

To be safe from disgrace,

The deep seas are our place ;

The flag of no neutral our flag can defend,

By ourselves we must fight, on ourselves must
depend.

Now in bumpers of reason, success to brave Reid !

Himself and his heroes are heroes indeed !

In conquests like this, can an Englishman glory,

One traitor among us, one Halifax tory ?

If they can—let them brag—

Here’s success to our flag !

May it ever be ready the Britons to maul,

As the Armstrong behaved in the road of Fayal.

146 THE COURTEOUS KNIGHT; OR, THE FLYING GALLANT.

The public will hear with astonishment that a British knight of high reputation should have declined the advances of an American lady who has already made some *noise* in the world, and is likely soon to make more. After having notoriously boasted of his willingness, and even of his anxiety, to meet the lady, as well as of his prowess in such encounters, it is impossible to find for his graceless back-sliding a sufficient apology ; and all true-hearted maidens ought without the least hesitation, to set him down for a faithless perjured lover.

For a nautical knight, a lady—heigho !

Felt her heart and her heart-strings to ache :
To view his dear person, she look'd to and fro,
The name of the knight was Sir James Lucas Yeo—
And the Lady—'twas she of the Lake.

“ My good, sweet Sir James,” cried the lady so fair,
“ Since my passion I cannot control,
When you see my white drapery floating in air
O, hither, and swiftly, I pri’thee, repair,
And indulge the first wish of my soul.”

The knight heard, afar, of the lady’s desire,
And sprightly, and gay, made reply :
“ As your heart, lovely maid, does my person require,
I assure you, mine burns with the like amorous fire,
And to your loved presence I’ll fly.”

From Ontario’s margin the Lady set sail,
Expecting the knight on that sea :
She dreamt not that he in his promise would fail,
And from a fair Lady, unmanlike, turn tail ;
Yet he tarried !—what could the cause be ?

Impatient to see him, no longer she'd stay ;
 Resolved o'er the whole lake to roam ;
 "O ! have you not heard of my stout knight,
 pray ?"
 She plaintively ask'd all who came in her way :
 "Do you think he's to Kingston gone home ?"
 At length she espied him :—what should Sir James
 do ?
 He fidgetted, ran, and he tack'd in and out :
 He fear'd to embrace her : he promised to woo :
 She hail'd him, "Sir James, charming fellow, heave
 to !
 Why do you my tenderness flout ?"
 He fled like a truant ; the Lady in vain
 Her oglings and glances employ'd :
 She aim'd at his heart, and she aim'd at his brain,
 And she vow'd from pursuing she ne'er would refrain ;
 The knight was most sadly annoy'd.
 At length from love's fervour the recreant got clear,
 And may have, for a season, some rest :
 But if this fair Lady he ever comes near,
 For breaking his promise he'll pay very dear :
 The price valiant Chauncey knows best.

147 VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

FOREVER remember'd be the gallant story,
 How valiant Perry with Columbia's crew,
 With love of country fired, and love of glory,
 Proud Britain's host on Erie's lake o'erthrew.

He, like her rocky banks,
Amidst his slaughter'd ranks
Stood firm, no fear could shake his soul ;
Though streams of blood
Rush'd like a flood,
And thunders shook from pole to pole.

Hark ! now the cannons with impetuous roar,
Deal dread destruction from the unequal foe,
The spirit of the lake sought refuge on the shore,
And for the fallen brave join'd in Columbia's wo.

And now, the Lawrence lost,
On Erie's bosom toss'd,
His flag alone the hero saves ;
As thick as hail their shot assail,
Still round his head his flag he waves.

On the Niagara's deck now see him bound !
Now mid the astonish'd foe his course he steers,
Now dying groans—now victory's shouts resound !
Now panic fear amidst their ranks appears !
And now Columbia's son
The gallant fight has won ;
For see, the British lion cowers ;
Huzza ! huzza ! all hail the day !
“ We have met the enemy, and they are ours ! ”



148 THE TENTH OF SEPTEMBER.

O'ER the mountains the sun of our fame was declining,
And on Thetis' billowy breast
The cold orb had reposed, all his splendour resigning,
Bedimm'd by the mists of the West.

The prospect that rose to the patriot's sight
Was cheerless, and hopeless, and dreary !
But a bolt burst the cloud, and illumined the night
That enveloped the waters of Erie.

The gray god of the lake, in his palace of coral,
And moving sublime o'er the wave,
From the bank where it bloom'd pluck'd a chaplet of
laurel,
And the garland to Victory gave.

By the goddess 'twas held o'er each thundering deck,
Till with doubts grown distracted and weary ;
And when each gun was silent, each vessel a wreck,
'Twas snatch'd by the Hero of Erie.

For the brave who have bled, why indulge a vain
sorrow ?

They were wreck'd on no enemy's coast;
And some one of us may be welcomed to-morrow,
To Elysium, by Lawrence's ghost ;
Who, when call'd by Charon to take a short trip,
With him in his crazy old wherry,
Saw his own dying orders, "Don't give up the ship!"
On the flag proudly floating o'er Perry.

Let each man round the board bid his children re-
member,
With a generous expansion of soul,
The glory that plays round the tenth of September,
And crown its return with a bowl ;
Then the goblet shall foam, blow the wind high or
low ;
And the heart be it mournful or merry ;
And the purest of wine to the memory shall flow
Of the virtues and valour of Perry.

149 HULL'S NAVAL VICTORY.

Tune.—Paul Jones's Victory.

YE true sons of Freedom, give ear to my song,
While the praise of brave Hull I attempt to prolong,
Let each bold-hearted hero now fill up his glass,
And our favourite sentiment rapidly pass.

With our brave noble captain, we'll still plough the
main;

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

With a fine springing breeze, our sails we soon bent,
And with hearts full of joy to the ocean we went,
In the famed Constitution, a tight and stanch boat
As ever was seen on the water afloat.

With our brave noble captain we plough'd the deep
main;

And when he commands we are ready again.

On the nineteenth of August, a sail we espied,
We hove too, and soon she came up alongside;
The drum beat to quarters, to quarters we run,
And each tar bravely swore to stand fast to his gun.

Our captain so brave as we sail'd on the main,
Now bids us a harvest of glory to gain.

A broadside the foe quickly into us pour'd,
We return'd 'em the favour direct on the word,
Each heart was undaunted, no bosom knew fear,
And we cared not a snap for the saucy Guerriere.

With our noble commander we fought on the main,
And we'll conquer with him when he bids us again.

The balls now flew thick, and quite warm was the play,

Their masts and their rigging were soon shot away ;
We shatter'd their hull with all possible speed,
With our good spunky "bull-dogs" of true Yankee breed.

'Twas thus with our captain we fought on the main,
With him a rich harvest of glory to gain.

The blood from the enemy's scuppers ran fast,
All hopes of subduing us now were quite past :
So they wisely concluded by "hob or by nob,"
That 'twas best to give o'er what they thought a bad job."

With our true noble captain we'll fight on the main,
And we hope that with him we'll soon conquer again.

The Britons had seldom before seen the like,
For we raked them so clean they'd no colours to strike ;

So a gun from the lea they were forced to let fly,
To inform us they didn't quite all wish to die.

'Twas thus with our captain we fought on the main,
And we're ready, brave boys, to fight with him again.

In twenty-five minutes the business was done,
For they didn't quite relish such true Yankee fun ;
So we kindly received them on board our good ship,
Many cursing the day when they took their last trip.

With our brave noble captain we'll still plough the main,

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

Now homeward we're bound, with a favouring breeze,
As full of good humour and mirth as you please,

Each true-hearted sailor partakes of the glass,
And drinks off a health to his favourite lass.

With our brave noble captain we've plough'd the
deep main,
With him we the laurels of glory did gain.

Now success to the good Constitution, a boat,
Which her crew will defend while a plank is afloat,
Who never will flinch or in duty e'er lag,
But will stick to the last by the American flag.

So true to our colours we'll ever remain,
And we'll conquer for freedom again and again.

When again we shall plough o'er Neptune's blue
wave,

May honour still circle the brows of the brave,
And should our bold foe wish to give us a pull,
We'll show them the good Constitution and Hull.

And now with three cheers, ere we sail to the main,
We'll greet our brave captain again and again.



150 ON THE LATE ROYAL SLOOP OF WAR, GENERAL MONK,

Formerly the Washington; mounting six quarter-deck
wooden guns.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

WHEN the Washington ship by the English was beat,
They sent her to England to show their great feat,
And Sandwich, straightway, as a proof of his spunk,
Dash'd out her old name and call'd her the Monk.*

* General Monk, who was the most active agent in restoring Charles the Second.

"This Monk hated rebels, (said Sandy,) 'od rot 'em,
So heave her down quickly and copper her bottom ;
With the sloops of our navy we'll have her enrolled,
And mann'd with pick'd sailors to make her feel bold.

"To show that our king is both valiant and good,
Some guns shall be iron, and others be wood ;
And, in truth, (though I wish not the secret to spread,)
All her guns should be wooden—to suit with his
head."

151 ERIE AND CHAMPLAIN.

HAIL to the day which arises in splendour,
Shedding the lustre of victory afar,
Long shall its glory illumine September,
Which twice beheld freemen the victors in war.
Roused by the spirit of heaven-born Freedom,
Perry, her lightnings pour'd over the lake,
His falchion, a meteor, glitters to lead them,
And swift on the foemen, in thunders they break.
Loud swells the cannon's roar,
Round Erie's sounding shore,
Answer'd in volleys, by musketry's voice,
Till Britain's cross descends,
And the haughty foe bends :
Victory, glory, Columbians, rejoice.

Hail to the day, which in splendour returning,
Lights us to conquest and glory again ;
Time, hold that year—still the war-torch was burning,
And threw its red ray on the waves of Champlain.

Roused by the spirit that conquer'd for Perry,
Dauntless Macdonough advanced to the fray :
Instant the glory that brighten'd Lake Erie,
Burst on Champlain with the splendour of day ;
Loud swells the cannon's roar,
On Plattsburg's bloody shore,
Britons retreat from the tempest of war,
Prevost deserts the field,
While the gallant ships yield,
Victory, glory, Columbians, huzza !

Hail to the day which, recorded in story,
Lives the bright record of unfading fame,
Long shall Columbians, inspired by its glory,
Hail its returning with joyous acclaim.
Victory scatter'd profusely the laurel
Over our heroes on land and on flood,
Britain, astonish'd, relinquish'd the quarrel,
Peace saw her olive arise from the blood.
Now cannons cease to roar
Round Freedom's peaceful shore,
Silent and hush'd is the war bugle's voice,
Let festive joys increase,
In the sunshine of peace,
Peace gain'd by victory ; Freemen, rejoice !

152 THE TRUE YANKEE SAILOR.

WHEN a boy Harry Bluff left his friends and his home,
And his dear native land o'er the ocean to roam ;
Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view,
He was true Yankee oak, boys, the older he grew.

Though his body was weak and his hands they were
soft,

When the signal was given, he the first went aloft:
'The veterans all cried, "He'll one day lead the van,"'
For though rated a boy, he'd the soul of a man,
And the heart of a true Yankee sailor.

When to manhood promoted, and burning for fame,
Still in peace or in war, Harry Bluff was the same ;
So true to his love, and in battle so brave,
The myrtle and laurel entwined o'er his grave.
For his country he fell, when by victory crown'd,
The flag shot away, fell in tatters around,
The foe thought he'd struck, but he sung out—
“Avast !”

And Columbia's colours he nail'd to the mast,
And died like a true Yankee sailor.

153 KISS THE BRIM AND BID IT PASS.

BY SUSANNA ROWSON.

WHEN Columbia's shores receding,
Lessens to the gazing eye ;
Cape nor island intervening,
Break the expanse of sea and sky ;
When the evening shades descending,
Shed a softness o'er the mind,
When the yawning heart will wander,
To the circle left behind :
Ah, then to friendship fill the glass,
Kiss the brim and bid it pass.

When the social board surrounding,
At the evening's slight repast,
Often will our bosoms tremble
As we listen to the blast ;
Gazing on the moon's pale lustre,
Fervent shall our prayers arise
For thy peace, thy health, thy safety,
To him who form'd the skies ;
To Friendship oft we'll fill the glass,
Kiss the brim and bid it pass.

When in India's sultry climate,
Mid the burning torrid zone,
Will not oft thy fancy wander
From her bowers to thy own ?
When her richest fruits partaking,
Thy unvitiated taste
Oft shall sigh for dear Columbia,
And her frugal neat repast ;
Ah, then to Friendship fill the glass,
Kiss the brim and bid it pass.

When the gentle eastern breezes
Fill the home-bound vessel's sails,
Undulating soft the ocean,
O, propitious be the gales ;
Then when ev'ry danger's over,
Rapture shall each heart expand ;
Tears of unmix'd joy shall bid thee
Welcome to thy native land ;
To Friendship then we'll fill the glass,
Kiss the brim and bid it pass.

154

TRUXTUN'S VICTORY.

BY SUSANNA ROWSON.

WHEN Freedom, fair Freedom her banner display'd,
Defying each foe, whom her rights would invade,
Columbia's brave sons swore those rights to maintain,
And o'er ocean and earth to establish her reign.

United, they cry,
While that standard shall fly,
Resolved, firm, and steady,
We always are ready

To fight and to conquer, to conquer or die.

Though Gallia through Europe has rush'd like a flood,
And deluged the earth with an ocean of blood ;
While by faction she's led, while she's govern'd by
knaves,

We court not her smiles, and will ne'er be her slaves :

Her threats we defy,
While our standard shall fly ;
Resolved, firm, and steady,
We always are ready

To fight and to conquer, to conquer or die.

Though France, with caprice, dares our statesmen
upbraid,

A tribute demands, or sets bounds to our trade ;
From our young rising navy our thunders shall roar :
And our commerce extend to the earth's utmost shore.

Our cannon we'll ply,
While our standard shall fly ;
Resolved, firm, and steady,
We always are ready

To fight and to conquer, to conquer or die.

To know we're resolved, let them think on the hour,
When Truxtun, brave Truxtun, off Nevis's shore
His ship mann'd for battle, the standard unfurl'd,
And at the Insurgente defiance he hurl'd :

And his valiant tars cry,
While our standard shall fly ;
Resolved, firm, and steady,
We always are ready

To fight and to conquer, to conquer or die.

Each heart beat exulting, inspired by the cause ;
They fought for their country, their freedom, and
laws ;
From their cannon loud volleys of vengeance they
pour'd,

And the standard of France to Columbia was lower'd.

Huzza ! they now cry,
Let the Eagle wave high ;
Resolved, firm, and steady,
We always are ready

To fight and to conquer, to conquer or die.

Then raise high the strain, pay the tribute that's due
To the fair Constellation, and all her brave crew ;
Be Truxtun revered, and his name be enroll'd
'Mongst the chiefs of the ocean, the heroes of old.

Each invader defy,
While such heroes are nigh,
Who always are ready,
Resolved, firm, and steady,

To fight and to conquer, to conquer or die.

155

COLUMBIAN TARS.

COLUMBIAN tars are hearts of oak,
 Singing ever merrily :
 Even in fight they laugh and joke,
 Meeting danger cheerily ;
 Yo, yo, yea ;
 Fire away,
 Hearts of oak, right merrily.

And though death around him flies,
 Still the dauntless sailor cries,
 Spunge the guns, boys, merrily,
 Ram the balls home, cheerily,
 Yo, yo, yea ;
 Fire away,
 Hearts of oak, right merrily.

Wrapt in clouds of thickest smoke,
 Hear him singing merrily ;
 Fearless still he'll have his joke,
 Braving peril cheerily ;
 E'en amidst the hottest fight,
 Hear him singing with delight,
 Spunge the guns, boys, &c.

—————

156

PERRY'S VICTORY.

BY A. S. G.

SEE them meeting,
 Dreadful greeting,
 And for carnage fierce, prepare,—
 (The Eagle and the Lion there,)

Now the cannon's awful roar,
Runs along the affrighted shore,
Hear ! the groans of wounded, dying !
See ! the scatter'd foe are flying !
While the sons of Freedom cry,
Victory !—O Victory !

157**DECATUR'S GRAVE.**

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

WHY weeps the muse, her glory fled ?
Why droops Columbia's genius so ?
The laurel wreath is sere and dead ;
Decatur's gallant form is low !
Ye hoary warriors, hither bring
Your tribute to the kindred brave ;
Ye beauteous maidens, haste, and fling
Your chaplets on Decatur's grave.

Let those depart, who tear away
The wreath that marks a godlike soul ;
Let those depart, who chide the lay,
And for one error blot the scroll—
Approach ! ye generous, feeling, few,
Where selfishness can ne'er intrude ;
Approach—Decatur's grave bedew ;
Sweet are the tears of gratitude !

The hero mingles with the dust,
But glory shrines his deathless fame ;
The tomb receives its hallow'd trust,
But unborn ages breathe his name !

Yes, mighty dead ! in every breast,
 Thou still shalt live, to memory dear ;
 This turf, by virgin footsteps prest,
 Shall witness Sorrow's dewy tear !

Hither will Sympathy repair,
 To deck her favourite's early tomb ;
 While Charity, with aspect fair,
 Will mantle thy untimely doom ;
 Farewell ! the gem that hail'd thy morn,
 Now sunk beneath the western sky,—
 Will wake for thee a brighter dawn :
 The star of glory ne'er can die !



158 HERO OF THE NORTH—OR BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

BY MR. BENJAMIN WHITMAN, JUN., OF BOSTON.

O, know ye the land where the cliff and the mountain
 O'ershadows the water's dark tremulous glow ;
 Which flows from the north from its cold icy fountain,
 And passes through Erie to ocean below.

That torrent is rough as it bursts from the north,
 But calmly extending across the broad lakes ;
 From their silent expanse, serene it goes forth,
 Till it foams where the loud roaring cataract breaks.

There the roar of the fall with the wild Indian yell,
 For ages together have mingled its sound ;
 And often the yell of the savage would drown
 The roar of the fall as it thundering fell.

The flood still is pouring,
The fall still is roaring,
And echoes each neighbouring shore ;
But the war-hoop no longer
Sounds louder and stronger,
While drowning the cataract's roar.

'Tis not by their yells and their screams I am fired—
At the tales of the savage I droop and grow weary ;
I now sing of honour and glory acquired,
Where our thunders were heard on the waters of
Erie.

The dark rolling waters of Erie had flow'd
For ages on ages in silence along ;
And its bleak mountain-shore had ne'er yet echo'd
The cannon's loud roar, or the mariner's song.

But the cross of Saint George o'er her bosom now
floats,
And Columbia's brave Eagle is streaming afar ;
And the thunders that sleep in their ships and their
boats
Will shortly be roused in the tempest of war.

Where yonder beams of morning play,
Through eastern portals come the day ;
And through the darksome silent air,
It spreads afar its brilliant glare.
With fluid gold it tinges now
The welkin's space, and mountain's brow ;
Far in the east these clouds behold,
Which seem in heavenly frame enroll'd ;
There blessed angels love to lie,
And look abroad through earth and sky ;

As from the vigils of the night,
They leave the earth for realms of light :
And gazing round, below, above,
They read unutterable love.
On that calm and glorious morn,
The lake reflected back the dawn,
To waken'd warriors, roused in time
To meet approaching war and crime.
No longer now does silence reign,
But seamen's shouts and cheerful strain,
And hoisted sails, and moving oar,
Proclaim our warriors "sleep no more."
Proud o'er the lake (a gallant throng !)
Old Albion's squadron sweeps along,
Like frame that moves upon the wave ;
While pennons floating o'er the brave,
Are seen afar through mist and cloud ;
And now is seen each mast and shroud ;
And as the morning breezes blow,
Nearer and nearer comes the foe.
Those thunders sleep, which soon will wake
Their first rude notes upon the lake ;
Upon whose bosom ne'er before
Relentless Death his victims bore.

Solemn and slow the adverse squadrons move,
While the bright orb of day rolls on above.
O ! 'tis a glorious sight to see them sweep,
Like clouds in air upon that gentle deep ;
Their sails all set, their pennons streaming high ;
While there the cross—while here the eagles fly,
With all things smiling in the autumn sky,
And clouds of amber gently sailing by ;

While just below, the lake is heaving bright,
And swells of tumid vapour catch the light.

As from some black and silent cloud
That moves upon the face of day,
The flashing lightnings sudden play,

And muttering thunders roar'd aloud ;
While darting on the mountain's side,
They spread destruction far and wide—
So, on that calm and gentle wave,
Where all was silent as the grave,

The reign of peace is o'er ;
And, to the cannon's dreadful roar,
Echoes the mountains, rocks, and shore,
As first the British thunders pour
Destruction round, behind, before ;
And the dark lake receives the gore
Of man who falls to rise no more.

Silent and slow our vessels glide,
While ruin pours on every side ;
But now our port-holes gaping wide,

Our fires begin to glow ;
And forth the awful thunders broke,
And ruin went with every stroke,
And death with every blow.

But see our strong and gallant bark,
Where stands the hero of the lake,
She slowly moves, the only mark
On which the opposing torrents break.
Each "brace, and bowline," shot away,
She moves a perfect wreck :

She meets the wind like waving trees,
She's tossed like clouds upon the breeze,
And ruin crowds her deck.

O, yonder see the hero sail,
While balls as thick as autumn's hail,
Around the little vessel pour ;
Secure she sails mid fire and smoke,
As did of yore that gallant boat,
Which fearless Cæsar bore.

In triumph now another deck
Receives the warrior from the wreck,

In safety and in glory ;
And now more strong the breezes blow,
And drives him nearer to the foe,
And wafts him on to victory.
Now fierce amid the foe they dash,
Their masts and spars while falling crash,
Their ships are driven a' thrafft ;
From larboard and from starboard side,
Our dreadful port-holes gaping wide,
Send tenfold thunders o'er the tide,
And rakes them fore and aft.

Down, down your flags, or not a foe
Shall live to tell this tale of woe.

Down, down your flags, or not a boat
Above this blood-red stream shall float !"
And down they come—the strife is o'er—
Borne on the gale is heard no more
The groan, the shriek, or cannon's roar ;
And die the thunders on the distant shore

I know 'tis true you love to read
Of noble knights of former day ;

I know you sigh o'er martial deed,
And grieve those times have pass'd away.

'Tis true those knights no more will fight,
The days of chivalry are o'er;—
And those who fought for Bruce's right,
Are Scotia's valiant sons no more.

But did high heart and spirit free
Perish with Bruce and Wallace brave ?
And with the flower of chivalry,
Did worth and courage find their grave ?

O, come to the land of a Greene and a Perry,
O, look to the warriors of Eutaw and Erie ;
And see where encircled in glory's bright ray,
Heroes have fought in our land and our day.
Old Rome and old Greece, in the temple of fame,
A long list of heroes with triumph can claim ;
And round on the tablets, in letters of gold,
Each nation may see its own heroes enroll'd :
And round as you gaze both with wonder and pride
On the names of those warriors who've conquer'd and
died

On yonder bright tablet, Columbia, behold
The names of your Greene and your Perry enroll'd.

159 VICTORY ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

BY BENJAMIN WHITMAN, JUN.

O, WILD is the land where the yell and the cry
Bid the traveller flee, for the savage is near :
Where the Great Spirit moves in the clouds of the sky,
Array'd in the robes of his terror and fear.

O, wild is the land, where the forests and lakes,
And all things around are majestic and grand ;
Where Nature her palace triumphantly makes
On the hills everlasting that rise from the land.

There the wild men, while swiftly their game they
pursue,
Stop in their course, with enchantment are bound,
And bless the Great Spirit, as gazing they view
The waters and earth, and heavens around.

"Tis the land of the west ! where but lately were seen
The wild tribes of Indians that wander'd afar ;
And where, too, was heard the wild yell and the
scream,
That roused in the savage the spirit of war.

I sing now of war, of conquest, and blood,
Of warriors whose laurels now bloom o'er their
grave ;
Of deeds done where once was the Indians' abode,
I sing of Macdonough the brave.

The lowering clouds grew dark on high,
And spread their curtains round the sky,
And caught the flood of light
Which pour'd from stars, which now above,
The clouds that dark and silent move
Break not the gloom of night.

No thunders roll in this still scene,
Along the heavens no meteors gleam
To light the darksome hour ;
The forest, lake, and wave is hush'd,
And now the wind which by them rush'd
Suspends its mighty power.

Upon yon lake the billow's glow
Sparkles around no rushing prow,
 But all is smooth and calm ;
And warriors too, who soon may die,
Now slumbering on their hammocks lie,
 Nor dream approaching harm.

The orb of day at morrow's dawn
Will light the holy Sunday's morn,
 The Sabbath of the Lord.
The labour of the week is done,
And all will at the rising sun
 Sing anthems to their God.

But now, o'er rock, vale, delve, and steep,
All nature silent seems to sleep
 Enveloped close in gloom ;
And, save yon breeze that drives away
The clouds before the face of day,
Nature appears in dark array,
 A universal tomb.

Morn now the orient gates have riven,
And far and wide the purple heaven
 Foretells a bloody day.
Each cloud appears a bloody screen,
Reflecting on each lower scene,
Save where the mountains intervene
 The glorious morning ray.

From yonder ship, the signal gun
Arouses, with the rising sun,
 The seamen from their slumber ;

Some shall with wreaths adorn their head,
Some shall be counted with the dead,
And proudly swell their number !

The cannon echoes far and wide
Along the shore and mountain's side,
And wakes the tuneful lark :
The wild birds raise their matin notes,
And through the barges, ships, and boats,
The slumbering seamen start.

What muttering sound is that which strikes the ear ?
What sails seem floating through yon misty air ?
And with the breeze are now advancing fast—
With flags far waving from each lofty mast ?
“ See them,” Macdonough cries, “ there streaming
high,
By heavens, the cross, the British pennants fly—
They fly above your foe, who now prepare
To taint this holy morn with deeds of war !
Display our eagle, place our guns for fight,
And they are our's, or else we die ere night.”
Now o'er the lake the royal vessels sweep,
And swiftly move along the misty deep ;
They come more near, and now abreast they lay,
“ The wind of heaven too, gently dies away.”
Our men on valour place their strong reliance,
And forthwith raised a shout of loud defiance.

Then as the sun's resplendent car
Throws back the twilight clouds afar—
And o'er the gloomy realms of air
Scatters abroad his silent glare—

So from each gallant vessel's side,
Our dreadful port-holes gaping wide,
Through fire and smoke
The thunders broke,
And muttering spoke
By every stroke
Destruction to the foe !

Mid blood and fire each vessel rides,
And down their smoke enveloped sides
A torrent-red of life-blood glides
Into the lake below.

Their shrouds, masts, yards, while falling, crack,
And every vessel seems a wreck,
As death and ruin crowd each deck
With trophies of their deeds.

Ours ! work and fight as nothing fearing,
They now another flag are rearing,
And yonder vessel disappearing
Their fire and valour feeds.

One ship is sunk ! one flag is down,
And adverse thunders rarely sound,
Opposing seamen bleed around,
And fall among their guns.

Each ship a moving hearse goes on,
Crowded with men whose souls are gone,
Who now above the billows borne,
No more are Albion's sons.

The strife has ceased—Champlain no more
Is troubled with the cannon's roar,
No thunders break from yonder shore—
The victor is Macdonough :

The clouds disperse, the sky serene
Has not a cloud to intervene,
And silence reigns through every scene,
The forest and the billow.

As the Spartan of old, when he travell'd afar,
O'er the scenes where his forefathers bled in the war,
At Thermopylæ's straits, where Leonidas' band
Could the millions of Persia with glory withstand ;
On the scene as he gazed, and was roused by the
sight,
And long'd to encounter some foe in the fight—
So the American youth, when he wanders along
The scene of those deeds that you've heard in my
song,
Will gaze at Champlain, and go over in thought
The deeds of that day when his countrymen fought ;
Will cry, as the wave on the lake he may follow,
“There fought the brave and the gallant Mac-
donough !”

160**THE ALLIGATOR*.**

BY JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

THAT steed has lost his rider ! I have seen
His snuffing nostril, and his pawing hoof ;
His eyeball lighting to the cannon's blaze,
His sharp ear pointed, and each ready nerve,
Obedient to a whisper ;—his white mane

* The United States schooner Alligator was wrecked on her return from the West India station, after the murder, by the pirates, of her commander, Captain Allen.

Curling with eagerness, as if it bore,
To squadron'd foes, the sign of victory,
Where'er his bounding speed could carry it.
But now, with languid step, he creeps along,
Falters, and groans, and dies.

And I have seen

Yon foundering vessel, when with crowding sail,
With smoking bulwarks and with blazing sides,
Sporting away the foam before her prow,
And heaving down her side to the brave chase,
She seem'd to share the glories of the bold !
But now with flagging canvass, lazily
She moves ; and stumbling on the rock, she sinks,
As broken-hearted as that faithful steed,
That lost his rider, and laid down, and died.



161

NAVAL SONG.

BY MISS ELIZABETH ALLEN.

WHEN Britain, fired with savage rage,
A sister nation did engage ;—
When hill and plain and sandy shore,
Were stain'd with floods of human gore.

Not far from Champlain's craggy side,
Macdonough's fleet was seen to ride ;
While Downie, pleased his foe to meet,
In hostile row approach'd his fleet.

And manful hearts beat quick and high,
As they the solemn scene descried ;

And hastening onward sought the strand,
Or height, that prospect might command.

One gentle form, with glossy hair,
Came too, the mournful view to share;
Clad in a wedding-robe, her eye
Cast upward, while she thus did cry :—

“ O, God of mercy ! hear my prayer !
Let my Philander be thy care ;
And grant him strength to act his part,
But guide the death-shot from his heart.

Yet as thou wilt—and I'll be still,
And own the justice of thy will ;
But should thy goodness deign to spare,
Thy mercy ever I'll declare.”

But O ! the cannon's horrid din,
Resounds, and quick resounds again ;
A trembling seizes every limb,
Pallid her cheek, her eye grows dim.

Mute as the rock on which she sate,
To wait the dread approach of fate ;
No murmur 'scaped, no sigh was heard,
Her God was just, and him she fear'd.

But hark ! those peals victorious sound,
A victor sure his way hath found ;
Macdonough ! thine must be the day,
For heaven had mark'd thy better way.

Yes ! comes the bearer, “ Tidings new !
Macdonough, with his gallant few,

A victory complete did gain,
While Downie with his aids are slain."

Elvira, long with grief oppress'd,
Now feels the load forsake her breast ;
Philander comes, with laurels crown'd,
And shouts from hills and vales resound.

And mountains took the echo too,
And heralds on fleet pinions flew ;
Whilst all Columbia's sons proclaim,
Their hero in Macdonough's name.



162 ON THE DEATH OF COMMODORE OLIVER H. PERRY.

BY JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

"By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd."

How sad the note of that funereal drum,
That's muffled by indifference to the dead !
And how reluctantly the echoes come,
On air that sighs not o'er that stranger's bed,
Who sleeps with death alone—O'er his young head
His native breezes never more shall sigh ;
On his lone grave the careless step shall tread,
And pestilential vapours soon shall dry
Each shrub that buds around—Each flower that blushes
nigh.

Let Genius, poising on her full-fledged wing,
Fill the charm'd air with thy deserved praise :
Of war, and blood, and carnage let her sing,
Of victory and glory !—let her gaze

On the dark smoke that shrouds the cannon's
blaze ;
On the red foam that crests the bloody billow ;
Then mourn the sad close of thy shorten'd days ;
Place on thy country's brow the weeping willow,
And plant the laurels thick around thy last cold pil-
low.

No sparks of Grecian fire to me belong :
Alike uncouth the poet and the lay :
Unskill'd to turn the mighty tide of song,
He floats along the current as he may,
The humble tribute of a tear to pay,
Another hand may choose another theme,
May sing of Nelson's last and brightest day,
Of Wolfe's unequall'd and unrivall'd fame,
The wave of Trafalgar—the field of Abraham.

But if the wild winds of thy western lake
Might teach a harp that fain would mourn the brave,
And sweep those strings a minstrel may not wake,
Or give an echo from some secret cave
That opens on romantic Erie's wave,
The feeble chord would not be swept in vain ;
And though the sound might never reach thy grave,
Yet there are spirits here, that to the strain
Would send a still small voice responsive back again.

And though the yellow plague infest the air;
Though noxious vapours blight the turf, where rest
The manly form, and the bold heart of war;
Yet should that deadly isle afar be blest ;
For the fresh breezes of thy native west

Should seek and sigh around thy early tomb,
Moist with the tears of those who loved thee best,
Scented with sighs of love ; there grief should come,
And memory guard thy grave, and mourn thy hapless
doom.

It may not be. Too feeble is the hand,
Too weak and frail the harp, the lay too brief
To speak the sorrows of a mourning land,
Weeping in silence for her youthful chief.
Yet may an artless tear proclaim more grief
Than mock affection's arts can ever show ;
A heart-felt sigh can give a sad relief,
Which all the sobs of counterfeited woe,
Trick'd off in foreign garb could ever hope to know.

**163**

A MARINER'S SONG.

BY JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

THOUGH now we are sluggish and lazy on shore,
Yet soon shall we be where the wild waters roar ;
Where the wind through the hoarse rattling cordage
shall rave,
And fling the white foam from the top of the wave.

Yes, soon o'er the waters the Essex shall sweep,
And bear all the thunders of war o'er the deep ;
While the hands that are hard, and the hearts that are
brave,
Shall give the bold frigate the top of the wave.

And though some one among us may never return,
His comrades shall sorrow, his messmates shall
mourn;

Though his body may sink to a watery grave,
His spirit shall rise to the top of the wave.

Then a health to John Adams, and long may he reign
O'er the mountains, the valley, the shore, and the
main;

May he have the same breeze which to Washington
gave,

In his cruise o'er the waters, the top of the wave.

164

THE SEA-GULL.*

BY JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

"Ibis et redibis nunquam peribis in bello." — Oracle.

I SEEK not the grove where the wood-robins whistle,
Where the light sparrows sport and the linnets pair;
I seek not the bower where the ring-doves nestle,
For none but the maid and her lover are there.

On the clefts of the wave-wash'd rock I sit,
When the ocean is roaring and raving nigh;
On the howling tempest I scream and flit,
With the storm in my wing, and the gale in my
eye.

And when the bold sailor climbs the mast,
And sets his canvass gallantly,
Laughing at all his perils past,
And seeking more on the mighty sea;

* Commodore Porter's vessel.

I'll flit to his vessel and perch on the truck,
Or sing in the hardy pilot's ear;
That her deck shall be like my wave-washed rock,
And her top like my nest when the storm is near.

Her cordage the branches that I will grace ;
Her rigging the grave where I will whistle ;
Her wind-swung hammock my pairing place,
Where I by the seaboy's side will nestle.

And when the fight, like the storm, comes on,
Mid the warriors shout and the battle's noise,
I'll cheer him by the deadly gun,
Till he loves the music of its voice.

And if death's dark mist shall his eye bedim,
And they plunge him beneath the fathomless wave,
A wild note shall sing his requiem,
And a white wing flap o'er his early grave.

165**LAKE ERIE.**

September 10, 1813.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

'Tis midnight, the dark wave of Erie flows lone,
Mid the gloom of the forest that shadows it round ;
The slow-winding surge lends its deep sullen moan
And the hoarse winds reluctantly echo the sound.

'Tis midnight, and see mid the gleam of the wave,
Where 'neath the cold ray their sad vigils they
keep—
In the mists of the foaming, the souls of the brave,
As all lonely they march o'er the cliff of the deep !

'Tis midnight; they tell when the thunder of war
 Proclaim'd the approach of the dark battle fray;
 When the blast and the death-drum roll'd deeply and
 far,
 While the angel of blood hovered high o'er his
 prey.

Look afar, 'tis hope's symbol, the flag of the free !
 Through the red cloud it gleams on the war-shatter'd
 mast.

Proud stars ! soon the types of stern triumph to be,
 Bright pledge of the future, the pride of the past.

The tall barks in merciless conflict have near'd,
 Death gleams on the blade as they charge on the foe ;
 And hark ! 'tis the shouting of victory heard,
 Columbia, thy foemen in battle are low !

'Neath the dark waves of Erie now slumber the brave,
 In the bed of its waters forever they rest ;
 The flag of their glory floats over their grave ;
 The souls of the heroes in memory are bless'd.

166**HORNET TRIUMPHANT.**

REJOICE, rejoice, Fredonia's sons rejoice,
 And swell the loud trumpet to patriotic strain,
 Your choice, your choice, fair Freedom is your choice,
 Then celebrate her triumphs on the main,
 For the trumpet of Neptune long by Britain wielded
 At length to Freedom it reluctantly yielded.
 Then for Hull, Decatur, Jones,
 And for Bainbridge swell the tones,

While the ready hand of Fame
Bright emblazons every name,
Brave Lawrence, gallant Lawrence, now is shouted
with acclaim.

Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! my boys,
Free is our soil and the ocean shall be free,
Our tars shall Mars protect beneath our stars,
And Freedom's eagle hover o'er the sea.

Attend, attend, ye gallant tars attend,
While your deeds are recounted in patriotic song ;
Ascend, ascend, your banners high ascend,
And the cannon with loud chorus still prolong.
First, the bold Constitution set the path of glory,
And the gallant little Wasp then added to the
Soon a brighter glory awaits [strong ;
The renown'd United States,
For she gave Columbia's fleet
The new frigate that she beat,
While the gallant Constitution sunk another in the
deep. Then huzza, &c.

Again, again, Columbia's flag again,
Triumphantly floats where Britannia's used to soar,
In vain the main has raised the Peacock vain,
Her gaudy rainbow's honours are no more,
She by Lawrence in the Hornet was so neatly basted,
A better roasted bird John Bull had never tasted,
Till she ended her career,
Like the Java and Guerriere,
For the Hornet's sting was plied,
And the sea with blushes died,
And the tyrant's fifth defeat in its bosom sought to
hide. Then huzza, &c.

Unite, unite, Columbia's sons unite,
 And hurl on aggression the tempest they provoke.
 Your fight is right, then raise your sabres bright,
 And Britons soon shall tremble at the stroke.
 The foe on our coast puts the mountain oak in motion,
 Then fly to the main, for your wrongs are on the
 ocean ;
 Then in flood and fire
 Every tar shall breathe his ire,
 His motto while he fights,
 Be "Free trade and sailors' rights,"
 Then huzza, &c.

167

NAVAL SONG.—1814.

BY WILLIAM MAXWELL.

YE seamen of Columbia !
 Now claim your native sea ;
 Break off Britannia's galling chain,
 And set the billows free.
 The spirit of your country calls,
 And points where ocean rolls :
 Ye shall reign o'er the main,
 While the angry surges roar ;
 Till the sun sets never to rise again,
 And the moon looks out no more.

'Twas o'er the waves of ocean,
 Our gallant fathers came ;
 Their spirits braved the raging blasts
 And made the billows tame.

Sail boldly in their shining wake,
 Beneath heaven's guiding star.
 Ye shall reign, &c.

Our valiant tars fear nothing :
 Cradled in wars and storms,
 They smile at images of death
 In all their ghastly forms ;
 Now playing with the spouting whale,
 Now managing the foe.
 Ye shall reign, &c.

Columbia's daring eagle,
 Still soaring to the sky,
 Shall launch her thunders o'er the sea,
 And bid her lightnings fly.
 Her foes shall shrink in wild dismay,
 And hide beneath the waves.
 Ye shall reign, &c.



168

PERRY'S VICTORY.

O'ER the bosom of Erie, in fanciful pride,
 Did the fleet of Old England exultingly ride ;
 Till the flag of Columbia her Perry unfurl'd,
 The boast of the west, and the pride of the world.

The spirit of Lawrence his influence sheds,
 To the van of the fight, while the Lawrence he leads ;
 There death dealt around, though such numbers op-
 pose,
 And levell'd the gun at fair Liberty's foes.

When cover'd with slain, from his deck he withdrew,
And left the Niagara the fight to renew ;
Where, undaunted in danger, our sea-beaten tars
O'er the cross of St. George waved the stripes and the
stars.

Six ships, while our banners triumphantly flew,
Submitted to tars who were born to subdue ;
When they rush'd to the battle, resolved to maintain
The freedom of trade and our right to the main !

With the glory of conquest our heroes are crown'd ;
Let their brows with the bright naval chaplet be
bound !

For still should the foe dare the fight to sustain,
Gallant Perry shall lead them to conquest again.



169 BRILLIANT NAVAL VICTORIES.

BY HENRY C. LEWIS.

An American song to a British tune, viz. "Battle of the Nile."

To arms, to arms ! Republic of the West !

Assert your rights, avenge your wrongs afar ;
To arms, to arms ! Republic of the West !

And show the world what freemen are in war !
This was the voice of chieftains call'd to duty,
And freemen, at the word, left country, home, and
beauty ;

Resolving to maintain,
Their rights upon the main :
Resolving to maintain
Their rights upon the main :

And wave their Eagle flag o'er Lion foes again.

To arms, huzza ! to arms, huzza ! Columbia !

Heaven will guard the flag that Justice has unfurl'd :

To arms, huzza ! to arms, huzza ! Columbia !

And gun to gun, and man to man, defy the world.

The Queen of Ocean, insolent and vain,

Had long usurp'd the freedom of the seas ;
And with her thousand ships upon the main,

Call'd on the world to bow to her decrees ;
Orders in council—British legislation

Must be obey'd by each and every neutral nation ;

But freemen with disdain

Opposed her servile chain ;

But freemen with disdain

Opposed her servile chain,

And rose, indignant rose, to meet her on the main.

To arms, huzza ! &c.

Britannia, once so great, with proud disdain,

Sent thundering to the main her seaborn slaves ;
To scourge our daring pride—our vaunting vain—

And sweep our flag from off the mountain waves !

Her Guerriere first sought noble Hull's surrender,
But Hull return'd her only iron bolts of thunder !

Which made the enemy

Soon yield the victory—

Which made the enemy

Soon yield the victory,

While safely waved our starry flag triumphantly !

To arms, huzza ! &c.

In battle trim, (fit emblem of our fleet,))

The Wasp and Hornet proudly plough the main ;

And soon with Britons bold they fearless meet,
And bravely wage the daring war again.
Free trade and sailor's rights, the cannon rattles !
And for our Jones and Lawrence soon decide the
battles !
Britannia's Frolic's o'er,
Her Peacock is no more ;
Britannia's Frolic's o'er,
Her Peacock is no more,
And every tar proclaim'd the hero of his shore.
To arms, huzza ! &c.

To gain his country laurels and applause,
Another hero dares the astonish'd foe ;
And soon in glory to our righteous cause,
Our Constitution lays the Java low !
The freedom of the seas, each tar maintaining
And commerce, and our rights with loud huzzas pro-
claiming.
And Bainbridge read his name,
Bright on the roll of fame ;
And Bainbridge read his name,
Bright on the roll of fame,
Emblazon'd by the Java bursting into flame !
To arms, huzza ! &c.

The royal Macedonian, Albion's pride,
Decatur hail'd, a deathless name to gain ;
And, proud of such a foe, at once defied
Her boasted prowess vaunting on the main !
The battle rages godlike ! hark ! what clashing !
Destruction's o'er her flag ! what dreadful, thundering
crashing !

She strikes, she strikes, huzza !
Exclaims each freeborn tar ;
She strikes, she strikes, huzza !
Exclaims each freeborn tar,
And brave Decatur hail triumphant through the war !
To arms, huzza ! &c.

Prepare, again prepare your joyful songs,
The hero of Ontario to greet ;
A grateful nation's praise again belongs
To Chauncey, who all foemen dread to meet !
Through boasting Yeo's fleet he sail'd victorious,
And now his honour'd name through all the world is
glorious.

The vaunting Briton flies,
Brave Chauncey "victory" cries !
The vaunting Briton flies,
Brave Chauncey "victory" cries !
And in the flying fight full many a foeman dies !
To arms, huzza ! &c.

Sound, sound for him the martial trump of Fame,
Who on our foes complete destruction hurl'd !
Sound louder still the gallant hero's name,
Who spread our glory through the warring world.
Led on to fame by great immortal Perry,
Victorious rode our ships o'er British-blood-stain'd
Erie !

Their fleet of hostile powers,
"He met, and they were ours !"
Their fleet of hostile powers,
"He met, and they were ours !"
And Albion wept that day o'er all her fading flowers !
To arms, huzza ! &c.

The voice of sacred praise be justly due,
To sainted Lawrence, Freedom's favourite son !
Lamented Burrows claims our honours too—
His country's laurels he too dearly won !
Though lost for evermore, they're still our glory,
And both shall ever live in many a naval story !
Their dying minstrelsy
Was loud artillery ;
Their dying minstrelsy
Was loud artillery,
And Britain honour'd such true sons of liberty.
To arms, huzza ! &c.

Brethren in arms ! with honest pride, behold
Our naval columns rising to your fame ;
Blazing on high with characters of gold,
In brilliant glory to his honour'd name !
And without number lighted windows flaming,
In tribute to the brave each gallant action naming !
Which shall immortal be,
In grateful memory ;
Which shall immortal be,
In grateful memory,
And sung in choral strains by all posterity !
To arms, huzza ! to arms, huzza ! Columbia !
Revenge your injured flag, protect your rights and
laws ;
To arms, huzza ! to arms, huzza ! Columbia !
And bear the olive home with honour and ap-
plause.

170 ODE ADDRESSED TO DAVID PORTER,

Commander of the late United States frigate, Essex.

AGAIN our Eagle's anger'd eyes
Dart lightning through our clouded skies ;
Again her vengeful thunder's hurl'd
Astounding the admiring world.

Again the soul of honour braves
The mighty mistress of the waves ;
Again, though in unequal war,
Columbia's heroes from afar,
New glories from her power wring,
And "Io Pæans" still we sing ;
For fame and laurels nobly won
By the true sons of Washington.
From Erie's lake, to where the main
No more invades old ocean's reign,
The north and south with equal cheer
The praises of our captains hear ;
Them honour follows to the last, *
Nor falls the laurel with a mast ;
In life or death, that still is spread
Eternal, round the hero's head.

War-doom'd the wide expanse to plough
Of ocean with a single prow,
Midst hosts of foes with lynx's eye
And lion fang close hovering by.
You, Porter, dared the dangerous course,
Without a home without resource,
Save that which heroes always find
In nautic skill and power of mind ;

Save, where your stars in conquest shone,
And stripes made wealth of foes your own.

You heard of Perry's glorious fame,
Of Lawrence's immortal name,
Of Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge, Jones,
Columbia's honour'd naval sons,
Of all, indeed, who traced the clue,
By Washington reveal'd to view,
How through the labyrinth of war
Or peace, to guide Columbia's car ;
To happiness in times of rest,
To victory in the stern contest ;
And emulous yourself to prove
Deserving of your country's love,
You dared against a double foe
To deal the honour guided blow.

However ends the glorious strife,
In honour'd death or honour'd life,
No blot the page of fame can stain
When bravely all their posts maintain :
Exalted high the hero's name,
Who fights for country more than fame ;
But dastard they who take their flight
With but an equal foe in sight ;
Who wear their trappings but for show,
And run before they've felt a blow ;
Not, Porter, such thy generous tars ;
Unharrass'd by intestine jars,
And all inviolably true,
They look'd and smiled, and felt from you,
Thence caught the inspiring flame that shone
Till more than valour claim'd was done.

The Essex lost, not yours the blame,
You still maintain a conqueror's fame ;
'Tis not in mortal to prevail
When double force our power assail.
Already weaken'd by the blast
And cumber'd with a fallen mast ;
Contending 'gainst superior might,
'Twas victory to sustain the fight.

Soft Pity here may drop a tear
Upon the slaughter'd sailor's bier ;
And mourn the fate that urged the brave
To glut with honour'd corpse the grave ;
And stern Morality may view
With pain a daring suffering crew,
With ship dismantled by the blast,
Defending freedom to the last,
Where not a hope or chance appear'd
That conquest's standard could be rear'd.

How many calmly sit at home
And suffer reason wild to roam,
And cloak'd themselves, in cold debate,
Decide upon a hero's fate !
With grave philosophy content,
They argue on each new event,
Without a sympathy or thought,
They know not how a battle's fought ;
To them are nothing winds and tides,
They dream but of their own firesides ;
And talk without the least emotion,
Of struggling patriots on the ocean.

To them the rocks and foaming seas
Are naught, while they can sit at ease ;
Nor feel they how the bosom glows
When patriot valour meets her foes ;
Nor know how high the flame aspires,
That's kindled by bright honour's fires ;
Nor think the virtue of the brave,
Can e'er disdain themselves to save,
While perseverance can enthrone
Their country's glory or their own.
But, by the sons of Washington
The entangled thread is soon outspun,
And mystery's knot untied, becomes
A guide to freedom and our homes.

Thine, Porter, was the cruel pain
To see thy comrades fall in vain ;
Yet no, they've raised Columbia's name
Still higher in the lists of fame ;
And but that feeling's tear must fall
On the regretted fate of all,
One thought might lighten all our care
And teach us never to despair ;
Weigh the event, all dangers braved,
A vessel lost—a hero saved.

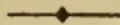
Loudly shall Valparaiso's bay
To her proud mountains sound the lay,
The mountains echo back again
The ever-welcomed honour'd strain ;
The playful sun that with its beams
Adorns her tributary streams,
Shall cause them shine with brighter glow,
As to the honour'd bay they flow ;

The bay itself when tempests roar,
And light with fiery foam its shore,
Will still recall the eventful day,
That gilt our stars with solar ray.

“Yield not the ship,” our Lawrence cried,
And on the solemn order died.

“Blow up the ship,” was your decree,
From soul-inspired liberty ;
Thoughts of the wounded in the wreck
Gave valour an immediate check,
And, mercy’s countermand obey’d,
The intended patriot deed was stay’d,
Now no alternative remain’d ;
All honour was already gain’d ;
The flag was struck, but not to foes ;
In pity to thy comrades’ woes
Struck was the flag alone to save
From ocean’s bed the wounded brave,

Such are the honours nobly won
By the true sons of Washington.



171 FOURTH OF JULY SONG.

Tune—“Rule Britannia.”

WHEN America first, at Heaven’s command,
Arose to curb old Britain’s pride,
Drive tyranny from out the land,
Fair Freedom echo’d far and wide,
“Rouse, America ! rouse, be free,
For nature’s God gave liberty.”

To thee belongs the peaceful reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce flow ;
Thy ships explore the boundless main,
And plenty laugh at every foe,
Hail, America ! thou art free,
The universe shall trade with thee.

The nations not so blest as we
Shall in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt rise triumphantly,
The glory and the joy of all.
Hail, America ! thou art free,
Slavish Britons envy thee.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
Upheld by France's friendly wing,
And view thy commerce—swifit it flies
As Neptune's car—old ocean's king.
Hail, America ! thou art free,
The sea-gods all are friends to thee.

Each haughty tyrant's sordid yoke,
Their vain attempts to bend thee down,
Shall fall beneath thy manly stroke,
With broken sceptre and lost crown !
Hail, America ! thou art free,
Thou'st fought and bled for liberty.

The muses on seraphic wing,
Shall to thy happy coasts repair
With laurel crown'd, and chant and sing,
To manly hearts, who guard the free,
Smile, America ! thou art fair,
The muses all are friends to thee.

Congratulating bowls go round
To Washington, and never cease ;
In shouts of triumph, with music crown'd,
To Safety, Liberty, and Peace.
Smile, America ! thou art free,
In spite of George and tyranny.

For Freedom hearts and hands we'll join,
Blest Independence, hope and joy !
The theme how noble, how divine !
Join, join the annual feu-de-joye.
Smile, America ! thou art free,
A race of heroes springs from thee.

172

NAVAL SONG.—1815.

BY WILLIAM MAXWELL.

COME, all ye tars that brave the sea,
Now hear Columbia's call :
Her glorious banner soon shall be
Our canopy or pall.
We rush to meet the vaunting foe,
And lay his proud ambition low.
Columbia's gallant tars
Shall range the ocean free,
And bear her union stars
In triumph o'er the sea.

We fight with no ambitious aim
To rule the waves alone ;
Nor to destroy another's claim,
But to maintain our own ;

And those base chains of servile fear,
We would not give, we will not wear.
Columbia's gallant tars, &c.

Contending for our equal right,
Against usurping pride ;
We war with unresisted might,
For Heaven is on our side ;
And 'tis no mortal hand we know,
That aims our thunders at the foe.
Columbia's gallant tars, &c.

173 ODE TO ISAAC HULL, ESQ.,

Of the United States navy, on the capture of the Guerriere
by the Constitution under his command, on the 19th of Au-
gust, 1812.

BY WILLIAM MAXWELL.

WHAT shouts of rapture burst around !
And shrinks the timid muse alone ?
Awake the lyre, and bid it sound
To make Columbia's triumph known !
And sweeter than the mermaid's strain,
Thy song shall stream across the main,
Till Britain's shore returns again
The deathless name of Hull, with deep and inward
moan.

High on that stern of naval pride,
Behold the modest hero now !
How gallantly she breasts the tide,
The stately ship with fearless prow !

But lo ! a hostile flag in sight !
Ye valiant tars behold the light !
Ere yonder sun shall set in night,
Fresh wreaths of victory shall crown each warrior's
brow.

Yet on she comes—the proud Guerriere !
I feel her warm sulphureous breath—
And Hull, “ Not yet, but lay me near”—
Now smiles and gives the sign to Death.
Like two dread clouds of awful form,
With horror dark, with ruin warm,
They meet, they mingle in the storm :
Old Ocean shrinks, and groans through all his caves
beneath.

What shades, anticipating night,
Have snatch'd the conflict from mine eye ;
Save where yon gleams of livid light,
Disclose how warriors bleed and die ?
And hark ! whose shrieks of woe are these,
That wail upon the passing breeze ?
And, louder than the rolling seas,
Whose shouts of horrid joy now break against the
sky ?

All still ! the awful cloud retires,
The struggling vessels reappear ;
Columbia's banner through the fires—
And Dacres' warlike band is there
On ! gallant Hull, inspire thy men ;
Drive back the Lion to his den ;
Drive back, and he is conquer'd then ;
Long shall that banner wave the Briton's only fear.

'Tis done ! Britannia's ensign falls,
Proud flag so long, but proud no more.
" Now spare the foe !" the victor calls :
The awful thunders cease to roar
Pleased witness of the glorious fray,
See, smiling, sinks the orb of day,
And Night, exulting o'er the prey,
Spreads out her eagle wings wide hovering to the
shore.

Now, safe, beneath the sparkling stars,
The Constitution seeks the bay,
While cheerful bands of hardy tars
Exulting sing the merry lay.
How fair upon the ocean stream,
The victor ship, a moving dream !
While for her victims death-fires beam ;
Till lost in those pale waves, they fade, they melt
away.

But see the sun ! Bostonia, rise !
Mount all thy swelling hills around !
Let cannon thunder to the skies !
And mountains echo back the sound !
She comes serenely o'er the tide,
Her snowy wings expanded wide,
The conscious ship, in all her pride ;
While cheering shouts of joy triumphantly resound.

Yes ! welcome, Hull, with all thy band !
Thy country's boast, and darling, thou !
Columbia reaches forth her hand :
" My son, my son, forever now !"

He springs the sweet embrace to meet,
He lays his laurels at her feet,
She smiles the smile when angels meet,
Then twines the living wreath around her warrior's
brow.

Fly ! spread the board, the feast prepare,
To make the hero's welcome known.
Our gallant sons and blooming fair
Shall feel his honours as their own.
Yet, ah ! mid all this splendid cheer,
Why falls the strange forbidden tear ?
Alas ! for those who are not here
To share these festal rites but half enjoy'd alone.

Peace to the dead ! Our grateful tears
Shall consecrate each silent grave ;
But Hull—how sweet that wreath he wears !
Such living wreaths become the brave.
And see where melting in his arms,
Lovelier in innocent alarms,
Yon blushing maid, in all her charms,
Weaves Hymen's rosy chain for Love's delighted
slave.

Brave hero ! Long before the gale,
Serenely may thy fortunes glide !
Yet, O, beware, contract thy sail,
And shun the fatal rock of pride.
Remember, gallant Hull, thy tomb !
Remember Him, the Lord of Doom !
Whose smile can bid thy laurels bloom,
Whose frown shall scatter yet all impious wreaths
aside.

174**PERRY'S VICTORY.**

BY JOHN NEAL.

COLUMBIA, appear ! To thy mountains ascend,
And pour thy bold hymn to the winds and the
woods :

Columbia, appear !—O'er thy tempest harp bend,
And far, to the nations, its trumpet-song send :
Let thy cliff-echoes wake, with their sun-nourish'd
broods,
And chant to the desert, the skies, and the floods ;
And bid them remember
The tenth of September,

When our eagle came down from her home in the sky,
And the souls of our ancients were marshall'd on high.

Columbia, appear ! let thy warriors behold,
Their flag, like a firmament bend o'er thy head—
The wide, rainbow flag, with its star-cluster'd fold !
Let the knell of dark battle beneath it be toll'd ;
While the anthem of peace shall be peal'd for the
dead,

And the rude waters heave, on whose bosom they
bled :

O, they will remember . . .
The tenth of September,

When their souls were let loose in a tempest of flame,
And wide Erie shook at the trumpet of Fame !

Columbia, appear ! Let thy cloud-minstrels wake,
As they march on the storm, all the grandeur of song,
Till the far mountains nod, and the motionless lake
Shall be mantled in froth, and its monarch shall quake

On his green oozy throne, as their harping comes
strong,
With the chime of the winds that are bursting
along ;
For he will remember
The tenth of September,
When he saw his dominions all cover'd with foam ;
And heard the loud war in his echoless home.

Columbia, appear ! be thine olive display'd !
O, cheer, with thy smile, all the land and the tide !
Be the anthem we hear, not the song that was made,
When the victims of slaughter stood forth all array'd
In blood-dripping garments, and shouted, and died :
But let us remember
The tenth of September,
When the dark waves of Erie were brighten'd to day,
And the flames of the battle were quench'd in their
spray.



175 ON CROSSING LAKE CHAMPLAIN IN THE STEAMBOAT PHœNIX.

BY LUCRETIA M. DAVIDSON.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

ISLET* on the lake's calm bosom
In thy breast rich treasures lie ;
Heroes ! there your bones shall moulder,
But your fame shall never die.

* Crab Island ; on which were buried the remains of the sailors who fell in the action of September 11th, 1814.

Islet on the lake's calm bosom,
 Sleep serenely in thy bed ;
Brightest gem our waves can boast,
 Guardian angel of the dead !

Calm upon the waves recline,
 Till great Nature's reign is o'er ;
Until old and swift-wing'd Time
 Sinks, and order is no more.

Then thy guardianship shall cease,
 Then shall rock thy aged bed ;
And when Heaven's last trump shall sound,
 Thou shalt yield thy noble dead !

176 ON THE DEATH OF COMMODORE BAINBRIDGE.

BY H. S. GIBSON.

THE drums were muffled and reversed the arms,
 And, lower'd on its staff the banner sheet
Was bound with mourning's badge—war's loud alarms
 Were hush'd, and lightly trod the soldiers' feet
The listless earth, who follow'd to the grave
 Our country's champion—the navy's pride :
Thus fall the gallant, and thus sink the brave
 In glory's lap at last, like him who died.

Still roar the surges of the mighty sea,
 And still the tempest rages on the deep ;
But ocean's voice can ne'er awaken thee,
 Nor call thee back to life for whom we weep.

Son of the sea, and hero of the waves,
 Where dwells thy spirit since it left the world ?
 With Freedom ! Freedom ! not among the graves,
 But where salvation's banners are unfurl'd.

The power receives it back that gave it birth,
 That Liberty might feel its influence here ;
 Here, where the dauntless heroes of the earth
 Brave death and danger in its stormy sphere ;
 Who live for all mankind as champions live,
 That meet in peril's hour thy country's foes ;
 And die as thou hast died—and fame doth give
 A nation's tears to hallow thy repose.

Sleep, thou whose battle-field was ocean's breast,
 Whose vast dominions stretch from pole to pole ;
 Immortal honour hovers round thy rest—
 Sleep ! till the ocean can no longer roll
 Its waves from shore to shore ;
 And slumber till thy spirit shall arise,
 Where blissful peace remains forevermore,
 And war's loud thunders cannot shake the skies.
 Thy sword sought not its sheath till we were free,
 Till thou thy country's tears proved worthy thee.

177

OLD IRONSIDES.

Tune—“A wet sheet and a flowing sea.”

COME, Yankee lads, your flag unfold
 And while the breeze she rides,
 Huzza for Captain Stewart bold,
 And his tough Old Ironsides.

The tough Old Ironsides, my boys,
 He steer'd o'er the stormy wave,
 And gave unto the haughty foe
 A drubbing or a grave.

Come, Yankee tars, your flag unfold,
 And while the breeze she rides,
 Huzza for Captain Stewart bold,
 And his tough Old Ironsides.

From north to south he roved the sea,
 To lay oppression low,
 And gave the sons of Tripoli
 A freeman's vengeful blow.
 And now on board the ship of state
 His gallant form we see,
 Should she a new commander need,
 There's none more fit than he.
 Then, Yankee lads, &c.

178

INCITATION.

From "The Balance," published at New York, 1806.

Rise, Queen of the West! let the standard of war,
 To the foes of thy flag, be the signal of fate:
 Unpinion the arms of your suffering tar—
 Bid him tell the whole world that you dare to be
 great.
 Thy voice, on the main,
 Never yet spoke in vain;
 And let pirates beware when it thunders again.
 Then arouse! though no valour thy commerce could
 save;
 Yet sweet are the numbers which flow for the brave.

Thine eagle, who late bold and proud of his name
Sought each realm where the hoarse din of commerce
was heard,
Now droops his strong pinions, all cover'd with shame;
Insulted where once his bold flight was revered.
Where'er he is found,
While his talons are bound,
He's defied, though it be on his own native
ground.

Then to arms ! naught but valour his glory can save;
And sweet are the numbers which flow for the brave.

See you not from afar—from Escurial's towers,
How jealousy frowns on the jewel you bought ?
Slumber not until Peace, renovating her powers,
Effaces the lessons which Britons have taught.

Columbians, arise !

Ere she filches your prize :

Ere the swift-footed moment of victory flies.

'Tis vigour alone, which your honour can save;
And wake the sweet numbers which flow for the
brave.

Let the tempest have way : to the main let it sweep,
And convey to each dastardly robber his doom.
Let the vengeance of freemen burst o'er the blue deep,
And prepare for each foe to our commerce a tomb.

Let commotions increase,

And let war never cease,

Till thy sword from all nations has purchased a
peace.

Sons of glory, then arm ! 'tis your country to save,
And deserve the sweet numbers which flow for the
brave.

179 THE AMERICAN CAPTIVE.

AN ELEGY.

The following elegy is extracted from a volume of poetry by "A Young Gentleman of New York," printed by Thomas Greenleaf, in 1795.

In July, 1785, the Algerines made prizes of two American vessels on the Atlantic, the survivors of whose crews remained in captivity until the 5th of September, 1795, having been liberated by the operation of the treaty of peace between the dey and the United States, after a captivity of more than ten years. In the beginning of October, 1793, several Algerine corsairs captured a number of American ships in the western ocean, the crews of which amounted to about one hundred and twenty persons. These were also set at liberty by the treaty of 1795. On the return of these unfortunate persons to their country, they everywhere excited the sympathy of their fellow-citizens. Many of them had been mutilated by their captors. The treaty cost the United States nearly a million of dollars, in a frigate built for the purpose, in military stores and in money. A circumstance in no respect creditable to the nation ; and only to be excused by the fact of our being without a naval force to protect our commerce, and by the submission of all the European powers, so much stronger than we, to the like degradation of paying tribute ! It is, however, to the glory of our country, that we were the first nation who effectually shook off the yoke.

In June, 1816, Commodore Decatur, having first captured or destroyed the naval force of Algiers, compelled the dey to sign a treaty in which he forever relinquished all claims to tribute.

WITH slow and solemn sound the tower clock tolls ;
Its mournful cadence strikes upon my ears,
Tells in sad murmurs how time onward rolls,
And adds its moments to my sorrowing years.
To grief and melancholy thoughts resign'd,
Almerius courts dread midnight's horrid gloom,
He hails its shades congenial to his mind,
And mourns neglected his unhappy doom.

Far from the soothing accents of a friend,
Where Pity not one tear for misery sheds,
Where not Humanity a smile will lend,
But Grief unfolding her dark mantle spreads;

Far from the voice of Julia, and of love,
For me soft sympathy has ceased to flow;
No more those lips shall winning accents move,
And with their sweetness soothe the pang of wo.

How solemn and how grand the midnight scene!
The moon's now hid beneath a lowering cloud:
Now glimmering from on high she shines serene,
And, brighten'd, breaks forth from the blacken'd shroud.

She casts her beams o'er Nature's silent plains,
And in this tower emits a trembling ray,
Which lights the dungeon where a wretch remains,
To drear confinement an unhappy prey.

Now through the grates soft moves a gentle breeze,
Whose fragrant coolness fans my panting breast;
Abroad I hear the rustling of the trees,
And the shrill screaming of the midnight guest.

I hear the lonely songster of the grove
In warbling accents pour its pensive song—
The song of sorrow and the song of love—
Which floating zephyrs gently waft along.

Far distant hence, I hear the water's sound,
Which foaming tumbles from the rocky hills;
Rising it throws its plaintive murmur round,
And all the air with fairy music fills.

Through night's sad gloom the watchful mastiff's cries
With grating discord drown the soothing strains,
When, listening every noise, he distant spies
Some awful phantom stalking o'er the plains.

What horrors hover in these chilly walls !
A dismal dread now damps my grief-worn heart ;
Methinks some ghost with hollow screaming calls,
And groans and sighs the neighbouring cells impart.

Ah ! now a ghastly, frightful form appears,
And seems to whisper through the iron grates ;
Slow o'er its haggard face roll fearful tears,
And wild despair its fiery eye dilates.

The grisly hairs stand stiff upon its head,
Within its hand a bloody knife it holds
Around its limbs a filthy garb is spread,
Which, stain'd with gore, before the gale unfolds.

Now with the shadows of the night 'tis fled,
And left a prisoner terrified with fear ;
Ah ! 'twas the spectre of some murder'd dead,
A sufferer, a Columbian—names so dear.

Hail to Columbia's happy cultured fields !
Hail to her waving and her cooling shade !
There her blest sons enjoy what nature yields,
And Freedom's charms the extended realm pervade.

There the glad songs of peace and joy prevail,
No tyrant's hand inflicts inhuman woes ;
Tranquil the swain roves through the shady vale,
And courts, fatigued, the slumbers of repose.

Once I, Columbia, dwelt upon thy shore,
And the glad strains of joy and freedom join'd,
To the rough dangers of the ocean wore,
And steer'd the stately ship with breast resign'd.

There my fond father and my mother live,
And sorrowing mourn their son's unhappy lot:
Thousands for ransom cheerfully they'd give,
But poverty surrounds their weeping cot.

'Twas I supported their declining years,
Relieved their breasts of poverty and care;
That from their cheeks dispell'd affliction's tears,
And raised their hopes to pleasure from despair.

There lovely Julia sorrowful remains,
Fair as the beauty of the dawning morn :
Weeping the rambles o'er congenial plains,
While the soft graces all her steps adorn.

Can I forget the tender last embrace,
Those words which zephyrs on their fragrance bore ;
The expressive sorrow of that charming face,
When last we parted to embrace no more ?

We haul'd the anchor from its dark abode,
Before the winds we spread the swelling sails ;
We on the billows of the ocean rode,
And swiftly moved before propitious gales.

An Algerine corsair to our sight appear'd ;
Ploughing the waves, the sons of prey drew nigh ;
Upon the mast the bloody flag was rear'd,
And death terrific glimmer'd in each eye.

Howling, approach'd the hell-hounds of Algiers,
The dreadful falchion glitter'd in each hand ;
The horrid prow its iron grapple rears,
The thundering captain issues his command.

The vigour of a freeman's arm was vain,
In vain man's sacred rights and country plead ;
Around our limbs they fold the galling chain—
See, O my country ! your brave freemen bleed !

Towards Algiers they bend their watery way,
Whose warlike turrets, beaming from on high,
Strike in the gloomy soul a sickening ray,
And call a tear upon the sorrowing eye.

Ceased is the pleasure of a once gay breast,
Far fly my dungeon comfort and repose ;
By labour and by torturing fiends oppress'd,
I find no ease but what frail hope bestows.

Ah ! cruel country ! can my groans and pains
Make no impression on thy callous heart ?
Does not the glow of sympathy remain ?
Does not humanity its sigh impart ?

Art thou the land where Freedom rears her throne,
Where conquering Washington, where Warren bled,
Where patriot virtue and where valour shone,
And where oppression bow'd her guilt-stain'd head.

Adieu, Columbia, to thy fertile shore !
Adieu, those joys which give to life its charm,
Within these walls Almerius must deplore
The sleeping vigour of his country's arm.

180

THE OCEAN HERO.

Tune—The Star-spangled Banner.

WAKE, sons of Columbia! wake gratitude's lay,
And sing of great Stewart, our bold ocean hero,
Who led forth our tars to break tyranny's sway,
And drove from our coast every plundering Nero.

In youth's early hour
The seas he did scour,
And fought with Decatur 'gainst Tripoli's power;
He taught them that freemen their life-blood will
drain,
Their trade to protect and their rights to maintain.
When the barks of proud Britain came over the main,
To plunder our ships and impress our bold seamen,
'Twas he roused our navy and steer'd forth again,
And dealt to our foemen the vengeance of freemen.
O, he humbled their pride
By his tough "Ironsides,"
And he lower'd Levant and Cyane* with the tide.
Then long life to Stewart, and long may he stand,
The pride of our navy, the chief of our land.

181 THE NOBLE CHARLES STEWART.*Tune.—Kate Kearney.*

You've heard of bold Commodore Stewart,
The seamen, the statesmen, the true heart;
In the war, from his arm, our foes fled in alarm,
For strong was the blow of brave Stewart.

* Two British ships taken in a single action by Commodore Stewart, in the Constitution.

In peace the states' cares ever bind him,
In war like a lion we find him,
And the foe-man can tell of the patriot spell
That warms the true soul of brave Stewart.

O, oft may you meet with noble Stewart,
The tar with the free and the true heart,
A bright welcome smile, and a soul free from guile,
You'll find in the hero Charles Stewart.
A commander both generous and brave too,
Who risk'd his life others to save, too,
And thousands that roam, by his neat Jersey home,
Bless the kind heart of gallant Charles Stewart.

182 THE PRIDE OF NEPTUNE.

BY CHARLES MEAD.

WHEN our seafaring subjects, abused and impress'd,
By Britain whose ships held a merciless reign,
The Genius of Liberty rose from the west,
And sent forth her murmurs o'er Neptune's domain.

The ocean's old ruler, with absolute sway,
Ascended with pride in his wave-beaten car,
From his throne in the deep to the regions of day,
And said that our only redress was in war.

Columbia then thought of entreaties no more,
But called on her children to fight and be free;
Her language of vengeance the hurricanes bore,
And battles commenced on the land and the sea.

Through heaven's clear azure the lightnings were
hurl'd,

And thunders resounded o'er ocean's wild waves;
Till the echoes were lost in the noise of the world,
And thousands sunk down in their crystalline graves.

As Neptune beheld the young Hercules rise,
Thus breathing destruction with desperate ire,
On his trident our banners he bore through the skies,
The Britons were rent by the tempests of fire.

In peace we now sing to the praises of those
Who honours received from the god of the sea;
Who valiantly humbled the pride of their foes,
With thunders proclaiming "they'd die or be free."

That commerce and freedom may travel the deep,
That our means of resistance may ever increase,
In a firm and defensive position we'll keep;
Our prowess for war be our guardian of peace.

183**CHARLEY STEWART.**

Tune.—Harry Bluff.

CHARLEY STEWART when a youth left his land and
his home,
In search of the foe on the ocean to roam ;
Like a patriot his heart beat to liberty true,
And a foe to all tyrants the older he grew.
His heart it was bold and with valour 'twas warm,
In his country's cause he the first was to arm ;
To the wreck'd and distress'd oft his arm gave relief ;
And though rated a middy he'd the skill of a chief,
And the courage of a true Yankee seaman.

When commander, promoted, the foe he'd pursue,
On Old Ironsides long his striped banner flew ;
So true to his flag, and in battle so brave,
That he oft gave the proud foe a watery grave.
For his country he fought, till with peace she was
crown'd,
And now upon shore at the pen he is found ;
Of the great ship of state may he next take command,
And her great Constitution safely steer on the land,
With the mind of a true Yankee statesman.

184 COLUMBIA ON THE OCEAN.

BY HENRY C. LEWIS.

YE freemen of Columbia ! be mindful of your fame;
Let no rude foe, presumptuous, insult your rising
name ;

And on the roaring ocean, with glory and applause,
Protect your flag and commerce, your country and
your laws ;

Ye freemen of Columbia, &c.

The heroes of Columbia, when warring on the main,
Are like our lofty mountains which storms assail in
vain.

With lion-force impetuous they rush upon their foes,
Like Niagara's torrent, which nothing can oppose.

Then freemen of Columbia, &c.

Their foes upon the ocean are sought with equal force,
They stop the conquering Briton, so haughty in his
course ;

Ferocious as the tiger they deal the vengeful blow,
And sink the bold intruder beneath the billows low.

Then freemen of Columbia, &c.

Such is their wondrous valour, when side by side the
foe;

Who dares their flag dishonour, or aim a wrathful
blow,

That like our native eagles embattling for their brood,
Before they yield the contest, they'll shed each drop
of blood !

Then freemen of Columbia, &c.

When hot the battle rages, amid the strife of steel,
The fury of the bison, they imitate with zeal ;
But when the conflict's over, they dress the wounds
they made,

And foes so bravely conquer'd receive their quickest
aid.

Then freemen of Columbia, &c.

With wonder, every nation beholds our glory flame,
And every noble hero obtains a deathless name ;
With more than common wonder they see the laurels
torn

From Britain's boasted navy, and placed upon our
own !

Then freemen of Columbia, &c.

Then long as splendid Erie shall roll its waves sub-
lime,

Our flag shall be respected in every distant clime ;
And numerous as our forests shall laurels grace our
fair,

And verdant as our flowers, forever blossom there.

Then long as splendid Erie shall roll, &c.

185 THE DEATH OF DECATUR.

In the war with Tripoli in 1804, the most of the gallant defenders of their country in the war which succeeded with England in 1812, can date the commencement of their career. The attack made on the town, batteries, and naval force of the Bashaw of Tripoli, on the 3d of August, 1804, stands pre-eminent in our naval warfare for deeds of daring. Lieutenant James Decatur of the Nautilus commanded No. 2, of the first division of gun-boats. His brother, Lieutenant-commandant Stephen Decatur, of the Enterprise, commanded gun-boat No. 4. of the second division. This second division performed prodigies of gallantry, which were nobly emulated by the first division under Lieutenant James Decatur. This young officer dashed into the smoke, and was on the point of boarding, when he received a musket ball in his forehead. The boats struck each other and rebounded, and in the confusion of the death of the commanding officer, the enemy made his escape, under a heavy fire from the Americans. It was said, and fully believed, at the time, that the enemy had struck his colours before Decatur fell; though Mr. Cooper, author of the "Naval History," thinks that the fact must remain in doubt. Mr. Cooper states, that the effect of this attack and defeat of the enemy was of the most salutary kind; the manner in which their gun-boats had been taken by boarding, having made a lasting and deep impression. The superiority of the Christians in gunnery had been generally admitted, but here was an instance, in which the Turks were overcome, by inferior numbers, hand to hand; a species of conflict in which they had been thought particularly to excel. Perhaps no instance of more desperate fighting of the sort, without defensive armour, is to be found in the pages of history. Three gun-boats were sunk in the harbour, in addition to the three that were taken; and the loss of the Tripolitans by shot must have been very heavy. About fifty shells were thrown into the town, and the batteries were a good deal damaged.

"TWAS near that barbarous coast, whence every passing gale
Wafts sighs and groans of slavery on its wing,

Where the sea whitens with the swelling sail,
And its rude shores with hostile thunders ring,
There gallant Preble bore, with naval pride,
 The Western Eagle,
 The Western Eagle;
 There, Decatur, died.

The towers of the foe that o'erhang the dark main,
No longer, no longer, the force of the battle sustain,
 They fall with loud crash,
 The dead strew the ground,
And the gallant Decatur receives his death wound.
Though his comrades his fate unaffected deplore,
To his country's renown he gave one laurel more,
To his country's renown he gave one laurel more.

To his valour the bark strikes her flag in disgrace,
And though short yet how glorious the young hero's
 race !

Unhurt by the thunder that rolls from the walls,
Unsubdued in the battle, by treachery he falls,
 Though his comrades his fate, &c

Unfurl the striped standard with victory crown'd,
 For ages to come,
 For ages to come,
 For ages to come
 Be the hero renown'd,

While thus spoke the youth, "Contented I die,
The bosom of Victory receives my last sigh,
The bosom of Victory receives my last sigh,
 Contented I die."

186 PERRY'S VICTORY; OR, THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.*Tune.—Admiral Benbow.*

WE sail'd to and fro on Erie's broad lake,
To find British bullies or get in their wake,
When we hoisted our canvass with true Yankee speed,
And the brave Captain Perry our squadron did lead.

We sail'd through the lake, boys, in search of the foe,
In the cause of Columbia our bravery to show,
To be equal in combat was all our delight,
As we wish'd the proud Britons to know we could
fight.

But whether, like Yeo, boys, they'd taken affright
We could see not, nor find them by day or by night,
So a-cruising we went in a glorious cause,
In defence of our rights, our freedom, and laws.

At length, to our liking, six sails hove in view,
“Huzza!” says brave Perry! “Huzza!” says his
crew,
And then for the chase, boys, with our brave little
crew;
We fell in with the bullies and gave them burgeau.

Though the force was unequal, determined to fight,
We brought them to action before it was night;
We let loose our thunder, our bullets did fly,
“Give them your shot, boys,” our commander did cry.

We gave them a broadside our cannon to try,
“Well done,” says brave Perry, “for quarters they'll
cry,

Shot well home, my brave boys, they shortly shall
see,
That brave as they are still braver are we."

Then we drew up our squadron each man full of
fight,
And put the proud Britons in a terrible plight,
The brave Perry's movements will prove full as bold
As the famed Admiral Nelson's prowess of old.

The conflict was sharp, boys, each man to his gun,
For our country, her glory, the victory was won,
So six sail (the whole fleet) 'twas our fortune to take,
Here's a health to brave Perry who governs the lake.

187 THE PILLAR OF GLORY.

BY EDWIN C. HOLLAND.

HAIL to the heroes whose triumphs have brighten'd
The darkness which shrouded America's name ;
Long shall their valour in battle that lighten'd,
Live in the brilliant escutcheons of fame :
 Dark where the torrents flow,
 And the rude tempests blow,
The stormy clad spirit of Albion raves ;
 Long shall she mourn the day,
 When in the vengeful fray,
Liberty walked like a god on the waves.

The ocean, ye chiefs, (the region of glory,
 Where fortune has destined Columbia to reign,)
Gleams with the halo and lustre of story,
 That curl round the wave as the scene of her fame :

There, on its raging tide,
Shall her proud navy ride,
The bulwark of Freedom, protected by Heaven;
There shall her haughty foe
Bow to her prowess low,
There shall renown to her heroes be given.

The pillar of glory, the sea that enlightens,
Shall last till eternity rocks on its base;
The splendour of Fame, its waters that brightens,
Shall light the footsteps of Time in his race:
Wide o'er the stormy deep,
Where the rude surges sweep,
Its lustre shall circle the brows of the brave;
Honour shall give it light,
Triumph shall keep it bright,
Long as in battle we meet on the wave.

Already the storm of contention has hurl'd,
From the grasp of Old England, the trident of
war;
The beams of our stars have illumined the world,
Unfurl'd our standard beats proud in the air:
Wild glares the eagle's eye,
Swift as he cuts the sky,
Marking the wake where our heroes advance;
Compass'd with rays of light,
Hovers he o'er the fight;
Albion is heartless, and stoops to his glance.

From the Plymouth Memorial.—1835.

188 CAPTURE OF GENERAL PRESCOTT.

Almost every one is acquainted with the circumstances of the taking of General Prescott, then commanding officer of the British forces on Rhode Island, by Captain Barton of Providence. He was exchanged for General Lee, who had been previously captured by the British.

Shortly after his exchange he returned to Rhode Island, and was invited to dine on board the admiral's ship, with many other officers of the highest grade. General Prescott was naturally a haughty, imperious man, and as a commander was very unpopular with his officers and soldiers, and with the citizens of Newport, but a brave and skilful officer.

It was often that boys as well as men were sent from the town on board the admiral's ship for any offence, and confined there for some time, by the arbitrary authority of those in power. Martial law was the law of the place. A small lad, about thirteen years of age, was placed in this situation previous to General Prescott's return, and was on board, with many others, at the time the general dined there. He did not know General Prescott.

After dinner the wine circulated freely, and a toast and song were repeatedly called for. In the course of the evening the first lieutenant observed to the admiral, who was a real jolly son of Neptune, that "there was a Yankee lad on board who would shame all the singing." "Bring him up here," says Prescott. The boy was accordingly brought into the cabin. The admiral called on him to give them a song. The little fellow, being somewhat intimidated by gold-laced coats, epaulettes, &c., replied, "I can't sing any songs but Yankee songs." The admiral, perceiving that he was embarrassed, ordered the steward to give him a glass of wine, saying, "Come my little fellow, don't be frightened; give us one of your Yankee songs." General Prescott spoke in his usual haughty, imperious manner, "You d—d young rebel, give us a song or I'll give you a dozen." The admiral interfered, and assured the lad that he should be set at liberty the next day, "if he would give them a song—any one he could recollect."

The following doggerel, written by a sailor of Newport, was then given, to the great amusement of the company.

'TWAS on a dark and stormy night,
The wind and waves did roar,
Bold Barton then, with twenty men
Went down upon the shore.

And in a whale-boat they set off
To Rhode Island fair,
To catch a red-coat general
Who then resided there.

Through British fleets and guard-boats strong,
They held their dangerous way,
Till they arrived unto their port,
And then did not delay.

A tawny son of Afric's race
Them through the ravine led,
And entering then the Overing House,
They found him in his bed.

But to get in they had no means
Except poor Cuffee's head,
Who beat the door down, then rush'd in,
And seized him in his bed.

"Stop! let me put my breeches on,"
The general then did pray:
"Your breeches, massa, I will take,
For dress we cannot stay."

Then through rye-stubble him they led,
With shoes and breeches none,
And placed him in their boat quite snug,
And from the shore were gone.

Soon the alarm was sounded loud,
“The Yankees they have come,
And stolen Prescott from his bed,
And him they’ve carried hum.”

The drums were beat, skyrockets flew,
The soldiers shoulder’d arms,
And march’d around the ground they knew,
Fill’d with most dire alarms.

But through the fleet with muffled oars
They held their devious way,
And landed him on ’Ganset shore
Where Britain held no sway.

When unto land they came,
Where rescue there was none,
“A d—d bold push,” the general cried,
“Of prisoners I am one.”

There was a general shout of all the company during the whole song, and at the close, one who was a prisoner on board, at the time, observed, he “thought the deck would come through with the stamping and cheering.”

General Prescott joined most heartily in the merriment. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he handed the boy a guinea, saying, “Here, you young dog, is a guinea for you.” The boy was set at liberty the next morning.

This anecdote is often related by an aged gentleman living at Newport.

189 BATTLE OF THE POTOMAC, WITH THE MALAYS.

WRITTEN BY ONE OF THE CREW.

As the sun was retiring behind the high mountains,
The forts of our enemy full in our view;
The frigate Potomac, John Downes, our commander,
Rode proudly at anchor, off Quallah Battoo.

The land breeze blew mild, the night was serene,
Our boats was the word and our tackles were mann'd ;
Six miles was the distance that now lay between
Our fine lofty ship and the enemy's land.

Our boats were launch'd on the breast of the billows,
And moor'd till the word of command should be
given ;
On deck we reposed with our swords for our pillows,
And committed our cause, with its justness, to
Heaven.

At the dead hour of night, when all nature was silent,
The boatswain's shrill pipe call'd each man to his
post ;

Our hearts arm'd with justice, our minds fully bent
To attack and destroy that piratical host,

Who boarded the Friendship, and murder'd her crew,
Just twelve months before the memorable day,
When Shubrick led forth the Potomac's so true,
To fight and to vanquish the hostile Malay.

Our boats were all ready, and we were prepared
To fight or to die, for our cause it was just ;
Our muskets were loaded, and our bosoms were bared
To the strife or the storm, for in God was our trust.

When thus spoke our brave and respected commander,
"I charge you by all that is sacred below,
From the true paths of honour, or virtue, ne'er wander;
If mercy's requested, then mercy bestow.

Never let it be said, that the sons of Columbia,
Sheath'd their swords in the breast of a female or
child ;

And may virtue and honour attend you this day ;
Be you death to the arm'd, to the helpless be mild.

Now silence and darkness prevail'd all around,
We left the Potomac, and steer'd for the shore ;
Save the noise of the sea-beach, we heard not a sound,
Our rowlocks were matted, and muffled each oar.

The white surf ran high, as our boats near'd the strand,
And the gray streaks of morning began to appear ;
But, by prudence and caution, we safely did land,
Though the waters were wild and the enemy near.

To their force, to their arms, to their strength, we were
strangers,
But bravely advanced to the forts of our foe ;
We thought of no trouble, we thought of no dangers,
Determined, unless we in death were laid low,

To revenge the sad wrongs that our friends and our
nation
So oft have sustain'd from those demons of hell ;
Our work we commenced, and the bright conflagration,
Left but few of our foes the sad story to tell.

Their forts, they were strong, and like heroes they
fought,
For mercy or quarter they never had shown ;
And the blood of their victims forever they sought,
But the God of the Christians they never had known.

All around us in ambush those savages lay,
And the bullets like hail-stones were scattered abroad.
But still on their forts we continued to play,
To conquer our object, Potomac's our word.

Exposed to their fires, the Potomac's advanced,
Beneath their rude ramparts stood firmly and brave;
Resolved that the stripes and stars of Columbia
E're long on their ramparts triumphant should wave.

Their firing soon ceased, and our brave pioneers
Then opened a path, and we entered their gates;
We paused but a moment, gave three hearty cheers,
Then hoisted the flag that is worn by the states.

The white dashing surf now began to increase,
And warn'd us the hour of departure was near;
Our wounded and slain we collected in peace,
And form'd, with our pikes and our muskets, a bier.

To convey them, all weltering and pale, from the shore
To our ship, that majestically rode on the wave;
To comfort the wounded, the dead to deplore,
And commit their remains to a watery grave.

The Potomac, victorious, once more under way,
Floats proudly along the smooth eastern waters;
Columbia! Columbia! the deeds of that day
Shall be told by thy sons, and be sung by thy
daughters.

Our officers, valiant in battle or war,
In the calm time of peace they are generous and
kind;

Our crew for the brave and American Star
Are all in one voice and one body combin'd.
May success then attend us, wherever we roam,
And nothing our cause or our progress impede;
May the Potomac, with glory and honour come home,
And her name ne'er be stain'd with an unworthy
deed.

190 TO THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES,

THE (NOT HUMBLE) PETITION OF THE
“STRIPED BUNTING.”

Occasioned by the motion of a worthy member of Congress, in 1816, to make some alteration in the United States National Flag.

BY SELLECK OSBORN.

HIGH waving, unsullied, unstruck, proudly sheweth,
What each friend, and each foe, and each neutral well
knoweth,

That your lofty petitioner never descends,
At the call of her foes, nor the whim of her friends ;
The air is her element—there she remains,
’bove the vapours of earth and the vapour of brains ;
Her path is ethereal—high she aspires,
Her stripes aloft streaming, like Boreal fires ;
They stream to astonish, dismay, or delight,
As the foe or the friend may encounter the sight.
On the Mediterranean, had you been present,
And seen them display’d o’er the infidel crescent,
The terror of every piratical knave,
But hail’d and acclaim’d by the honest and brave—
In that region so clear, in that sky so serene,
Those stars, in ascendancy bright, had you seen,
Your thoughts from their glory would never have
ranged,
Nor dream’d that *fix’d stars*, like the moon, could be
changed.

When o’er the red cross of the humbled Guerriere
Your petitioner hover’d—then was she not dear ?

So bright was your flag, and its stars so resplendent,
So well it became the victorious ascendant,
That the crew of old Ironsides swore, with hearts full,
'Twas the best thing about her, excepting her HULL !
By the fame of your Jackson, Boyd, Ripley, and Scott,
Who beneath your petitioner bravely have fought ;
By their naval compeers, each illustrious name
That has made your petitioner sacred to Fame ;
By the spirit of Lawrence, unyielding in death,
Whose concern for her glory employ'd his last breath ;*
By all that has claim to your love and respect,
She adjures you to save her from shameful neglect.
Then shall your petitioner, dear to the brave,
As in honour bound, ever triumphantly wave.

191 A PARODY ON WALTER SCOTT.

BY—I WONDER WHO ?

On quarter-deck Lord Dacres stood,
And saw the Constitution good ;
Then boldly called to men below,
“ To quarters ! here’s the Yankee foe.”
Through all the ship was heard the tone
Of whistle shrill by boatswain blown.
The Yankee colours he could ken,
And see the backwood Irishmen ;
And banners, too, with stripes and stars,
At the mast-heads appear ;
While, glistening through the ropes and spars,
Shine many pike and spear.

* “Don’t give up the ship”—or, don’t strike the bunting.

To back and guard the gunners' band,
Lord Dacres' sailors were at hand,
A hardy race, in Albion bred,
With jackets blue and nightcaps red,
Array'd beneath the banner tall,
That streamed triumphant o'er the Gaul;
Marines, too, shouting in disorder,
Cried, "Noble Lord Dacres! you'll see how we'll
board her."

Now every English eye intent
On Yankee stars and stripes was bent;
So near they were, that each might know
A pistol-ball could through him go.
"Come on, my boys," fierce Dacres cried,
"For soon this flag, Britannia's pride,
That swept the Dutchmen from the sea,
And made the Gallic squadrons flee,
From that ship's tallest mast display'd,
Shall show that ours she's fairly made.
Level your cannon in a row:

A little higher—there—so, so;
Up, boarders, on the deck, and cry,
Dacres for England! win or die!"
Ill would it suit an English ear,
Of such a fight as this to hear;
For desperate was the fight and long,
And either vessel stout and strong.
But now 'tis done; that fatal blow
Has laid the gallant Guerriere low;
She tries to right; 'tis all in vain,
The Guerriere ne'er will fight again;
The lee-gun's fired, the battle's o'er,
The Guerriere sinks to rise no more.

192 TO COMMODORE JOHN RODGERS.

WHILE Glory throws o'er Perry's name
A ray of everliving light,
And gallant Chauncey's temples Fame
Involves in wreaths of laurel bright ;
While tears o'er Burrows, Allen, flow,
And sighs for Sigourney obtain ;
While all is joy, and all is wo,
For battle won and hero slain ;

The muse, at such a time, to you
Her song of fond acclaim would raise,
Though cross'd by frowning Fortune, who,
Triumphant, yet shall gild her lays !
Though gloomy clouds and vapours drear
Obscure a while the orb of day,
Yet glorious shall that orb appear,
With wonted light, and gladdening ray !

And though in vain the course you urge,
For equal foe, in grade and might,
To utmost Europe's frozen verge,
Where all is day, or all is night ;
Yet thou, brave man, in happier hour,
As smiling Fortune cheers the main,
With equal Foe, in grade and power,
Shall battle find, and glory gain !

Since first commenced thy bright career,
'Till now—what splendours rise between !
The noblest speculation ne'er
Had formed so grand, sublime a scene !

Since then, how oft hath Albion wail'd
 The force of young Alcides, who
 The hydra of the deeps assail'd,
 And cleft the monster-fiend in two!

'Till nature, sickening, sinks in years,
 And virtue, time, and space decay;
 Till suns and planets leave their spheres,
 And earth and ocean melt away—
 Till then thy life shall live with fame
 On sculptured dome and gilded page;
 Till then thy deeds shall time proclaim
 From zone to zone, and age to age!

Some future Homer here shall sing:
 Some bard of more than mortal fire,
 With muse of brightest, boldest wing,
 To sweep with living lay the lyre;
 And who, though ages sunk in time,
 And sunk the suns that gild the west,
 Thy deeds to raptured worlds shall hymn,
 And be by raptured worlds confess'd!



193 ON A SUCCESSION OF OUR NAVAL VICTORIES.

BY WILLIAM RAY.

AGAIN the voice of Victory cheers
 The nation with its sound!
 Death-struck the British host appears,
 Whose flag has waved "a thousand years,"
 And ne'er an equal found.

Neptune, astonish'd at the sight,
Now looming from the main,
Beholds the equal-balanced fight,
And sees the British put to flight,
Again! again! again!

Convulsive through the blood-mix'd wave
He writhes his monster-form;
His voice to ocean's deepest cave,
Where sleep the bodies of the brave,
Comes thundering like a storm!

"Convene, convene, ye ocean-powers!
And let us trace the cause
Why Fortune on Britannia lowers,
And why upon Columbia showers
Such triumph and applause!"

But ere the councils of the king
Had solved their deep surprise,
Ere loud huzzas had ceased to ring,
A blood-stain'd form, on lightning wing,
Came darting from the skies.

"Twas Mars, the potent god of war,
Commission'd from above
To bear the mandate wide and far
As evening from the morning-star,
Of great, almighty Jove.

"Too long has proud Britannia reign'd
The tyrant of the sea,
With guiltless blood her banners stain'd,
Ten thousand by impressment chain'd,
Whom God created free.

“Injustice, violence, and blood
 Hath marr’d her naval sway;
 Her perpetrations on the flood,
 Abhorr’d by all the great and good,
 Heaven’s vengeance will repay.

“Then take your trident from her hand,”
 (Mars thus to Neptune spoke;)
 “Tis Heaven’s—tis Jove’s supreme command,
 The God of ocean and the land,
 Which fate can ne’er revoke.

“Columbia with that sceptre rest,
 In whom the gods confide.
 For she, great empress of the west,
 By all the nations ’tis confess’d,
 Hath Justice on her side.”



194

SONG,

Written soon after the Battle of Erie.

Tune—Irish Harp.

HAIL to the chief, now in glory advancing,
 Who conquer’d the Britons on Erie’s broad wave:
 Who play’d Yankee Doodle to set them a dancing,
 Then tripp’d up their heels for a watery grave;
 May Heaven its favours shed
 On his victorious head—
 Bold may he battle and conquer the foe:
 While the loud cannon’s roar
 Echoes from shore to shore,
 Strike for Columbia—strike! lay the proud low!

Ours! ours is the country where freemen are dwelling;
 No tyrant nor lordling disturbs here our ease;
 Our hearts,—freemen's hearts,—proud with liberty swelling,
 Disdain the cold tyrant that preys on the seas.
 Once—though weak in war,
 With many a wound and scar—
 Bruised we the Bull till he ran off with fear;
 Yes! soon the time will come,
 When e'en the Yankee drum,
 Sounding like death-bell, each Briton will scare.

Then fight, heroes, fight for the laurel of glory;
 While England insults us with proud, haughty scorn;
 So long may you fight to ennable the story
 Of our freemen triumphant o'er Britons forlorn.
 While thus ye glory gain,
 O'er all the watery main
 Yankees shall sing the exploits of the brave;
 And all Columbia's boys
 Exult, with patriot joys,
 Over our heroes that fight on the wave.

195 KING GEORGE AND "OLD IRONSIDES."

A SQUIB—BY PETER QUINCE.

THE king, God bless him, late at early morn,
 Restored to sense; was seen to tread the lawn,
 Eager to learn the Constitution's fate!
 So says report—report sometimes will lie:
 But reader, well thou know'st, full well as I,
 This ship has troubled much his royal pate.

When boasted Dacres, humbled by her power,
And the famed Java, in unlucky hour,
Received her frown, and shrunk beneath the tide,
Cæsar grew pale at first, then raved, and swore
Neptune was base, and Amphitrite was more,
Thus on the Yankee contests to decide.

Still “Ironsides” in safety rides the wave ;
The king resolves his sinking fame to save ;

And many a ship is sent her course to trace,
Follow’d by squadrons, too, the sea to roam,
(The ponderous weight e’en makes old ocean groan,)
To give the single Constitution chase !

The fleet returns—thus George, with sparkling eyes :
“ Hey ! hey ! what news ? what news ? hey ! hey ! ” he
cries ;

His majesty to hear was all agog ;
When Stuart—Collier—Kerr*—with crimson’d face,
Thus spake—“ We gave the Constitution chase,
And, ah ! great sire, we lost her in a fog ! ”

“ Fog ! fog ! what fog ? hey, Stuart, what fog ? say :
So then the foe escaped you, Stuart, hey ? ”

“ Yes, please your majesty, and hard our fate”—
“ But why not, Stuart, different courses steer ? ”
Stuart replied, (impute it not to fear,)
“ We thought it prudent not to separate.”

* Commanders of the Newcastle, Leander, and Acosta,
the squadron that pursued the Constitution.

196

NAVAL SONG.

BY EDWIN C. HOLLAND.

Air—“The Glasses sparkle.”

HIGH fill the bowl, and round it twine
 The laurel-wreath of fame,
The wreath that blooms through latest time,
 To deck the hero's name.
To Perry and his gallant host
 The sparkling wine shall flow ;
They tamed the pride of Britain's boast,
 And brought her glory low.
Stern o'er the dark, tempestuous wave,
 That heaves its sullen swell,
O'er many a hero bold and brave,
 Who in that combat fell.
The shouting host of freemen rose,
 Unfurl'd the flag of fight,
And bade defiance to their foes,
 To Britain and her might.
Together now the squadron ride,
 The thundering cannons roar,
The lightning's flash from side to side,
 And Slaughter wades in gore :
Fierce Horror now patrols the deck,
 To swell the rage of fight,
And Tumult flies with hurried step,
 And wild, averted sight.
Where Perry moved, the god of war
 More fiercely seem'd to glow ;
Destruction, like a baleful star,
 Rain'd terror on the foe :

From soul to soul the pride of fame,
The love of country flies,
And every heart received the flame
That lighten'd in his eyes.

No longer rocks the battle's sweep
On Erie's stormy tides,
But o'er its wild and ruffled deep,
Victorious ! Perry rides ;
Rise ! freemen of Columbia, rise !
Exalt the hero's name ;
Through distant lands and foreign skies,
Sound ! sound the trump of fame !

197

OUR NAVAL HEROES.

Tune—“The Duke of York’s March.”

BY CHARLES L. S. JONES.

STRIKE the bold string ! The sounding anthem raise !
The heroes of our naval glory claim the high song !
 Strike the string !
 Whilst Time, upon the wing,
Listening, stands to seize and spread their praise
O’er ocean’s waves, where, beaming,
Freedom’s bright stars are streaming ;
Where our war-ships, coursing fearless, wend their
 way along !

Strike the sounding lyre ! The song shall rise,
Deathless, immortal, in thundering echoes to the skies,
With the bright wreaths of an immortality,
To grace and crown our heroes of the sea !

Borne by the swell of the wide extending main,
Old England, with her thronging navy, claim'd the
proud sway,
Boasting wide
Dominion o'er its tide,
Vainly hectoring o'er its foamy plain ;
Till, o'er the briny ocean,
Taught by the high devotion
Of our tars to Freedom's cause, she cowering yields
the day.

Strike the sounding lyre ! the song shall rise,
Deathless, immortal, in thundering echoes to the skies,
With the bright wreaths of an immortality,
To grace and crown our heroes of the sea !

198

SIR PETER PARKER.

Tune—“ Maggy Lauder.”

BY CHARLES L. S. JONES.

LET others sing, whilst loudly ring
The valleys to their measures,
Of love, or wine, or sports divine,
Made vocal by their pleasures ;
Be mine the theme,
No fancied dream
Of visionary barker ;
The warlike cheer,
And welcome here,
Of brave Sir Peter Parker.

Let not the muse her strains refuse,
Accordant to my metre,
Whilst I declare the exploits rare
Of valiant-hearted Peter ;
Nor deem me wrong
To raise the song—
Of praise I am no sharker ;
But let my shell
The wonders tell
Of brave Sir Peter Parker.

He oft would boast to rule the roast
Upon the briny ocean ;
And scold and jeer with glorious cheer,
Expecting high promotion :
Whilst from his fun
The Yankees run,
As fearful of a jeering ;
Lest like Van Tromp
Their hides he'd thump,
His broom at mast-head rearing.

Long had he sail'd, and nothing hail'd,
As worthy of a winner ;
So did desire, to ease his ire,
A Baltimorean dinner ;
And in he sent with that intent
His compliments, high sounding,
Whilst, from on board,
His thunders roar'd,
Their Yankee souls astounding.

But not to be behind in glee,
Or hospitable freedom,

'They answer sent, he might have twenty
Dinners if he'd need them;
O glorious feast,
For prince, or priest,
'Twould cure the gout or cholic;
Sir Peter swore,
He ne'er, before,
Saw such a Yankee frolic.

But most his tongue thy praises rung,
Jamaica's lively liquor;
And swore, 'twas fit to enliven the wit
Of laymen or of vicar:
So not in fun
To be outdone,
They sent this gallant sparker,
Well season'd, home,
In his favourite rum,
The far-famed Peter Parker.

199 THE STRIPE AND THE STAR.

BY CHARLES L. S. JONES.

Tune—“How happy’s the Soldier.”

WHERE lordly Champlain, on its wild surging wave,
Bears proudly the keels of the free and the brave,
Unmoved by the boasts which their courage decry,
Our fleet's gallant pennons in buoyancy fly;
Though Albion in thunder descend, and her war
Break rough o'er the sons of the stripe and the star.

O'er her white foamy bosom, with shouts of delight,
The sons of Columbia rush fearless to fight:
A hero presides o'er the battle-deck brave,
And the flag of Macdonough sweeps broad o'er the
wave,
Where Freedom above, cheering smiles from her car,
And her laurel-wreaths twine round the stripe and
the star.

No longer ye Island-born sons of the sea,
Unequal, contend with the brave and the free,
Where Liberty scoffs at your vaunts and your pride,
And her conquest-crown'd navies in victory ride !
But bow your proud heads, as ye skulk from the war,
And bend to the sheen of the stripe and the star.



200

OUR INFANT NAVY.

BY CHARLES L. S. JONES.

Tune—“When I was a little boy, some twenty years ago.”

WHEN our navy yet was young,
Some thirty years ago,
To try their skill, with right good will,
They sought the haughty foe ;
And the turban'd Turk brought low.

Though underneath their batteries,
Our captive frigate lay,
Where ball and shot flew, hissing hot,
Across the foamy bay ;
They cut their prize away.

And little reck'd that gallant band
The coil of whisker'd slaves ;
Nor deem'd their fun but half begun,
Till they had bow'd the knaves,
And our flag controll'd their waves.

Then here's to brave Decatur,
And his valiant-hearted crew,
Who show'd the Turk what handy-work
Our infant force could do :
A lesson before he ne'er knew.

201

OUR OCEAN LAKES.

BY CHARLES L. S. JONES.

Tune—"The Turban'd Turk."

LET turban'd Turks their boasts give o'er,
Whilst Yankee seamen plough the deep !
And British seamen vaunt no more,
Whilst o'er the waves our banners sweep !
Trafalgar's laurel and the Nile's
Before superior glory shakes ;
For crested Fortune proudly smiles
Upon our swelling ocean lakes.

Old Tripoli, with savage pride,
Would fain have ruled the watery wave ;
And Tonis and Algiers would hide,
Within their slavish holds, the brave :
But Freedom's banner, proud and high,
Their domineering sceptre shakes ;
From whence bright Victory's pinions fly
To perch upon our ocean lakes.

Let Albion boast her thousand keels,
 Her hearts of oak, inured to war ;
 Her vaunting courage, fainting, reels
 Before the stripe and glittering star.
 Our greater glory dims her less,
 Whilst at our wrath she trembling quakes,
 As, on her sight, our navies press
 The bosom of our ocean lakes.
 While virtue's worth is known to fame,
 While valour's needs the strain prolong ;
 So long shall live Macdonough's name,
 And Perry's praise be known in song.
 Oh ! crown with wreaths your warlike sons !
 Oh crown them for your children's sakes !
 As long as in his orbit runs
 The bright god o'er our ocean lakes !

202 ON THE LOSS OF L'EPERVIER.

An earthquake may be made to spare
 The man that's strangled with a hair. COWPER.

O THOU enlivener of the human mind
 Where sadness, else, and gloomy sorrow sweep,
 With raven wings through darkness unconfined,
 And cheerfulness' smiles in bondage keep,
 Still linger round the cavern of Despair,
 And cast, O Hope ! one gleam of sunshine there !
 The father's prayers, the orphan's sobbing cries,
 In their peculiar energy express'd,
 A sister's tears, the widow'd mother's sighs,
 To thee, O Hope ! are at this hour address'd :
 No balm of comfort to their hearts is near,
 If thou, benignant Power, refuse to hear.

Hour follows hour, and day to day succeeds,
Weeks make up months and months amount to
years ;
But expectation expectation breeds
And calls on thee to dissipate our fears ;—
Yet fears and apprehensions rise in crowds
And strive to shadow o'er thy beams with clouds.

Darker and darker still the prospect grows,
Till scarce one ray the gathering gloom pervades ;
Worn-out Suspense no casual doubt bestows,
And Fancy's lingering twilight's glimmering fades.
Now sick at heart, from hope deferr'd too long,
The voice of Joy cheers not the mourning throng.

Far o'er the wide Atlantic, every eye,
That aches with watching—though it cannot sleep,
Looks through the misty regions of the sky,
And glances o'er the billows of the deep :
In vain the visual shaft pursues its mark—
Shubrick appears not, nor his gallant bark.

In wild suspense, each agitated soul
Resembles ocean's limitless abyss,
Where waves on waves in desperate surges roll,
Headlong from precipice to precipice,
Then, breaking on the topmost ridges, bound
In furious whirlpools to the vast profound !

Lost in uncertainty, no clew, no guide
Directs our driving thoughts, nor checks their speed :
O'er the void wilderness they wander wide
From every self-imposed restriction freed,
Tired out, at last, Imagination halts,
And, with dismay, from further search revolts !

Yet Reason strives to keep our spirits up,
With many a bold or plausible surmise ;
Contends that, in Affliction's bitterest cup,
One drop at least of consolation lies ;
And bids us still, with confidence, depend
On Him who always was the sufferer's friend.

“Shall we suppose,” she asks, “that those who past
So many years in hard captivity,
Should, by Decatur, be released at last,
Merely to sink in yon devouring sea ?
And that their friends, upon a distant shore,
Should never feel their warm embraces more ?

“And shall that venturous crew be thus inurned,
Afar from home, beneath unfriendly waves,
Whose gallant hearts, with indignation burn'd
To free their countrymen from being slaves—
And who, with so much skill, repell'd the blow,
Which, but for them, had laid our country low ?”

—Shubrick ! to thee and thy intrepid crew,
Whose patriotic labours have been shown,
The willing muse awards the homage due,
And consecrates your monumental stone,
On which the pen of history shall repeat
The tale of many a daring naval feat.

Where all are brave 'twere hardly fair to choose,
And fix the applausive look on only one ;
And yet, without an eagle's eye, the muse
Could not at once behold what all have done :
The range is too extensive, and the blaze
Of your exploits o'erpowers the incautious gaze.

The bias, too, which partial friendship owns,
Will justify the choice of Yarnall's name;
Affection for such preference well atones
And saves the poet, in the friend, from blame :
Nor will fraternal fondness, felt so long,
Withhold from him the eulogizing song.

If, when a nation that has suffered wrongs
Which diplomatic skill cannot redress,
Calls out her troops of volunteers, in throngs,
An insolent invasion to repress,
And, at her call, her sons in phalanx join,
Breast flanking breast, to wall the lengthen'd line;

Or, if on Erie's flood, at Perry's side,
Where duty station'd him, young Yarnall stood,
And, with composure, every method tried,
To fill the ranks as often as he could,
Till his brave fallen comrades, round him thrown,
Lest him at last to work his guns alone ;—

If, when those ranks were thinn'd, the commodore
Leap'd from the Lawrence, whilst she yet could
swim,
And recognising Yarnall, in his gore,
Conferr'd the desperate management to him,
Who with his eight companions kept the deck
And sprang to triumph from the sinking wreck ;—

If deeds like these entitle one to fame,
Such as the world possesses power to give,
His honours are secure ; for Yarnall's name
Must, on the records of his country, live ;—
And Perry and Decatur will attest
Who seconded their boldest efforts best.

Thus is his praise establish'd here on earth,
By those who have his public service shared :
His higher praise, built on his moral worth,
Need not the testimony of the bard—
That bard who knew his heart, and who might swell
The eulogy of one he loved so well.

For, since the moral duties best are shewn
In brother, son, companion, neighbour, friend,
These virtues may, on his sepulchral stone,
Be, by the sculptor's chisel, made to blend :
For these were his, as those survivors know
Whose tears for him in sweet remembrance flow.

But ah ! it matters not what might be said
O'er the cold ashes of the friends we mourn :
Our best instruction is, to know, the dead
Have surely pass'd the irremovable bourne :—
A simple truth which, to the mind, conveys
More profit than all monumental praise.



203 ON THE CHARACTER OF COMMODORE MACDONOUGH.

BY LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

THE scene of death is past: the cannon's roar
Dies in faint echoes on the distant wave.
The Christian and the hero stands alone
Encircled by the slain. No flush of joy
Or ray of triumph gilds his thoughtful brow ;
For though his heart ascends in grateful praise
To Him who heard his prayer, it sighs with pain,
Lamenting o'er the wo his hand has wrought.

That bosom, which, amidst the battle's rage,
Was calm and tranquil, feels the life-blood creep
Chill through its channels, and that manly cheek,
Which kept its hue unblanch'd when shrieks of death
And agony arose, is pale, and sad,
And wet with bitter tears for brethren lost.

To them he turns his eye, but meets no glance
Of answering friendship. On the deck they sleep
Pale, ghastly, silent; while the purple stream
Flows, slowly ebbing, from their bosoms cold.
One short hour since, he saw them full of life,
And strength, and courage; now the northern blast
Sighs as it passes o'er them—whispering low,
“Behold the end of man!”

Nor yet for friends alone the victor sighs,
The noble heart may mourn a fallen foe,
And do no wrong to honour; may revere
His virtues, and lament that cruel fate
Bade those to meet so stern who would have joy'd
To join in friendship's pure and sacred bands.

He fought not for the vain applause of man,
To light the flame of war in distant lands,
Or carry fire, and sword, and wo, and death
Among the innocent; but nerved his arm
And steel'd his ardent heart, to meet the sword
Drawn on his native land, and urged to blood,
By provocation strange and the blind wrath
Of erring man. He saw a martial host
Press, with invading step, her valleys green,
Pour o'er her placid lakes the storm of war;
Saw her smooth waters darken'd with the shade
Of crowding fleets; he saw the smoke arise
In heavy volumes, from those splendid domes,

Where legislation held her awful sway.
He felt her sad disgrace, and heard a voice,
Deep toned and piercing, call the brave to arms ;
His was the heart to answer, and he rose,
With confidence in heaven, and soul prepared.
He stood the shock, and from the furnace flame
Came forth like gold. And if this scene of wo
Is still to last, may many heroes rise,
Thus bright with rays whose source is from within,
And clad in virtue's arms.
The temper'd sword, long bathed in blood, may break ;
The shield may be destroy'd ; the well-aim'd dart
Err in its course ; the warrior's eye grow dim ;
But the firm soul, whose trust is placed above, [sound,
Shrinks not ; though loud that last, dread trump should
Whose warning voice shall rend the solid earth,
And give her glory to the whelming flame.

204**SONG,**

Composed on the summit of Mouna Roa, the evening preceding the Anniversary of the battle of New Orleans.

BY A SEAMAN OF THE VINCENNES.

HUZZA ! my boys, the ship Vincennes
Comes proudly o'er the wave ;
Bold Captain Wilkes in her commands
Two hundred seamen brave.
With joyful hearts and hopes all bright,
These Yankee sailors come ;
While glory's full meridian light
Shines on their passage home.
“These are my sons,” bright Freedom cries,
“From the Antarctic sea ;

And proudly from their mizzen flies
The stars of liberty.

These are the tars that dared explore
The new Antarctic world ;
And nobly on its frozen shore
Columbia's flag unfurl'd.

" The Fejee group they have survey'd,
With well instructed hearts ;
And every island, reef, and bay
Lies pictured on their charts."

She paused, and lo ! from Freedom's eye
There fell a crystal tear ;

" Two sons I've lost," the goddess cried,
" Two sons I held most dear."

Nay, Freedom, quell each mournful sigh ;
Those crystal drops restrain ;
The sequel shall relight thine eye
With pleasure's beams again.

We are the tars our chieftain led,
O'er dark Malolo's plain ;
Before us hosts of Indians fled,
And left a hundred slain.

We are the men that burn'd their towns,
Well fortified and new ;
Destroy'd their cattle, fruits, canoes,
Because thy sons they slew.

On hands and knees the murderous host
Did crawl our chief to meet ;
They own'd 'twas retribution just,
Begg'd pardon at his feet.

To Mouna Roa's fiery top
These daring tars have scaled ;

And there o'er all the scienced group,
 Our chieftain has prevail'd.
 Let England boast her Cook and Ross,
 And other chiefs of fame;
 They all must stand like mounds of dross
 Beside our chieftain's name.

On Fame's broad pillow, hand in hand,
 Shall stand in bold relief,
 High o'er the rest of all the band,
 Columbus and our chief.
 Then speed thee on, our gallant ship,
 And homeward bear thy tars;
 While proudly glitters from thy peak
 Columbia's flag of stars.

—————♦—————

From the Baltimore American, June 17, 1842.

205 A SONG OF OTHER DAYS.

The late Chancellor Kilty, of Maryland, well known as an ardent whig and a gallant soldier in revolutionary times, and still personally remembered with affection by many in this community, was a pretty good poet, as well as a warm patriot. The following song, recently found among the chancellor's papers, was composed by him, and sung at a public dinner at Alexandria, on the 4th of July, 1794, by Mr. Stansbury, who presided on the occasion. General Washington was present. The memorandum made by the chancellor on the occasion says:—"At the first verse, which is quoted from an old English song, the English merchants and tories were much pleased, and crowded to the head of the table—and General Washington showed some surprise. At the third verse the English guests resumed their places." Here follows the song:

"WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command
 Arose from out the azure main,

This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain—
Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never shall be slaves.”

’Twas thus when rival nations strove
E’er Freedom’s sacred home was known,
That, ardent with their country’s love,
And claiming ocean as their own,
They sung, Rule Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,
For Britons never shall be slaves.

But, wherefore Britons rule the waves ?
Why grasp the wide-extended sea ?
Must all the world beside be slaves,
That only Britons may be free ?
Hence, then, Britannia no more shall rule the waves,
Nor see the nations round her slaves.

On every coast, on every shore,
The bounteous sea her treasure spreads,
To countless millions wafts her store,
Nor tribute pays to crowned heads ;
Hence then, Britannia, no longer rule the waves,
Nor seek to make thy equals slaves.

For see, Columbia’s sons arise,
Firm, independent, bold, and free ;
They too shall seize the glorious prize,
And share the empire of the sea ;
Hence then, let freemen, let freemen rule the waves,
And those who yield them still be slaves..

This glorious day, which still shall live
Illustrious in the book of fame ;
This day, revolving, still shall give
A kindling spark of Freedom’s flame,

And we as freemen, will we not rule the waves,
Nor own a power to make us slaves?

And still, on this auspicious day,
Like friends and brethren let us join;
In concert tune the festive lay
Sacred to Liberty divine;
Which still will guard us, on land as on the waves,
Determined never to be slaves.

Nor on this day let memory fail
To celebrate each hero slain,
With patriot tears their fates bewail,
Who died our freedom to obtain;
Which may we cherish, on land as on the waves,
Nor change from freemen to be slaves.

But chiefly him, whose faithful toils
Led us to liberty and peace,
On whom America still smiles
With gratitude which ne'er shall cease;
Long may the hero live who still his country saves,
Nor ever let him see us slaves.



206 THE TOMB OF BURROWS.

I saw the green turf resting cold
On Burrows' hallow'd grave,
No stone the inquiring patriot told
Where slept the good and brave.
Heaven's rain and dew conspired to blot
The traces of the holy spot.

No flowerets deck'd the little mound
 That moulder'd on his breast,
 Nor rural maidens, gathering round,
 His tomb with garlands dress'd ;
 But sporting children thoughtless trod
 On Valour's consecrated sod.
 I mourn'd, who for his country bleeds
 Should be forgot so soon,
 That fairest fame and brightest deeds
 Should want a common boon.
 But O ! the rich have hearts of steel,
 And what can Penury more than feel ?
 At length, "a passing stranger" * came
 Whose hand its bounties shed,
 He bade the speaking marble claim
 A tribute for the dead :
 And, sweetly blending, hence shall flow
 'The tears of gratitude and wo.

207 DEATH OF COMMODORE PERRY.

BY ROBERT S. COFFIN.

THE hero of Erie hath gone to his rest,
 Renown'd on the pages of story ;
 And the sun of his fame that rose in the west,
 Hath set in the blaze of its glory
 No more shall the billow of Erie's dark shores,
 As it rolls in the silence of sadness,
 Re-echo the words, "We have met ; they are ours!"
 Inspiring the freemen with gladness.

* Mr. Davis, of New York.

No more shall the friend of his bosom behold
The lord of her love and her spirit :
But she'll find in the heart of his country enroll'd
His courage, his zeal, and his merit.

The stranger was kind, and Perry was blest,
For friendship made smooth the rough pillow ;
He breathed but one sigh, it was breathed to the west,
And the breeze bore it safe o'er the billow.

The hero of Erie is sleeping afar,
Columbia, he's lost to thee ever ;
The spirit that walk'd on the whirlwind of war
Returns to thee never, O, never !

Farewell to the hero of Erie's dark shores ;
Columbia, his valour remember ;
Engrave on his tomb, " We have met; they are ours!"
And hallow the month of September.



208 LOSS OF THE U. S. SHIP WASP,

Supposed to have been sunk at sea, in an engagement during
the night.

BY ROBERT S. COFFIN.

'Tis night!—Columbia's foe is nigh,
And loud Columbia's thunders roar ;
'Tis night!—The war-torch flameth high,
And ocean's sounding surges pour ;
 But ere the light
 Of morning bright
Shall bid the sea-bird soar,
 That bloody fight
 Shall close in night :
Those foemen meet no more.

'Tis night!—Pale Cynthia's silver beams
 Are glittering on the murmuring wave;
 'Tis night!—The sea-mew's piercing screams
 No longer wake the slumbering brave;
 For O! they sleep
 In caverns deep,
 Where whirlwinds cease to rave:
 Where fairies weep
 And vigils keep
 Around their hallow'd grave.

'Tis morn!—Columbia's sighs proclaim
 That she hath heard the tale of wo;
 'Tis morn!—But, ah! her wreaths of fame
 Will never twine her Blakeley's brow:
 Yet o'er his urn
 Shall heroes mourn,
 And as their tear-drops flow,
 Their hearts shall burn,
 And proudly spurn
 The triumph of the foe.

209 THE TRIPOLITAN CAPTIVE.

Tune—“When pensive I thought on my love.”

THE moon silver'd o'er the rough surge
 That broke on the Barbary shore;
 Where Tripoli's castle emerge,
 And frowns while the hoarse billows roar.
 On a rock that look'd over the flood,
 While the clank of his chains pierced the air,
 A son of Columbia stood,
 A statue of wo and despair.

His eyes in distraction were roll'd,
 His countenance hollow and pale ;
His sighs would his sorrows have told,
 But their murmurs were lost in the gale.
“ O, my country ! ” heart-broken he cried,
 “ Where now is thy liberty gone ?
Independence, thy boast and thy pride,
 Did once at captivity spurn.

“ Ah ! why then this cruel delay,
 While your children in slavery you see ?
Where's the gold that you lavish away,
 Where's the valour that once made you free ?
At a distance you hear not our cries,
 You know not the anguish we bear,
Or else, when our death-shrieks arise,
 Columbia would sure drop a tear.

“ But adieu every lisp of reproach,
 My tears, ye no longer shall flow ;
Death rapidly makes his approach,
 To relieve the poor captive of wo.
What means this renewal of grief ?
 O my parents ! thy sorrows are vain ;
Adieu ! ye can give no relief,
 Adieu ! we shall soon meet again.”

His knees were now bent to the ground,
 His eyes in distraction were raised,
When suddenly glaring around,
 On the scenery wildly he gazed ;
Then quickly the poignard he drew,
 And plunging it deep in his side,
Like a lily depress'd with the dew,
 He sunk on his mantle and died.

210

LAWRENCE'S DEATH.

COLUMBIA's bold seamen, wherever you be,
And you that fight battles abroad on the sea,
Come flock round the standard, and learn the sad fate
Of Lawrence, brave Lawrence, whose death I'll relate.

'Twas on board the Hornet he triumphantly soar'd,
The eagle of conquest had perch'd on his sword ;
For 'twas the proud Peacock to the bottom did go,
He lost more in saving than conquering his foe.

All clad in bright laurel, to Boston he came,
Where the full flowing bumpers were drank to his
name,
With the pride of this country of sailors, they boast
No party or faction, but Lawrence we'll toast.

And when from our harbour our foes we did spy,
We then gave three cheers, vow'd to conquer or die ;
Then quickly weigh'd anchor, and set sail away,
And alongside the Shannon our frigate soon lay.

By the first broadside wounded, he firmly did stand,
And each gallant hero did await his command ;
Till an ill-fated ball pierced Lawrence's breast,
And sent, much lamented, our hero to rest.

Our captain being slain, brave Ludlow likewise,
No one to command us, or yet to advise,
So our ship soon foul of the Shannon she fell,
We were boarded and taken, alas ! I must tell.

But now we'll return to brave Lawrence, the slain,
His actions in history their place shall retain,

Though his death from our bosoms shall wring a sad
tear,

The cause that we fight in is render'd more dear.

In Britain this hero respected we find,
Around his sad bier they in anguish reclined ;
His colours now o'er his remains they bestow,
Which will ne'er cease to remember that he was their
foe.

O, weep not, Columbia, though Lawrence is slain ;
Let us pattern by his virtues, and reverence his name ;
While a ship of the ocean shall sail the salt sea,
Like Lawrence we'll die, or like heroes be free.

May his soul on swift pinions to heaven ascend,
And there may bright angels his virtues attend,
Where foes can no longer approach or molest,
All clad in bright armour from Jesus's breast.



211 LAWRENCE THE BRAVE.

THE streamers were flying, the canvass was spreading,
The banner of war floated high in the air,
The gale on its pinions to combat was speeding
The chief of Columbia, her glory in war ;
Udaunted he stood, as the billows that roll'd
Round the barge that he guided through ocean's blue
wave ;

His helmet was honour, and fame nerved his soul,
To gather a prize worthy Lawrence the brave.

Columbia's bright genius around him was hovering,
To shield her beloved mid the carnage below,

And fate, from the impulse of valour recovering,
Seized a javelin of death and directed the blow.
Ah! sad was the hour, when she saw from on high
The cross of proud Albion triumphantly wave,
And bitter the moment she view'd, with a sigh,
On the deck, pale and lifeless, laid Lawrence the brave.

"Ah! me," she exclaim'd, "has my hero descended
From glory's meridian, the summit of fame?
Shall he who while dying his country defended,
Like his form be forgotten, forgotten his name?"
And now for the sigh for the kindred that bled,
Shall water the laurel that blooms on his grave;
They ceased, and in anguish she silently shed
The tear-drop of sorrow for Lawrence the brave.

212

PERRY'S VICTORY.

WHEN late Columbia's patriot brave
Sail'd forth on Erie's tranquil wave,
No hero yet had found a grave
Within her watery cemetery.

But soon that wave was stain'd with gore,
And soon did every concave shore
Re-echo with the dreadful roar
Of thundering artillery.

Behold! two hostile fleets appear,
The eager shouts of battle hear,
No heart is there appall'd by fear,
All pant for glorious victory.

His torch the God of battles lights,
For naval glory Britain fights,
For "Freedom and the sailor's rights"
Columbia combats gallantly.

The Lawrence's decks are strew'd with dead,
And many a gallant spirit fled,
And many a hero's nobly bled,
To win a wreath of victory.

Alas! and can no prowess save
Our ship, a wreck upon the wave,
And snatch the corses of the brave
From an impious conqueror?

Ah, yes! that youth with eagle eye,
Though heaps of slain around him lie,
Through death and carnage will descry
The path that leads to victory.

A soul like his no danger fears;
His pendant from the mast he tears,
And in his gallant bosom bears,
To grace the bold Niagara.

See! see he quits the Lawrence's side,
And trusts him to the foaming tide,
Where thundering navies round him ride,
And flash their red artillery.

His oar each sturdy seaman plies;
He gains the deck! his pendant flies,
Triumphant shouts ascend the skies,
And rend the vaulted canopy.

"The combat deepens! on, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave,"
Columbia's rights upon the wave
Protect from proud Britannia.

Huzza ! the tide of battle turns !
Lo ! every hero's bosom burns !—
'Tis done :—again Britannia learns
To strike to great Columbia.

Barclay, thy deeds of glory done,
Thy laurels at Trafalgar won,
Shall now adorn our gallant son,
And signalize the victory.

His country shall with glory crown
His deeds of empire and renown,
And history shall hand them down
To endless posterity.

213 WE'LL BE FREE ON THE SEA.—1812.

YE sons of free Columbia, whose fathers dared the waves,
The battle, and the wilderness, to shun the fate of slaves ;
Those rights they bled for now maintain, where'er a wave can flow,
And be free on the sea, in despite of every foe,
Though tyrants frown, and cannons roar, and the raging tempests blow.

High o'er her “misty mountain tops,” Columbia’s eagle soars,
And sees two mighty oceans roll their tribute to her shores ;
The Atlantic and Pacific wave for us alike will flow,
We'll be free on the sea, &c.

Columbus, first of mariners, to us bequeaths his name,
The ocean's first great conqueror assigns to us his claim ;
From east to west, and round the globe, where'er the salt seas flow,
 We'll be free on the sea, &c.

High lift your arms, ye sturdy oaks—ye lofty pines, ascend,
Till from your hills our navy calls your towering tops to bend ;
Then spread the canvass to the gale, and where a wave can flow,
 We'll be free on the sea, &c.

Columbia's eagle-flag shall fly all fearless o'er the flood :
To every friendly name a dove, to foes a bird of blood.
Her stars shall blaze a sign of peace where'er a wave may flow ;
 And we'll be free on the sea, &c.



214 THE HEROES OF TRIPOLI.

NIGHT and all her sable brood
 Hung their shadows o'er the bay,
Where, upon the briny flood,
 Preble's daring squadron lay.

In the bark across the wave,
 See detach'd a warrior-train,

Somers, Wadsworth, Israel brave,
To the castle move amain.

Heroes born to live in story,
Memory on your deeds shall dwell ;
Blazon'd with unfading glory,
Freedom's trophies you shall swell.

Seen approaching by the foe,
“Allah !” echoes from the steep,
Turban'd millions rush below,
To o'erwhelm them on the deep.

Somers to his dauntless band
Loud exclaims, with patriot flame,
“Ere they bear us to the land,
Let the waves our corses claim.

“Freedom’s meteor-banner raise,
Floating on the breeze’s breath,
In explosion’s kindling blaze,
We shall find a glorious death.”

He spoke : a flash illumes the sky,
Blazing o'er the wondering flood,
Turks in wild confusion lie,
Staining ocean with their blood.

Shrieking thousands bow the head,
Hurried to a watery grave,
Somers’ band, by honour led,
Undismay’d embrace the wave.

Heroes born to live in story,
Memory on your deeds shall dwell ;
Blazon'd with unfading glory,
Freedom's trophies you shall swell.

215

LAWRENCE'S TID RE I.

COME, all you boys,
 Who freedom prize,
 And join my song in chorus, O ;
 John Bull's found out,
 In this last bout,
 When Yankees fight they conquer, O.
 The Hornet's might,
 In glorious fight,
 We've proved upon the Peacock, O ;
 She spread her sail,
 And show'd her tail,
 Which soon our Hornet tickled, O.

"Crowd all sail," says our captain, "and if we once get alongside of her, we'll teach them common blunderers the difference between the sons of freedom, fighting for their country's rights, and the base slaves of a cruel tyrant." The crew two by two, one after the other, gave nine cheers, and as if nothing at all ailed them, kept singing

Tid re I, &c.

Now to't we went,
 With firm intent,
 To do the job genteely, O,
 Her union Jack,
 With great eclat,
 They hoisted at her mizen, O ;
 But soon our stripes
 Gave Jack the gripes,
 Our stars they shone in splendour, O ;

While our brave tars,
Inspired by Mars,
Their cannon loud made rattle, O.

We soon came up with her, and after a long shot or two, our captain gave orders to bear down upon her, and lay her close alongside. O, it would have made your heart glad to see how neatly we fixed the business for her, in spite of their frequent cries of "Britons, strike home, strike home," while we kept playing them a bit of our

Tid re I, &c.

The Peacock's game
We soon did tame,
Each shot its object answer'd, O,
Behold Captain Peake
In death doth sleep,
And thirty-six were wounded, O ;
And our brave crew,
Who are true blue,
Now on her starboard raked her, O ;
" Five minutes more,
Her flag shall lower,"
Exulting cried our captain, O.

At last down came the British flag, and she firing a gun to leeward, at the same time hoisting her Jack (Union down) as a signal of distress, this touched the heart of our brave captain, who ordered assistance to be given, and on boarding her, found that she was as full of holes as a lime sieve, and in the act of helping our conquered foes, she filled, and down went three of our bravest tars, who notwithstanding kept singing

Tid re I, &c.

Fill up the glass,
 Round let it pass,
 We'll drink long life to Lawrence, O.
 Likewise to those
 Who've show'd our foes
 Columbia's still triumphant, O ;
 And when again
 They plough the main,
 They'll ne'er disgrace their colours, O ;
 And Britain's host,
 Who throng our coast,
 They'd beat with half their number, O.

So now while we are safe at home, enjoying the smiles of our wives and sweethearts, in this blessed land of Freedom, let us toast the memory of those brave fellows who have lost their lives for “ free trade and sailor’s rights ;” and when we again receive sailing orders, we’ll amuse John Bull with our

Tid re I, &c.

216 A SONG BY R. H.—1793.

Tune—“ Rule Britannia.”

WHEN Britain first, impell’d by pride,
 Usurp’d dominion o’er the main,
 Blest Peace she vainly threw aside,
 And gave her sons the galling chain.
 View Britannia, Britannia view the waves,
 On which thy darling sons are slaves.

The nations now more blest than thee
 Shall see their haughty despots fall,
 What time thy hapless fate shall be,
 The scorn and pity of them all. View, &c.

'Thy haughty — ne'er shall bend
 The glorious cause of Freedom down ;
 His rage shall fan her sacred flame,
 And work thy woes and her renown. View, &c.
 Thee best becomes the contrite strain,
 For cities drench'd with human gore,
 For crimes which tinge the orient main,
 And banish peace from Afric's shore. View, &c.
 The muses, still with Freedom found,
 Shall from thy venal court repair,
 To sing on Gallia's freer ground,
 Or breathe Columbia's purer air. View, &c.

217

HUZZA FOR DECATUR.

Tune—“The Constellation.”

COLUMBIANS, strike the enlivening strain,
 To cheer the hero home again,
 Cover'd with laurels from the main,
 Huzza for the brave Decatur.
 He met the foeman on the wave,
 He taught the skilful and the brave,
 How well the tars,
 Unused to wars,
 Could shine amidst the din of battle,
 And while the glorious cannons rattle,
 Huzza for the brave Decatur.

Brave was the Macedonian's crew,
 The captain he was valiant too ;
 And every heart was brave and true,
 When they met the bold Decatur:
 And while the glorious cannon's train
 Re-echoed o'er the distant main.

The Britons, proud,
Exclaim'd aloud,
“ See, see, we've fired the foeman's side ; ”
But still our gallant tars replied,
Huzza for the brave Decatur.

The battle's fury soon is o'er,
The vivid lightnings gleam no more,
And silent is the cannon's roar,
Huzza for the brave Decatur.

In streams of blood their flag descends,
His race full many a Briton ends ;
Our planks are tight,
Our vessel's right,
And every sailor at his post,
Exclaims, in joy and wonder lost,
Huzza for the brave Decatur.

218. SARATOGA AND MORGIANA.

COME, banish all your pretty jars,
And shout your joy in loud huzzas,
In honour of Columbia's tars,
Whose valour ne'er shall fail her ;
Let echo answer to the strain,
And pass the tidings o'er the main,
That British pride,
Which we deride,
Again is humbled on the tide,
By Freedom's gallant sailor.
Once Saratoga swell'd the song,
As Britain will remember long,
Burgoyne, with seven thousand strong,
In fight could not avail her ;

Now Saratoga, on the main,
Has shown that Britain's claim is vain,
 To rule the sea,
 By nature free,
'Tis what shall never, never be,
 Says every Yankee sailor.

This Saratoga, you shall hear,
Was fitted out a privateer,
And mann'd by tars unknown to fear,
 From danger never paler ;
To die or conquer all agreed,
Each gallant tar prepared to bleed,
 To nobly die,
 But never fly,
While George's cross was waving high ;
 'Twas like a Yankee sailor.

They hoisted sail, and cruised afar,
To aid their country in the war,
And many a valiant British tar,
 Has reason to bewail her ;
They fought and captured all they met ;
While Britons vainly fume and fret,
 Each gallant prize,
 In safety lies,
While far to sea for more shs flies,
 To enrich a Yankee sailor.

At length they espy a worthier mark,
To try their little gallant bark—
Behold a ship of war ! and hark !
 They arrogantly hail her !
The Saratoga quick replies,
In language that astounds the skies,

While Freedom's sons,
Still serve their guns,
Till, call'd "away," each boarder runs,
And each a Yankee sailor.

The foe has eighteen guns or more,
The Saratoga only four;
Away! my lads, and board once more,
And fiercer still assail her.
Huzza, huzza, boys! see she strikes!
Now board your prize without your pikes,
And secure those
No longer foes,
When generous blood in duty flows,
And save a brother sailor.

219 THE BUDGET OF BLUNDERS.

THERE budgets are of every kind,
Of lawyers, rogues, and wonders,
The budget that I'll sing, you'll find
The budget full of blunders.
Yankee doodle to't we go,
Words we scorn so handy,
To serve a friend or fight a foe,
Our tars they are the dandy.

John Bull our seamen thought to make
Immediately knock under,
Swore every frigate soon he'd take—
O! Johnny, what a blunder.

Yankee doodle, &c.

The Constitution Dacres thought
He'd capture and be merrier:
A blunder that he dearly bought,—
For why?—She took the Guerriere.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Proud Whynates thought he'd surely pound
Our navy melancholic,
Till, meeting with a Wasp, he found
A blunder in his Frolic.
Yankee doodle, &c.

The Macedonian hoped so wield
Successfully her thunder:
And make our bold Decatur yield,—
O! Careen, what a blunder.
Yankee doodle, &c.

The Java wish'd and soon did meet,
While cutting seas asunder,
A frigate of the Yankee fleet,
And made a woful blunder.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Our navy, thus the boast of Fame,
John Bull still strove to scorn it,
Until his strutting Peacock came,
And blunder'd on a Hornet.
Yankee doodle, &c.

The British Blythe vauntingly said,
“The Yankees shall knock under,”
And nail'd the flag to the mast-head—
An Enterprising blunder.
Yankee doodle, &c.

The Britons they did vainly boast,
They'd have command of Erie,
But soon they found a Yankee host
When blundering on our Perry,
Yankee doodle, &c.

Now still may distant nations see
Our seamen doing wonders :
And Britain's naval records be
A budget still of blunders.
Yankee doodle, &c.



220 NEW YANKEE DOODLE.

THE British long have ruled the seas,
With haughty gasconading,
And chanting songs, their feats to praise,
While others they're degrading.
Yankee doodle, fire away,
Cannon loud as thunder ;
For brave Decatur, Jones, and Hull
Make Johnny Bull knock under.

Now we can sing, and chant likewise,
Of Yankee skill in fighting ;
Behold Decatur with his prize,
Bold Britons now are striking.
Yankee doodle, &c

The British thought we had not spunk
To try them on the ocean ;
But since we've took, and burnt, and sunk,
They've got another notion.
Yankee doodle, &c.

They'll find they've not Monsieur to meet,
 But Yankee boys of mettle :
 Who will their measures all defeat,
 Unless they shortly settle.

Yankee doodle, &c.

To press our men they claim the right ;
 But, blast their imposition !
 We'll let the rascals know we'll fight
 In preference to submission.

Yankee doodle, &c.

Huzza, my boys, we'll fight away,
 Until they cry *peccavi* ;
 Or, with our well-aim'd Yankee play,
 Soon send them to old Davy.

Yankee doodle, crack away,

With cannon loud as thunder ;

Our Yankee boys will show them play,
 Till Johnny Bull knocks under.

221

A BALLAD.

BY ALONZO LEWIS.

THE loud wind roar'd, and fast the rain
 Descended from on high,
 The angry billows rush'd amain,
 And darkness veil'd the sky.

Young Theodore, oppress'd with grief,
 And sighing to be free,
 Was seated on a rocky cliff
 That overlook'd the sea.

And far above the sandy beach
That stretch'd beneath his eye,
The white sea-gull was heard to screech,
While soaring round on high.

His Delia once was fair and gay,
Her lovely soul benign,
But death had snatch'd the maid away,
And left him to repine.

“ Ye torrents pour, ye billows dash,
Ye loud winds roar !” he cried ;
“ And faster still, ye lightnings, flash,
And spread your horrors wide !”

Such sinful words he spake—O Christ !
That such a thing should be !
That youth should turn aside to vice,
And lose its hope in thee !

The waves grew wild, the night more dark,
And louder shriek'd the bird ;
While frequent from an unseen bark
The minute-gun was heard.

Reclining on his rocky bed,
He shuts his weary eyes ;
Hoarse thunder rumbles o'er his head,
And sheeted lightning flies.

The spirit of the night raved loud ;
He waked with stifled breath ;
A bolt shot from the impending cloud,
And seal'd his eyes in death.

222 MACDONOUGH'S VICTORY.

O, FREEMEN! raise a joyous strain!
Aloft the eagle towers;
“We've met the enemy” again—
Again have made them “ours!”

Champlain! the cannon's thundering voice
Proclaims thy waters free,
Thy forest-waving hills rejoice,
And echo—Victory!

The striped flag upon thy wave
Triumphantly appears,
And to invested landmen, brave
A star of promise bears.

Now to the world Fame's trumpet sounds
The deed with new applause;
While from a conquer'd fleet resounds
Our seamen's loud huzzas!

Britannia, round thy haggard brows
Bind bitter wormwood still;
For lo! again thy standard bows
To valiant Yankee skill.

But, O! what chaplet can be found
Macdonough's brows to grace?
“'Tis done!” the glorious wreath is bound,
Which time can ne'er efface!

And still a just—a rich reward,
His country has to give;
He shall be first in her regard,
And with her Perry live!

Columbia! though thy cannon's roar
 On inland seas prevail,
 And there alone—while round each shore
 Outnumbering ships assail—
 Yet deed with deed, and name with name,
 Thy gallant sons shall blend,
 Till the bright arch of naval fame
 O'er the broad ocean bend !

223

IMPROPTU,

On the capture of the Epervier by the Peacock.

RARE birds, 'tis said, are seldom best,
 But those who feather well their nest
 Are much esteem'd for gain, sir ;
 And Warrington has lately said
 The *Sparrow-hawk with specie fed,
 The Peacock won't disdain, sir.

The English goose before it dies
 Is stuff'd with milk and bread in sties,
 To feast their palates sweet, sir,
 But give a Yankee tar a hawk,
 He wants no carving knife or fork
 To find the parts to eat, sir.

Let Johnny Bull the poultry feed,
 And fill his hawks of English breed
 With gold and silver dust, sir,
 And he will find the Yankee tar
 With hungry stomach always near,
 And willingly his guest, sir.

* Epervier, the French for Sparrow-hawk.

224**IMPROPTU,**

On the capture of the Guerriere.

HARK, hark! c'er ocean's subject wave,
Wafted by the enamour'd gale,
The loud chorus of the brave,
“Columbia's sons prevail.”

List! you'll hear our hero's voice,
Courage breathes in every breath,—
Hull! who gives the only choice,
“Instant victory or death.”

“Rush like lightning on the foe;
Gall them with incessant fire;
Board and conquer at a blow,
Board and conquer, or expire.”

Loud and louder peals the roar,
Swift and certain is their aim;
The ocean's red with gallant gore;
High it blazons with their fame.

Hush! a freeman's dying groan!
Be the flag a moment furl'd,
But valour ne'er is overthrown—
He's immortal in each world.

Warriors! smile upon your wounds!
See our Morris fight and bleed;
Your applauding country sounds,
“Love and glory are your meed.”

Shout the British lion's fall!
Shout! the star-flag streams along!
Mercy! is the Briton's call,
Victory! Columbia's song.

225

BAINBRIDGE'S TID RE I.

COME, lads, draw near,
 And you shall hear,
 In truth as chaste as Dian, O !
 How Bainbridge true,
 And his bold crew,
 Again have tamed the lion, O !
 'Twas off Brazil,
 He got the pill,
 Which made him cry *peccavi*, O :
 But hours two
 The Java new,
 Maintain'd the battle bravely, O :

But our gallant Yankee tars, as soon as they were piped to quarters, gave three cheers, and boldly swore, by the blood of the heroes of Tripoli, that sooner than strike, they'd go to the bottom singing

Tid re I, &c.

Now Johnny Bull,
 All canvass full,
 Bore down upon us cheerly, O :
 While we kept snug,
 As bug in rug,
 Till half gun-shot, or nearly, O :
 We show'd our stripes,
 Gave John the gripes,
 They sent him pills in plenty, O ;
 Which dosed him well,
 As he can tell,
 Our doctors all being ready, O.

O ! it would have done your heart good to have seen how nimbly our little spitfires were set to work, and what a dust they kicked up in poor Johnny's quarters. We could soon observe how the matter would turn out. "Stick to them, my boys!" says the commodore. "Huzza!" sung out the crew: "we'll conquer or die!" For every soul on board, even down to the smallest powder monkey, was determined to give them a complete bit of a

Tid re I, &c.

Now close engaged,
The battle raged,
Both being tough as hickory, O !
But still we swore
We'd ne'er give o'er
Till we had gain'd the victory, O !
Round shot and bars
Soon cut her spars,
And well we slash'd her rigging, O !
Nul after nul,
We plugg'd her hull,
Her bowsprit, too, went jigging, O !

O ! swamp it, if you had only seen how we plumped her between wind and water, and how our grape-shot rattled in at her port-holes, while her yards flew about their ears like straws in a high wind. We soon saw they were in a nation fluster, while our Yankee boys kept cool and steady, still bravely keeping up their

Tid re I, &c.

One hour was past,
When now a mast
Close by the board went over, O !

Our gunner cries,
“ My jolly boys,
Escape us now she’ll never, O :
Point well each gun,
We’ll show them fun,
Her ensign down she soon will haul ;
We’ll give them play,
This glorious day,
Shall make them quick for quarter call.”

So at it we struck, pell mell, like good fellows, and we made such a nation clatter with them swamping guns, that we could hardly hear any thing for the rotten noise, but our gunner watched her close and touched off our Yankee barkers so neatly in time, that slap dab every shot struck her somewhere, which soon made them feel that Yankee tars knew very well how to pay them a

Tid re I, &c.

We plied her well,
At every swell,
And fast her men were killing, O !
And though so fast
Went every mast,
To strike she seem’d not willing, O !
But to her cost,
She found at last,
To longer fight us wouldn’t do ;
For Yankee tars,
Who knew no fears,
To conquer now she couldn’t, O !

So when the firing ceased on both sides, we had

time to look about us, but we could hardly believe our eyes, for she lay like a log upon the water; there was not a stump standing higher than the pump in father's schooner, and her sides looked for all the world like mother's cullender, so completely had we peppered her. So to work went the boats, and aboard came the prisoners; then the commodore gave orders to burn the prize; for says he, " My brave boys, any attempt to tow her into port would be all a

Tid re I," &c.

So now, my hearts,
We've play'd our parts,
Proud John once more we've humbled, O !
It may be said,
A Bull he made
On Yankees when he stumbled, O !
We'll let him see
We'll still be free,
In spite of all his boasting, O !
And if he comes
To run his hums,
We'll give proud John a roasting, O !

So now, my lads, fill up the cans, to the health of all our brave commanders; and while we remember with pride the glorious victories we have gained, let us be resolved, one and all, still to maintain the honour of our flag, and Johnny Bull will soon find that any attempt to conquer a nation of freemen will be all a

Tid re I, &c.

226 OLD QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

Tune—“St. Patrick’s day in the morning.”

As old Queen Charlotte—a worthless old varlet,
Our brave noble forces was scorning,
She wished to be merry, and call’d for some Perry,
September the tenth in the morning;
When brisk Perry came she found him true game,
To her cost too he gave her a warning,
So let her be merry and remember Perry,
September the tenth in the morning.

It was on Lake Erie—when all hands were cheery,
A fleet was descried in the morning.
’Twas Queen Charlotte’s fleet, so handsome and neat,
In a bold line of battle were forming;
But when evening came—though the fleet were the
same,
That our brave noble forces were scorning,
They were beat so complete, that they yielded the
fleet
To the one they despised in the morning.

Now let us remember the tenth of September,
When Yankees gave Britons a warning,
When our foes on Lake Erie were beaten and weary,
So full of conceit in the morning.
To the skilful and brave, who our country did save,
Our gratitude ought to be warming,
So let us be merry in toasting of Perry
September the tenth in the morning.

227**DEATH OF ALLEN.**

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
Nulli flebilior quam mihi.—HORACE.

AND on the wave, Columbia's hardy band,
Who've shed such glory round our native land ;
Who've borne her banner through the storms of war,
Undimm'd, unsullied, to each foreign shore ;
Before the lustre of whose starry light
Britannia's lion fled approach of fight ;
That band now mourns o'er many a spirit brave,
By fell disease hurl'd to an early grave.
Their duty call'd them from the charms of home,
Against the ruffians on the wave to roam :
At length returning towards their native sky,
Hope in each heart, and pleasure in each eye,
The yellow demon seal'd their timeless doom ;
They reach'd their country—but to find a tomb !

But, Allen, thou ! O ! at thy honour'd name,
The muse, indignant, mounts on wings of flame !
So young, so brave—so vainly brave ! to fall
By the foul fiends who war alike on all !
Who youth, nor age, nor sex, nor beauty save,
Mock at their plaints, and plunge them in the wave !
The helpless babe and shrieking mother feel
Alike the keenness of the murderous steel !
Or, when they spare, 'tis with intent so base,
Their death were better than the deep disgrace.

Spirit of vengeance ! wherefore dost thou sleep ?
Arise ! and scourge these hell-hounds from the deep !

From the far grave where murder'd Allen lies,
Revenge ! revenge ! his shade incessant cries.

The breeze was fair that bore him on his way ;
“ And hope was o'er him with her angel lay : ”
The moon was up ; and o'er the heaving main
Beam'd sweetly down from heaven's unclouded plain ;
And while his bark swift cleaved the sparkling tide,
His thoughts were wandering by the Hudson's side ;
His distant home in memory's softest hue,
His mother—sisters—rise to fancy's view ;
His heart beats high ; “ Thou'l meet them soon
again ! ”
'Twas thus hope sung ; but, ah ! how false the strain !

He hears of outrage done by ruffian hordes,
Whose savage hearts are harder than their swords.
At suffering's cry he ne'er was known to wave ;
His hand was ready, and his soul was brave !
He meets the foe ; he conquers !—O, the rest !—
The fatal bullet lodges in his breast ;
He falls ! as crimson life gush'd out, he cried,
“ Tell them I bravely fought, and bravely died.”

Mother of Allen ! weep not for your son !
His race was glorious, but too soon 'twas run !
Yet weep not ! Vengeance sleeps, she is not dead ;
She yet will thunder on his murderer's head.
Sisters of Allen ! dry your tearful eyes ;
The hero's soul hath flown to yonder skies ;
And long his name, in memory's holiest shrine,
Will wear the wreath which matchless virtues twine !

228

THE MIDSHIPMAN.

I'm here or there a jolly dog,
At land or sea I'm all agog
To fight, or kiss, or touch the grog,
For I'm a jovial midshipman,
A smart, young midshipman,
A little, airy midshipman :
To fight, or kiss, or touch the grog,
O, I'm a jovial midshipman.

My honour's free from stain or speck,
The foremast men are at my beck,
With pride I walk the quarter-deck,
For I'm a smart, young midshipman, &c
I mix the pudding for our mess,
In uniform then neatly dress,
The captain asks, no need to press,
"Come dine with me, young midshipman," &c.
When gallant Perry comes on board,
By all Columbia's sons adored,
From him I sometimes pass the word,
Though I'm an humble midshipman, &c.

229

A SONG AT SEA.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

OUR sails are spread before the wind,
And onward, onward swift we fly ;
We've left our country far behind,
No prospect now invites the eye,
Save the blue sea and cloudless sky.

O when I waved my last good-bye
 To parents, friends, and Mary dear,
 It was not fear that dimm'd mine eye ;
 This heart ne'er felt a thrill of fear ;
 It was affection caused the tear.

And while upon the heaving main,
 Our vessel dashes proudly on,
 To meet those well-loved friends again,
 With wealth and honours bravely won,
 That is the hope I live upon.

But should some cannon, pointed true,
 Destroy these soothing dreams of glory,
 Affection's tears my grave will dew,
 And Mary, when she hears my story,
 Will shed love's holiest tribute o'er me.

230**OUR NAVY.***Tune—“Hail Liberty.”*

On wings of glory swift as light,
 The sound of battle came,
 The gallant Hull in glorious fight
 Has won the wreath of fame.
 Let brave Columbia's noble band
 With hearts united rise,
 Swear to protect their native land,
 Till sacred freedom dies.

Let brave Decatur's dauntless breast
 With patriot ardour glow,
 And, in the garb of victory dress'd,
 Triumphant blast the foe.
 Let brave Columbia's, &c.

And Rogers with his gallant crew
 O'er the wide ocean ride,
 To prove their loyal spirit true
 And crush old Albion's pride.
 Let brave Columbia's, &c.

Then hail another Guerriere there,
 With roaring broadsides, hail,
 And while the thunder rends the air,
 See Britain's sons turn pale.
 Let brave Columbia's, &c.

“The day is ours, my boys, huzza !”
 The great commander cries,
 While all, responsive, roar, “ Huzza !”
 With pleasure-sparkling eyes.
 Let brave Columbia's, &c.

Thus shall Columbia's fame be spread,
 Her heaven-born eagle soar,
 Her deeds of glory shall be read
 When tyrants are no more.
 Let brave Columbia's, &c.

231**A NEW SONG.**

Tune—“ Yankee doodle.”

YE gallant sons of Liberty,
 Who bravely have defended
 Your country's rights by land and sea,
 And to her cause attended.
 With Yankee doodle doo,
 Yankee doodle dandy,
 Our tars will show the haughty foe,
 Columbia's sons are handy.

Upon the ocean's wide domain,
Our tars are firm and true, sirs,
And freedom's cause they will maintain,
With Yankee doodle doo, sirs.

Yankee doodle, &c.

The fourth day of July, 'tis said,
That day will Britain rue, sirs,
When an independent tune we play'd,
Call'd Yankee doodle doo, sirs.

Yankee doodle, &c.

Columbia's sons did then declare
They would be independent,
And for King George they would not care,
Nor yet for his descendant.

Yankee doodle, &c.

For the prince-regent thought he'd sent
A fleet to take our few, sirs,
But when to sea our sailors went,
They play'd 'em Yankee doodle doo, sirs.

Yankee doodle, &c.

First bold Hull the Guerriere met,
And 'twas a glorious day, sirs;
Cried Dacres, " Give them, boys, a sweat,
And show them British play, sirs."

Yankee doodle, &c.

But Hull that story did not like,
So return'd them shots a few, sirs,
Which caused the British flag to strike
To Yankee doodle doo, sirs.

Yankee doodle, &c.

Now next bold Jones a Frolic took,
Upon the ocean too, sirs ;
Lord, how the British flag he shook,
To Yankee doodle doo, sirs.

Yankee doodle, &c.

For Jones so smart a tune did play,
That it made the British sing, sirs,
And Whinyates to his men did say,
‘ Damn’d hard that Wasp does sting, sirs.’”

Yankee doodle, &c.

Sure Whinyates thought our gallant Jones
Could take a Frolic too, sirs,
But soon he struck his marrow-bones
To Yankee doodle doo, sirs.

Yankee doodle, &c.

’Twas next the Macedonian met
Brave Commodore Decatur,
“ A Yankee ship,” cried he, “ I’ll bet,—
Prepare, my boys, to take her.”

Yankee doodle, &c.

For Carden thought he had us tight,
Just so did Dacres too, sirs,
But brave Decatur put him right,
With Yankee doodle doo, sirs.

Yankee doodle, &c.

They thought they saw our ship on flame,
Which made them all huzza, sirs,
But when the second broadside came,
It made them hold their jaws, sirs.

Yankee doodle, &c.

British tars think that they can
 Whip Yankees one to two, sirs ;
 But only give us man for man,
 They'll see what we can do, sirs.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

Our tars do care no more for France
 Than Britain, is most true, sirs,
 And can make any nation dance
 To Yankee doodle doo, sirs.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

Now here's a health to valiant Hull,
 Jones and Decatur too, sirs,
 And we'll include brave Bainbridge too,
 Sing Yankee doodle doo, sirs.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

232**A NEW SONG,**

On Commodore Perry's victory.

Tune—“The Constellation.”

COME, all you lads of courage bold,
 A story true as e'er was told
 To your attention I'll unfold,
 'Tis of the Niagara ;
 Of cannons rattling round the shore—
 Of heroes weltering in their gore—
 Of widows, orphans grieving sore,
 Where grape and ball
 In showers did fall,
 And many a valuable tar did fall
 In the battle of Lake Erie.

September the tenth, full well I ween,
In eighteen hundred and thirteen,
The weather mild, the sky serene,
Cominanded by bold Perry.

Our saucy fleet at anchor lay,
In safety moor'd at Put-in-bay;
'Twixt sunrise and the break of day,

The British fleet

We chanced to meet,

Our admiral thought he would them greet
With a welcome on Lake Erie.

Our boatswains piped their crews with speed,
Of souls who never fear'd to bleed
Or die to see their country freed—

Of British thraldom weary :

Our Yankee boys were wide awake,
All eager, for their freedom's sake,
To gain the title of the lake,

From those base slaves,

Who dyed the waves

Of ocean with their brothers' graves,
Of those who fought on Erie.

'Twas nearly grog-time of the day,
Our fleet bore up and put away,
The Lawrence cheerly led the way,

Cominanded by brave Perry ;

She first sustain'd the dreadful shock,
Till useless as a floating log,
Each brace and bowling, stay and block,

Were shot away,

No gun could play,—

Till all her crew but nine that day
Were slain upon Lake Erie.

Brave Elliott sped to our relief,
And took on board our gallant chief,
Nor did we take a single reef
On board the Niagara.

The children yet unborn will say,
There ne'er was fought a greater day,
On ocean's bosom, lake, or sea.

Our Yankee shot
Were play'd so hot,
That now a rag those brags have not
To hoist upon Lake Erie.

Huzza, my friends ! the can, boys, bring ;
The fight is o'er, let's drink and sing ;
To Madison the toast shall ring,
And also Elbridge Gerry.

Long live the Congress and our laws,
And those who, hearty in the cause,
Have lent a hand, without a pause,
To crush our foes ;

Who still oppose
Our rights where nations' highway flows,
As well as on Lake Erie.

The memory of the brave let's toast,
Who clear'd the long disputed coast,
And left us free to rule the roast
Of celebrated Erie.

Let Perry's name, with loud applause,
Be sounded far beyond the stars ;
For he who rules the fate of wars,
This great design,
That Power Divine,
In agency he did consign
To brave and gallant Perry.

233 COLUMBIA VICTORIOUS.

Tune—“*Anacreon in heaven.*”

To the court of old Neptune, the god of the sea,
The sons of Columbia sent a petition,
That he their protector and patron would be,
When this answer arrived, free from terms or
condition:

“ Repair to the sea,
You conquerors shall be,

And proclaim to the world that Columbia is free:
Besides, my proud trident Decatur shall bear,
And the laurels of victory triumphantly wear.”

The Tritons arose from their watery bed,
And sounded their trumpets, Æolus attended,
Who summon’d his Zephyrs, and to them he said,
“ Old Neptune Columbia’s cause has befriended
As the world you explore,
And revisit each shore,

‘To all nations proclaim the glad sound evermore,
That Decatur old Neptune’s proud trident shall bear,
And the laurels of victory triumphantly wear.’”

The Naiads, in chariot of coral so bright,
Skimm’d swiftly the wide liquid plain quite en-
chanted,
Soon the proud Macedonian gladden’d their sight,
And Decatur advancing, with courage undaunted :
They saw, with a smile,
“ The fast-anchor’d isle”

Resigning the laurels obtain’d at the Nile:
And when victory crown’d brave Columbia’s cause,
The trumpet of Fame shook the world with applause.

Dame Amphitrite flew to the archives above,
To see the great mandate of Neptune recorded,
When, tracing the records of Lybian Jove,
To find where renown to brave deeds was awarded ;
There Washington's name,
Recorded by Fame,
Resplendent as light, to her view quickly came ;
In rapture she cries, "Here Decatur I'll place,
On the page which the deeds of brave Washington
grace."

Now charge all your glasses with sparkling wine,
And toast our brave tars, who so bravely defend us ;
While our naval commanders so nobly combine,
We defy all the ills haughty foes e'er can send us :
While our goblets do flow,
The praises we owe
To valour and skill we will gladly bestow,
And may grateful the sons of Columbia be
To Decatur, whom Neptune crowns lord of the sea.

234**STANZAS,**

Commemorative of some early achievements of the American Navy.

Tune—“The wandering sailor ploughs the main.”

YE honest tars of Yankee mould,
Whose gallant actions Fame has told,
Permit a brother tar to greet
The flag of our mosquito fleet,
That now is proudly floating o'er
The flag which ruled the waves before !

Our Constitution first began
To assert the equal “ rights of man,”
In that domain where Britain’s pride
Those rights to other realms denied ;
But Hull soon sent her Guerriere’s bones
To seek a birth with “ Davy Jones.”

Our little Wasp, on dauntless wing,
Had flown abroad to try her sting,
And, being both alert and brave,
She took a Frolic on the wave,
But, this so far impair’d her might,
A stronger foeman stopp’d her flight.

A happier victory the fates
Decreed for the United States ;
Decatur, on the brilliant day,
Might “ *Veni, vidi, vici,*” say,
For Britain’s naval empire shook,
When he the Macedonian took.

Again the Constitution weigh’d,
To distant realms our stars display’d,
When Bainbridge, fired by manly zeal,
Made arrogance his prowess feel ;
For there he foil’d his vaunting foe,
And laid the Java’s standard low !

The Hornet next—and ne’er was seen
So brave a ship ; what say you, Green ?*
With fewer guns and fewer men
Blockaded long Bonne Citoyenne,
Which neither vaunts nor threats could bring
Within the distance of her sting.

* Captain Green, commander of the Bonne Citoyenne.

At length the gallant Hornet flew,
Compell'd by mighty Montague,
For what are eighteen guns (no more)
'Gainst heavy tiers of sixty-four?
But soon she met the boasting foe,
And laid the Peacock's plumage low.

Our ships are stanch, our tars are brave
As ever dared affront the wave:
We wish, when they abroad must roam,
To bear the peaceful olive home:
But if insulting foes they meet,
With laurels they will load our fleet.

Superior traits of nautic skill
Columbia's "log-book" oft shall fill:
And there each gallant captain's name
This verse shall consecrate with fame;
"From equal force he'll never fly,
But conquer or most nobly die!"



235

SONG.

Tune—"Hearts of Oak."

COLUMBIANS, the glory and pride of the main,
They've fought and they've bled, our rights to main-
tain,
And they ne'er will be vanquish'd by any proud foe,
While American blood in their bosoms shall flow:

While our hulls on the sea
'Triumphant we'll be,
For we always are ready, steady, boys, steady,
For to fight and to die, to die or be free.

By Hull we have lost, by Hull we have gain'd ;
 Yet our hulls on the ocean our rights have maintain'd,
 See Britannia now mourns for her Warrior* gone,
 Her navy has lost what Columbians have won :

While our hulls on the sea, &c.

There is many a hero, his country to save,
 Lies buried and cold in a far distant grave !
 Yet their names shall be bless'd by ages unborn ;
 While there's valour on earth for their virtues we'll
 mourn :

While our hulls on the sea, &c.

Then American worthies will sure gain the day
 And drive from Columbia her foes far away ;
 Then the tyrants of England with horror shall learn,
 From the battle with glory our sons shall return :

While our hulls on the sea, &c.



236

OLD IRONSIDES.

Av, put her a-top on the log-book of fame,
 Her voice always roar'd from the van, [flame,
 When she bore down in thunder, and darkness and
 Crash, foundering each foe that before her came,
 The old sailor's soul flashes up at her name,
 For her yards young Americans man.

Fill her canvass, my boys, with a full round of cheers,
 From hearts that are sound to the core ;
 She's braved the hot whirlwind of battle for years,

* English of Guerriere.

A flag never struck, at her mizzen appears—
Bristling nations with awe her artillery hears,
For victory breathes in its roar.

She's wrestled the wrath of winter's fierce gale,
When it whiten'd the Atlantic's breast,
When midnight moan'd like a maniac's wail,
Lightnings glared wild through the rent of each sail,
And sweethearts ashore were weeping and pale,
While their lovers stood calm to the test.

Her deck's been trampled by Slaughter's feet—
Her scuppers choked tight with gore ;
She press'd on, the proud pioneer of the fleet,
Every heart kept time to the death-drum's beat,
Every muscle firm as the iron cleat,
While the broad flag of Freedom she bore.

That standard has flared over many a fight,
Whose noise the night tempest outgrew,
When our country frown'd for the sailor boy's right,
Read each decree by the cannon's dark light,
Tyranny's face turned suddenly white
When we brought down his banner of blue.

Often, again, as in years that are past,
Will our old ship undaunted dash on,
Her colours defyingly nail'd to the mast,
Her ports opened wide to the blaze and the blast,
She will front every danger and death to the last,
And be cheer'd by America's children, unborn.

237**ODE,**

Delivered on board the ship Constitution, in the port of Savannah, to the "Union and State Rights Association of the County of Chatham," on the 11th of October, 1834.

BY ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

WHAT means this gay assemblage here,—

These joyous shouts, this cheering sound ?

Why do the happy feelings bound,

Unshackled by the grasp of care ?

Why come the "imbecile and gray,"

To mingle in these scenes to-day ?

Is it the birth-day of our land ?

Is it the hour when freedom's hand

Tore down the standard of despair,

And rear'd her own bright banner here ?

No ! that hath pass'd : but here, to-day,

We come a sacred debt to pay ;

We come with cheerful hearts to greet

The patriot souls that here we meet ;

To speak of dangers haply past ;

To raise our heartfelt thanks again,

That still o'er Georgia's hill and plain

Yet floateth proudly to the blast

Our country's flag, as bright and fair,

As when dear Freedom placed it here.

We come with holy zeal, to swear

That no rude hand shall ever tear

A single star that shineth there ;

But we the treasure will defend,

Whilst strength shall last, till life shall end.

What better altar could we rear
That that which greets our vision here ?
What more befitting spot to pay
Our thanks, than where we meet to-day ?
The Constitution of the land
Is still the rock on which we stand ;
But yet, with unchanged faith, may we
Rest on (with conscience pure and free)
The Constitution of the sea.

We float not with uncertain tide,
Nor yet on angry billows ride :
No stormy winds are here to force
Our vessel on her devious course ;
But safely moor'd in our dear home,
Though winds may howl and billows foam,
Still shall the anchor of our faith
Protect us from the direst wrath.
Our pilot,—he whose steady hand
Hath saved our vessel from the strand,
From all consolidation's rocks,
And angry nullifying shocks,—
Our flag,—the emblem of our land ;
Our crew,—the Union's chosen band ;
With these we will all power defy ;
With these we'll conquer, or we'll die.

Our hearts are glad, but yet doth care
Commingle with our gladness here :
We would that we could stand again,
O'er hill and mountain, moor and plain,
Without this curse of bitter strife,
To vex the current of our life ;

We would that all this toil would cease,
This wasting war be changed to peace;
Then might affection's holy band
Clasp round the chosen of our land.
“The battle is over, over, over,
The battle is over—the victory's won !
There are tears for the fallen, fallen, fallen,
But glory to those who their duty have done !”

And now, ere yet we say farewell,
Once more our ardent vows we'll tell :
We swear, that, till our life shall end,
Whilst one remains of all our band,
With utmost vigour we'll defend
Our flag, our Union, and our land !
May He, to whom all spirits bow,
Record and bless the holy vow.

238 “DON’T GIVE UP THE SHIP.”

BY R. M. CHARLTON.

A HERO on his vessel's deck
Lay weltering in his gore,
And tatter'd sail and shatter'd wreck
Told that the fight was o'er :
But e'en when death had glazed his eye,
His feeble, quivering lip
Still utter'd with life's latest sigh,
“Don’t, don’t give up the ship.”

How often at the midnight hour,
When clouds of guilt and fear

Did o'er my hapless bosom lower,
 To drive me to despair,
 Those words have rush'd upon my mind,
 And bounded to my lip,
 While whisper'd hope, in accents kind,
 "Don't, don't give up the ship."

O ye whose bark is rudely toss'd
 Upon life's stormy sea,
 When e'en hope's beacon-light seems lost,
 And danger's on the lee,
 Though howling storms of dark despair
 Your luckless vessel strip,
 Still lift to heaven your ardent prayer,
 And "Don't give up the ship."

And ye who sigh for beauty's smile,
 Yet droop beneath her sneer,
 Who'd deem e'en heaven a desert isle,
 If woman were not there ;
 If you would hope each honey'd sweet
 From her dear lips to sip,
 Though she may spurn, thy vows repeat,
 And "Don't give up the ship."

O let these words your motto be,
 Whatever ills befall ;
 Though foes beset, and pleasures flee,
 And passion's wiles enthral,
 Though danger spread her ready snare,
 Your erring steps to trip,
 Remember that dead hero's prayer,
 And "Don't give up the ship."

239 DEATH OF MACDONOUGH.

BY ROBERT S. COFFIN.

THE temple is wreck'd! And the spirit has fled
Of Macdonough, the good and the brave;
His relics repose in the place of the dead,
And his dirge in the moan of the wave.

The lake's stormy bosom is hush'd in repose;
The surge of Champlain is at rest;
The voice of the deep speaks in whispers its woes,
And the wind sighs adieu to the blest.

The temple is wreck'd! And a tenant no more
Inhabits the house of decay;
For the spirit beauty of holiness bore,
And leaves us forever and aye.

Ye warriors of freedom, ye dauntless, ye brave,
In the path of Macdonough abide;
No terrors for him e'er had death or the grave;
As a Christian he lived, and he died!

240 THE PHANTOM SHIP.

'TWAS midnight dark,
The seaman's bark
Swift o'er the waters bore him;
When, through the night,
He spied a light
Shoot o'er the wave before him.
"A sail! a sail!" he cries,
"She comes from the Indian shore,

And to-night shall be our prize,
With her freight of golden ore.”
Sail on, sail on ;
When morning shone,
He saw the gold still clearer,
But though so fast
The waves he pass’d,
That boat seem’d never the nearer.

Bright daylight came,
And still the same
Rich bark before him floated ;
While on the prize
His wishful eyes,
Like any young lover’s, doted.
“ More sail ! more sail ! ” he cries,
While the wave o’er-tops the mast,
And his bounding galley flies,
Like an arrow before the blast.
Thus on and on,
Till day was gone,
And the moon through heaven did hie her,
He swept the main,
But all in vain,
That boat seem’d never the nigher.

And many a day
To night gave way,
And many a morn succeeded,
While still his flight,
Through day and night,
That restless mariner speeded.
Who knows—who knows what seas
He is now careering o’er ?

Behind the eternal breeze,
And that mocking bark before!
For O! till sky
And earth shall die,
And their death leave none to rue it,
That boat must flee
O'er the boundless sea,
And that ship in vain pursue it.

241

LITTLE-BULL-ERO.

WHEN Guerriere, Dacres, from Halifax sail'd,
He boasted that he the ocean would sweep,
And to his mast-head some canvass he nail'd
To scare every Yankee that furrow'd the deep.

American seamen, as well as our yeomen,
Will fight for the flag of their nation,
And old Johnny Bull may yet have his full,
When he visits his Yankee relation—
With his Little-bull-ero little-bull-a.

The British had boasted for twenty long years
By force nearly equal they never were beat,
That the French seldom met them without many fears,
“ And always take care to secure a retreat.”
American seamen, &c.

The good Constitution, commanded by Hull,
Away threw no powder or wasted no ball;
Each shot that she fired spoke loud to John Bull,
“ Ship to ship, my brave messmates, our foe must
soon fall.” American seamen, &c.

The laurel which Britain so nobly had won,
Achieved by her Nelsons, St. Vincents, and Blakes,
From her brows in a moment was gallantly torn,
By the brave Captain Hull in this game of sweep-
stakes. American seamen, &c.

Long life to our valiant defenders at sea,
Success to the soldiers who guard our frontiers;
May Quebec feel the shock of men born to be free,
And Canada tremble before our three cheers.
American seamen, &c.

Political squabbles may each other provoke,
I hate their damn'd jargon ; give me but the lads
Who will stand to their quarters amid fire and smoke,
Though surrounded by foes, who will never look sad.
American seamen, &c.

Since war is the word, let us strain every nerve
To humble the lion, our greatness increase,
Then shoulder your firelocks, your country preserve,
Since the hotter the war, boys, the sooner comes
peace. American seamen, &c.

242 TO CAPTAIN LAWRENCE.

HAIL! Lawrence, hail! the god of war
Shall claim thee as his favourite son;
And Fame, with thousand trumpets more,
Shall spread the victory thou hast won.
Live, Lawrence, live! the brave revere
The honour'd name that cowards* fear.
Lawrence! thy country now shall know
Thy merit—as a seamen true;
While gratitude and pride shall go
To greet thy officers and crew.
Memory, retentive to thy worth,
Shall hail the day that gave thee birth.
Memory shall call thee oft to mind,
Shall bring thee to our anxious view,
With laurels round thy temples twined
Engaged in signal victory new;
Dwelling with rapture on the sight,
We'll lead the victor through the fight.
The Englishmen and coward Turk
Have felt thy furious, vengeful wrath;
Though twice the number round thee lurk,
You'll mark for each his destined path.
Each stubborn foe must know his fate,
And sink if he should strike too late.
Jersey beholds thee with a smile,
A native of this pleasant state;
Thy name shall reach beyond the Nile,
Shall stand with others brave and great,
Shall stand forever—History's page
Shall tell thee to a future age.

* Captain Green, of the Bonne Citoyenne.

243 THE SAILOR'S ORPHANS.

BY THOMAS MAC KELLAR.

Boy—Girl—Traveller.

Girl. My brother dear ! I'm faint and weak ;
O, hold me with your hand ;
The sky and trees are running round ;
I can no longer stand.

Boy. O gentle sister ! lean on me !
For you I'm sure I'd die ;
Rest on this bank, and let your head
Upon my bosom lie.

Girl. My brother dear ! we've travell'd far—
When will our journey end ?
I'm weary, hungry, sick, and sad—
Where shall we find a friend ?

Boy. O sister, our dear mother said,
That God a friend will be
To those who seek him in their need—
And this now comforts me.—

O Lord ! look on our hapless lot ;
Two little orphans we,
With none to love us in the world,
And not a friend but Thee !—

Now, sister dear ! the darkness comes,
But let us trust in God ;
For he will watch us, while we sleep
Upon this dewy sod.

Trav. Ho ! little ones ! why loitering here ?
The night is coming fast ;

Hie quickly to your happy home,
Before the day is past.

Boy. We have no home ; our mother lies
Deep buried in the ground ;
Our father sail'd upon the seas,
And in a storm was drown'd.

His ship was wreck'd upon the rocks,
When dreadful winds did blow ;
And this broke our kind mother's heart—
And laid her body low.

Last evening, to the burial-ground
They bore her corpse away ;
And we have come along this road,
E'er since the break of day.

Now homeless, parentless, and poor,
We know not where to go ;
But God will not let orphans starve—
Our mother told us so.

Trav. Sad is your lot, ye hapless babes !
I will your father be ;
I've no one on this earth to love—
Then come along with me !

Boy. Sweet sister ! now our prayer is heard ;
How soon our griefs have fled !
O, let us praise His holy name—
'Tis just as mother said !

Trav. Upon my strong and noble steed,
Sit firm, my little ones ;
And food and shelter soon we'll find,
For like the wind he runs.

Boy. O gentle sir ! that distant house,
That dimly comes to sight,
Is where our tender parents lived,
When all our hearts were light.

Trav. There shall we rest, beneath His care
Who promises to keep
All those who put their trust in Him
Awake, or when asleep.—
—The sun is rising in the east ;
Rise, children, from your bed ;
Again partake, with gratitude,
The bounties God hath spread.
Then lead me to your mother's grave,
That spot I fain would see.

Boy. 'Twas here they laid her form, beneath
This weeping willow tree.

Trav. Sweet, gentle woman ! well beloved !
I'll turn aside and weep,
While o'er my pensive mind awhile
Its early memories creep.

Boy. See ! sister, see ! the good man weeps !
The tears his cheeks bedew !
O, let us love him, for it seems
He loved our mother too.

Trav. My noble boy, and gentle girl,
Sit near me on this mound,
While I a simple tale shall tell,
Upon this holy ground.

The angry waves ran mountain high,
The night was pitchy dark,
When furious winds upon the rocks
Dash'd your poor father's bark.

But when his vessel split in twain,
Amid the surge's roar,
Upon a fragment of the wreck
He floated to the shore.

But soon, alas ! a savage band
Came down, like beasts of prey,
And bore him o'er the desert's sands
To slavery away.

For five long years he bore the task,
The burden of a slave
To cruel Arabs, till he sigh'd
For refuge in the grave.

The Arab bargain'd him away
To one who wander'd wide,
And oft across the burning sands,
Where every rill is dried.

He brought him to a city, where
Some Christian men agreed
To pay the ransom-price, for which
The captive should be freed.

Your father then sought out a ship
In haste, to reach his home ;
“ And never more will I,” he cried,
“ From kin and country roam.”

The favouring winds bore on the ship
To New York's noble bay ;
He sprang ashore, and to his home
He swiftly urged his way.

And, as the shades of night came down,
Two little ones he met,
Reposing on the verdant grass,
By dews of evening wet.

His heart yearn'd o'er them, as they told
The touching woes they knew—
B. & G. The children we! It is! it is!—
Dear father! it is you!

244**YANKEE JACK.**

WHEN Jack was on the giddy mast,
And lightning danced along the shrouds;
When every moment seem'd the last,
And death frown'd threatening from the clouds;
Jack cast a tearful eye around,
And thought upon his native valley;
And mid the pealing thunder's sound,
His voice was heard, "Farewell, my Sally."

The storm soon ceased; the winds were hush'd,
The mirth-inspiring can was quaff'd,
Jack for his former terrors blush'd,
And at the recent danger laugh'd.
A soft emotion in his breast
Still brought to mind his native valley,
And ere his lips the bumper press'd,
He, smiling, toasted lovely Sally.

When war's red pennant raised on high
Appear'd the signal for attack,
New courage beam'd from every eye,
But not a soul more bold than Jack:
A fervent prayer to heaven he sigh'd
For blessings on his native valley;
"I care not for my fate," he cried,
"But if I fall, O bless my Sally."

His guardian angel heard the prayer,
And wept that it was breathed so late;

For at that moment, from afar,
Flew the shrill whistling ball of fate.
Jack wounded fell, and fainting cried,
“ Farewell, my dear, my native valley,”
And as life’s current ebb’d, he sigh’d,
“ Farewell forever, lovely Sally.”

245

THE PILOT.

“ O PILOT ! ‘tis a fearful night,
There’s danger on the deep,
I’ll come and pace the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep.”

“ Go down !” the sailor cried, “ go down,
This is no place for thee ;
Fear not ! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou mayst be.”

“ Ah ! pilot, dangers often met
We all are apt to slight,
And thou hast known these raging waves,
But to subdue their might.”

“ It is not apathy,” he cried,
“ That gives this strength to me :
Fear not ! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou mayst be.

“ On such a night the sea engulf’d
My father’s lifeless form ;
My only brother’s boat went down
In just so wild a storm ;
And such, perhaps, may be my fate,—
But still I say to thee,
Fear not ! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou mayst be.”

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